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FUNDAMENTAL ECONOMICS OF SPECULATION

Security Speculation. By John T. Flynn. Harcourt Brace. $3.

Reviewed by A. A. Berle, Jr.

During the two years and more that the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency was investigating the practices of American finance, the public press carried sensational reports of the discoveries made by that committee. A member of the general public, reading the inside story of the pool which had fostered his enthusiasm for Allegheny Corporation, Kolster Radio, American Commercial Alcohol, or what have you, was startled and horrified, but not always intelligently aware of the significance of its discoveries. Some journalistic analyses of these situations are well known. The present volume, however, goes much further. It is an experiment into the fundamental economics of speculation. As Mr. Flynn points out, with entire correctness, it is a surprising fact that economists who assume speculation as part of their data, have very rarely undertaken to analyze this part of the economic machinery.

Mr. Flynn sets out to examine the thesis that security speculation is an essential part of the development of industry. He distinguishes speculation in securities from speculative investment. His analysis shows that the early stages of American business were financed by men who risked their capital on the success of the venture, investing and re-investing the earnings of the industry to facilitate its growth and develop its strength. This was the history of the United States Steel Corporation (p. 107 *ff.*); and of the automobile industry (p. 117); and of other of the outstanding basic industries of the country. Not until the period of uncertainty in the business itself was well passed did speculation in its shares—true security speculation—appear. In other words, the risk undertaken by capital in financing new industries was never borne by the purchaser of shares in the stock market. This effectively disposes of the contention that without organized speculation, of which the stock exchange is the high priest and prophet (no pun intended), orderly financing of industry is impossible.

Perhaps some of Mr. Flynn's conclusions are overstated. I myself do not think that the stock exchange can be described as adding to the creation of debt as the phrase is customarily used. Yet I am forced to agree with his conclusion that it does put a pressure on industrial enterprises to extract greater sums as a reward for what is supposed to be capital, but actually is a speculative inflation, than should be the case. Again, I am not clear that the money withdrawn from the public which pays for the inflated values on the stock exchange is money withdrawn from the national income; but Mr. Flynn's conclusion is that whether or not withdrawn from the national income, the over-payment which you and I make when we buy a share of stock at $50, representing a capital investment of $10, has made about $40 of accumulated capital less useful than it was before. And with this conclusion, one must agree, both because the result is a concentration of national income and an impairment of confidence in the whole capital structure.

Most interesting of all is Mr. Flynn's question whether the whole glorified gambling hell is necessary at all. He points out that liquidity is maintained in the bond market with an average turn-over of 6 per cent on the listed bonds; whereas, in the stock market the average turn-over is 116 per cent (pages 36 and 37), and yet people commonly regard the bond market as liquid, and commonly accept a bond as an asset which can be readily turned into cash. All this indicates that at least a part of the turn-over speculative superstructure could be dispensed with and the country could still go right on.

The closing chapter reviews the Securities Exchange Act. Mr. Flynn conscientiously and vigorously urged more

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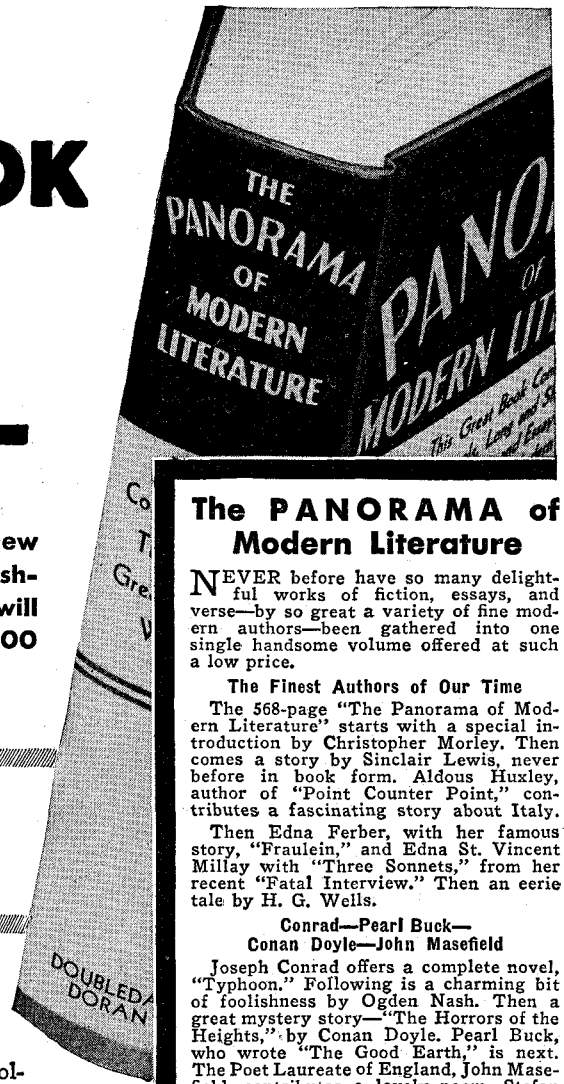

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drastic control measures while he was a part of Mr. Pecora's staff during the now famous investigation. No one familiar with what happened can deny that he had cause. But I do not share his pessimism. Reforms take place slowly; and they must be embodied as much in the minds of the men who work machinery as in the laws which prescribe regulation. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that even speculators, brokers and manipulators have learned something in the last five years; even though Mr. Flynn cites one distinguished manipulator who went out of the Pecora investigation and proceeded to duplicate a pool operation with profit.

Plainly, the Securities Exchange Act has not said the last word on the subject; but I think it is enough to take the stock-exchange community one step forward to the road of ultimate responsibility.

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So Red the Rose. By Stark Young. Scribners. $2.50.

Reviewed by Evelyn Scott.

Stark Young's *So Red the Rose* is the latest of the now considerable number of novels published which are concerned with the War of Secession and I think it is the first laid in Mississippi and Louisiana in the period just before the declaration of hostilities and during and after that turning point in warfare, the siege and fall of Vicksburg. The social scene in the old South is projected in the lives of the McGehees of "Montrose" and the Bedfords of "Portobello," cousins in a family whose connections are extended in lesser figures of the story occupying yet other pillared and porticoed plantation mansions. These people, defined by their own conventions and kept, by Mr. Young, well within a tradition he accepts without any very disturbing probing to its roots, are very delicately vivified in all the spaciousness of their decorum. Existence, we are bound to presume, after reviewing in history the gestures for which human nature has been responsible, has never made its milieu quite so idyllic as this ante-bellum world created with the bias of Mr. Young's affections. To show, in the hour of Lee's surrender, Northern and Southern generals equally capable, in different fashions, of moving tact, hardly squares accounts when we are already impressed by hideously accurate scenes of invasion against which the writer opposes nothing immediate to indicate the most sincere of good intentions on the part of some in the North. Negroes running amok under orders and burning "Montrose" are made descriptively memorable, while probably heroic ingredients in the fidelity to his owners of

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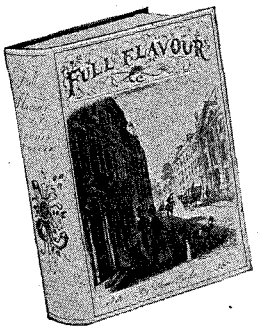

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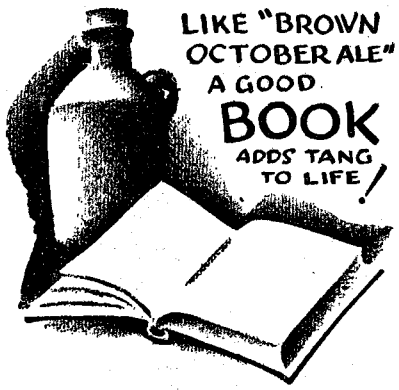

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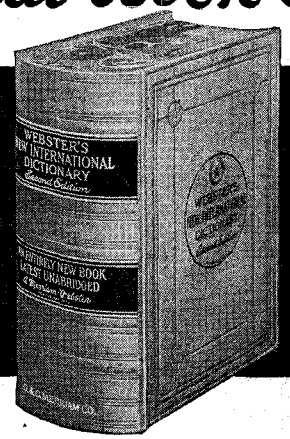

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William Veal, the Negro butler depicted on the book's jacket, are left to inference, since, to Mr. Young, the human problem is that of the overlords only. Yet just because he has wrought with a favorable prejudice, his æsthetically warm account of the debacle the chief protagonists of his story meet gallantly is, unless we re-examine the facts with further thoughtful feeling, the more poignant. Mr. Young writes poetically, with sensibility, and the Northern theorist, arrogant in the perfection of an idealism which has not been called on for a test in actuality, may well search here for the revelations of love which are at least as important as those of hatred.

SATIRE ON BUCHMANITES

GOING ABROAD. By Rose Macaulay. Harper. $2.

Buchmanites, Basques, and Beauticians; a missionary Bishop, obsessed by outcroppings of early Christian heresies, and his wife, intent upon the reconstruction of the Garden of Eden; an average Briton, Colonel Buckley by name, with his intelligent wife and his lovely but dumb daughter —these are the chief ingredients of a tale which was designed as "a novel of unredeemed levity." Scene: the Spanish-Basque coast.

The savage satirist could ask for no broader target than Buchmanism, with its hail-fellow-well-met, go-getting, hearty evangelism; with its "facing up to life," its exhibitionistic "Sharing," and its egocentric "Total Recall." But Miss Macaulay has chosen to caress this bouncing movement with the claws of feline irony, rather than to belabor it, or to salute it with harsh guffaws. We have seen these claws before, but never more exquisitely employed than they are in the first half of this history, which tells how an Oxford Group "team" went soul hunting among the Basques, only to bag the bewildered soul of seductive Hero Buckley, and the tarnished conscience of Mme. Josef, beauty expert. The work of these claws is neat and lethal. But when the author deserts suave irony, to stab with a pen dipped in gall at the beauty doctor racket, the tone and pace of her narrative alter for the worse. Perhaps Miss Macaulay should not have mixed her Buchmanites and her Beauticians. But, whatever her errors, she is diabolically clever by nature, and devilishly amusing by profession.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

MORGAN THE RAIDER

THE REBEL RAIDER: A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN HUNT MORGAN. By Howard Swiggett. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

Although Morgan the Raider is one of five or six men, Union and Confederate, whose name comes to mind at mention of Civil War notables, Mr. Swiggett is the first biographer thus far to attempt a full-sized study of the man. I say attempt because there are many facts about Morgan's career that probably will

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remain forever safe from the pryings of researchers. For instance, the exact connection between his famous Ohio raid and the Copperhead conspiracy of Anti-Lincoln middle westerners. Mr. Swiggett presents what he believes to be sufficient evidence that Morgan *was* involved in the cabal, that he was ordered into Ohio by Jefferson Davis. This theory is based only upon inference and conclusions which do not always coincide with the author's own carefully gathered evidence, and will be regarded by many unbiased students of the conflict as apocryphal.

Aside from the Copperhead allegations, the author, who began his study of Morgan "with the conviction that he was a hero," subsequently found other reasons to alter his opinion. He learned that Morgan was a rampant, headstrong individualist whose doom was forestalled only temporarily by the guidance of his brother-in-law, Basil Duke, and St. Leger Grenfell, the British soldier of fortune, and that, but for his death, he doubtless would have been court-martialed and disgraced. Despite his frailties, however, Morgan emerges from the book a courageous and gallant gentleman who was victimized by his own illusions. Mr. Swiggett has gone to great pains to disprove the common belief that Morgan was a guerilla and his book should dissociate permanently the name of Morgan from that of the Quantrell gang which operated in Missouri and Kansas.

Mr. Swiggett's prose is rapid-fire in technique, highly readable saving when he sacrifices form for clarity's sake, and I unhesitantly recommend it for general reading. As a matter of fact, the layman will be more pleased with the book than will the student, who doubtless will find many debatable points in the text.

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"Capacity" in 1929 is taken to include only plants that operated; idle plants are assumed to have been obsolete. Actually the quantity of existing equipment, idle or working, is not strictly relevant to the question of overequipment. The relevant question is how much new plant was built each year, and did the savings in cost of operation pay for scrapping the old plant? Whether the surplus plant continued to operate at a poor dying rate, or lay idle, or was scrapped at once, affects the statistics but not the facts.

The other vital factor is that the high rate of operation in 1929 was based on a market that necessarily involved collapse. Part of the product was sold to foreigners and paid for (unconsciously) by American investors in foreign bonds. Part was sold on the installment

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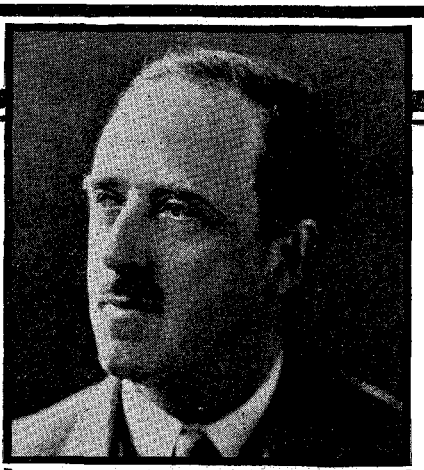

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plan, and paid for out of the depressed market of later years. Part was sold to people who could be employed only in an increasing expansion of capital plant itself, and part to people whose incomes rested on a runaway inflation about to explode. So far as the special question of overequipment is concerned, therefore, the true rate of operation would be more nearly an average of 1926 to 1933, since these years are all essential parts of the same picture.

Regarding the production that can be attained now if the control of finance over business can be broken, the 1929 figures give, of course, no clear indication. Considerable increase of efficiency has occurred since 1929, and a further increase in productive ability would necessarily follow a solution of the distribution problem. The extent to which labor was employed in useless jobs in 1929 owing to the general setup of the New Era is also important although hard to estimate.

Brookings will of course allow for these and similar considerations in its completed studies. Meanwhile the general reader will do well to beware of reassuring statements in the press that the figures show nothing much was wrong in 1929. If that were true, one must always remember, they would show that the collapse never happened. But it did.

DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE.

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APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA. By John O'Hara. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Mr. O'Hara's first novel is much of a piece with the short stories that have made him known. Witty, concise, sharply observed and deftly constructed, his work has virtues that lift it above the efforts of a group with which he might easily be identified—the "hard-boiled," the disillusioned, the mildly satirical and embittered. For beneath its sophisticated exterior, it possesses a fund of authentic observation and actual sympathetic understanding. The well-to-do, country-club characters of this novel display, in addition to their tear-behind-the-smile attitudes, their light affairs and hard drinking, the features of genuine human beings, and they achieve a vitality lacking in the puppets created by writers misguided by the apparent facility with which Ernest Hemingway has gained his effects. Readers will enjoy meeting Julian English, chief protagonist of this novel; he is a card, and a man like many another.

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EXILE'S RETURN. By Malcolm Cowley. Norton. $3.

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turned to New York and got jobs as commercial artists. They espoused themselves to Life, Death, Manhattan, or the Connecticut hills. With the climax of the boom they fled to Europe again, more as an escape than as a search for a new ideal. The market collapsed; Harry Crosby died. They came back to America and to the class struggle, with literary reputations but not the youth which they had in nineteen-twenty.

But this book is more than the mere story of their adventures. It is an amusing and sometimes profound account of the spiritual development of a group of talented writers. Mr. Cowley has done younger writers the incomparable service of writing a number of individuals into literary history who have actively proved troublesome masters. He has achieved an objectivity of style which is remarkable considering the fact that much of the material is autobiographical.

In his history of the Village, of the Dadaist movement, and the life and death of Harry Crosby, he shows great ability for dramatic narrative. In the last he gives a clear and vivid picture of the struggle of minor talent in the twenties. Harry Crosby revolted against the hypocrisies of New England education without having the strength to find a goal other than death.

The book ends with a note of communism, discussing art versus propaganda and the improved state of the artist in a communistic society. In the light of the intellectual experiments of this generation, communism seems a last resort, and, to quote the "fascist" poet Archibald MacLeish, the converted artists are those

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J. J. SLOCUM.

POLITICS IS ECONOMICS

Reviews by C. Hartley Grattan.

Few today will dispute the generalization that politics is economics though there is considerable disagreement as to the kind of relationship the one sustains to the other. As one reads the current political literature it is apparent that, more and more, the better informed writers argue that big business and the middle class state are merging very rapidly and increasingly assuming the identity writers of the left always attributed to them. This tendency is well illustrated by certain of the books mentioned below.

HITLER OVER EUROPE. By Ernst Henri. Simon & Schuster. $1.90.

Henri, a German exile, interprets Hitlerism as the political expression of German capitalism in its imperialist stage. The personal representative of this capitalism, he insists, is Thyssen, the steel baron of the Ruhr. How the social forces pressing for expression in German life have been utilized by Thyssen and his cohorts to gain complete control of the German people makes, in Henri's hands, one of the most exciting stories of the day and

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also one of the most frightening. The Hitler ideology, both in its domestic and international phases is shown to be a perfect disguise for Thyssen's purposes and the circumstance perfectly illustrates the uselessness of political writing not based on a firm grasp of the economic background. *Hitler Over Europe* is one of the few significant political books of the moment and is everybody's meat, the poison only of that tiny minority with interests similar to Thyssen's.

PROPERTY OR PEACE. By Henry Noel Brailsford. Covici-Friede. $3.

Mr. Brailsford's book is the liberal socialist "coming struggle for power" and as such is full of strange lapses into optimism, strange failures to follow things through to their logical conclusions. The mild reasonableness of the whole performance is perfectly astounding in view of the seriousness of the issues posed. In domestic affairs Mr. Brailsford finds Property standing in the way of social peace and decent living and in international affairs the same force operates in an equally destructive fashion reinforced by the concept of sovereignty. To achieve the socialist state both property and sovereignty will have to be destroyed. While amusingly ironic about the inadequacies of the democratic method of governing, Mr. Brailsford nevertheless quails before the prospect of using force to achieve his ultimate objective. After demonstrating that the task is well-nigh hopeless, he still argues for a constitutional struggle for socialism.

THE BOILING POINT. By H. R. Knickerbocker. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

Mr. Knickerbocker's book was originally written as political correspondence for the Hearst newspapers. It seems to me very useful stuff but hardly to be taken as an authoritative analysis of contemporary Europe with regard to the prospect of war. It is not merely politics without much attention to economics, it is politics as reflected in formal interviews granted to the correspondent of a powerful newspaper syndicate! The usefulness of the book arises from the fact that it demonstrates that one thing Woodrow Wilson accomplished was to make talk of peace an absolute requirement on the head of any government. Still, fear of war is in the background and that Europe is at the boiling point makes these professions more interesting than significant.

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(Continued on page 14)

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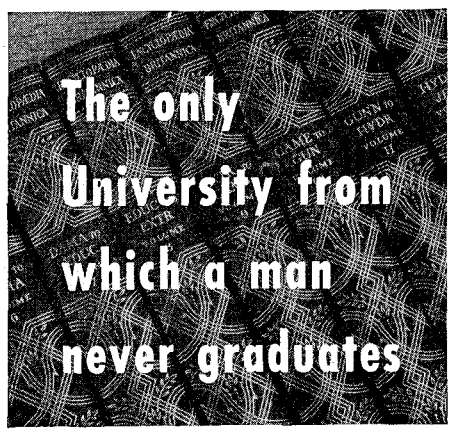

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THE SECOND HOUSE FROM THE CORNER, BY MAX MILLER. *Dutton*. $2.50.—The observing young reporter who Covered the Waterfront has now built him a house by the seashore and here tells, in thirty-four brief chapters, his initial experiences in domesticity, involving neighbors, guests, children, fishermen, movie writers, and so on. Mr. Miller can point a moral without a struggle and his observations are both penetrating and vastly entertaining.

ALEXANDER THE CORRECTOR, BY EDITH OLIVER. *Viking Press*. $2.50.—A biography of Alexander Cruden, author of the famous "Cruden's Concordance to the Bible," a bit weak-minded, especially when he fell in love with ladies who didn't want and were rather afraid of him, pioneer in prison reform and apostle of devout Sabbath observance. A fine biography of a man who is now only a name, a biography that sometimes races like a novel.

THE WOMAN SHE WAS, BY LANCE SIEVIKING. *Morrow*. $2.50.—Begins with the heroine's death and deftly trails her back to her cradle. A rather popular fictional method nowadays and in this instance excellently handled. Charlotte Castleton died in 1933 and was born in the '50's. Her life is a panorama of artistic and literary England through three reigns, replete with drama, emotion and sharply drawn characters. The book ends with a silly burlesque on television movies in 1968—a sad anti-climax.

WOMAN ASTRIDE, BY NORA PURTSCHE-WYDENBRUCK. *Appleton-Century*. $2.50.—Remarkable story, based on fact, of a noble Westphalian lady, who donned male clothing, fought beside her Swedish lover against her own country-men in the Thirty Years' War, later fought her lover in a duel, became an inmate of a Turkish pasha's harem, put on breeks again, went to England and rode with Prince Rupert and later, after many adventures, amorous and martial, became a hermit and died in the "odour of sanctity." A strange, fantastic, rather overwritten tale, but excellent entertainment.

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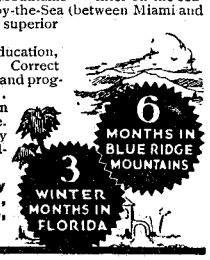

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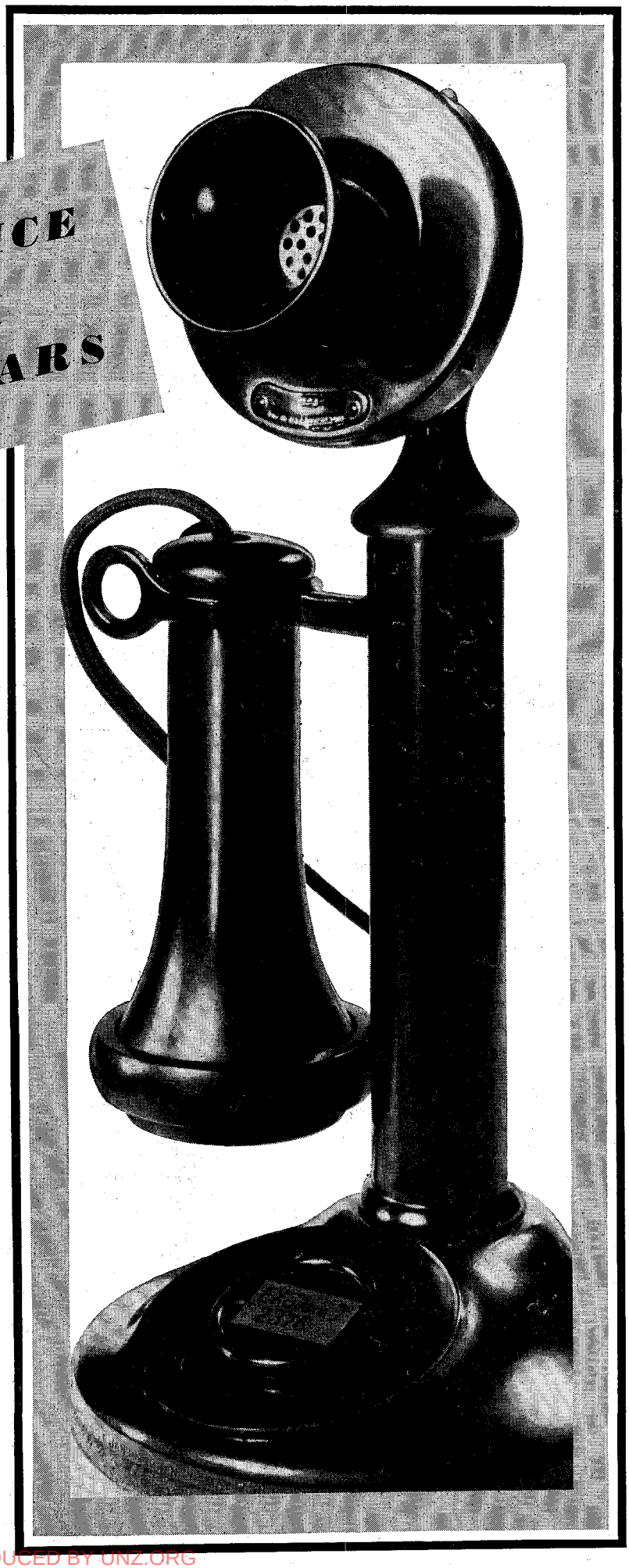

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCVI · NO. 4 OCTOBER, 1934

Business, Regimentation, and the New Deal

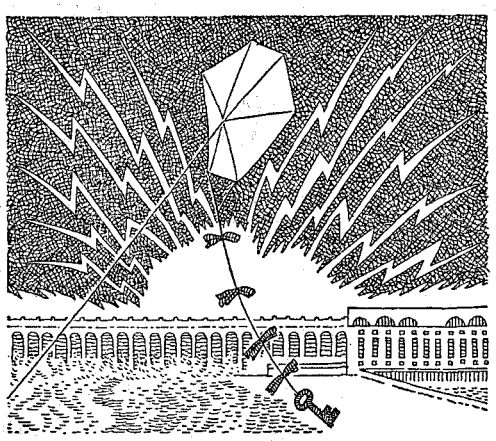
Three articles on important phases of the social and economic present by

PAUL HUTCHINSON · JOHN T. FLYNN · W. M. KIPLINGER

Revolution by Electricity

The significance of the Tennessee Valley experiment

By Paul Hutchinson



It is possible that history's verdict on the Roosevelt administration is being formed, not in Washington, but in the valley of the Tennessee River. Washington today is a city of desperate expedients, of brilliant (or not so brilliant) improvisations, of a frantic battle to hold things together until familiar processes can be induced to resume their working. But the Tennessee Valley is a vast proving-ground on which immediate construction is fitted to the framework of long-range planning in a deliberate effort to produce a new social order. Washington is trying to save the present from disintegration. The Tennessee Valley project is trying to fashion the future of a new America. Washington seeks recovery today. The Tennessee Valley contemplates revolution tomorrow. If Roosevelt loses at Washington he will, of course, lose everywhere. But if Roosevelt wins in the Tennessee Valley he will enter the pantheon of immortal Americans.

By now our wise men are fairly well agreed that the basic requirement to insure the American future is the substitution of some sort of economic planning for the get-rich-quick exploitation of our pioneer period. They differ violently as to the forms which that planning should take, but they agree that the headlong individualism of the days when a virgin continent was being occupied must be subjected to some sort of control in which the needs of the population, the resources of the land, the productive plant and the consumptive power of the economic order are brought into balanced relationship. Can this be attained under capitalism? The Tennessee Valley is the region in which the administration is trying to find out; the Tennessee Valley Authority is its attempt to prove that economic planning and capitalism are not incompatibles—at least, not when capitalism is State capitalism. On other fronts the administration is forced to proceed by rule of thumb, letting today's events control tomorrow's projects. But in the Tennessee Valley the blueprint rules. On this terrain Mr. Roosevelt is making his great gamble to find out whether the sort of future America that must be, can be attained under the sort of American Government that now is.

When he picked this region as the scene for his great test it must be admitted that Mr. Roosevelt chose about as difficult a field of operations as the nation affords. In the Tennessee Valley it cannot be claimed that the cards are stacked in favor of any new scheme of things; if anything, they are stacked against it. If there is a more conservative region in the country, I cannot think of it offhand. Follow the Tennessee River along its 650 miles

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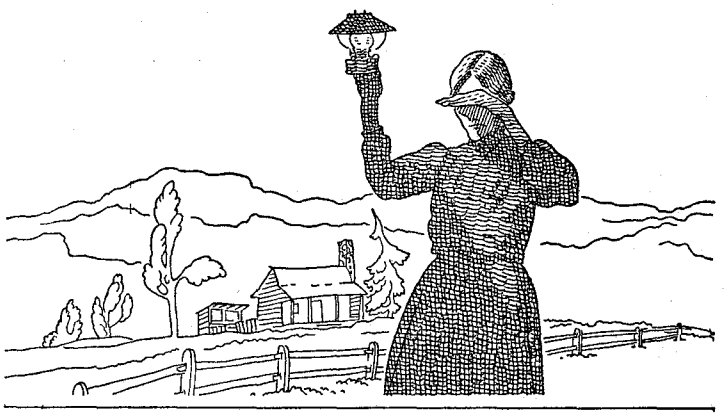

across the seven States which form parts of its watershed and basin, and at almost every step you are among people who look on any intrusion from the outside, any serious regulation of conduct with suspicion and resentment. In the Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia and Carolina mountain fastnesses, where the river takes its rise, dwells the hill-farmer whose traditional greeting for federal authority has been extended while squinting along the sights of a squirrel rifle. In the recently burgeoning industrial centers it has been the boast of chambers of commerce—loudly repeated in the hope of luring factories from other sections—that wages are low and regulations few. And on the cotton flats of Alabama and Mississippi there has survived, despite civil war and constitutional amendments, a form of social and economic feudalism but little removed from peonage.

There are a few comparatively prosperous manufacturing towns in this region; a few spots in which the countryside gives the impression of ample income and expansive living. But taken as a whole, it is a region of pervasive poverty. There are statistics which show that the average cash income of all the farmers in the territory of the TVA has been about eighty dollars a year; more eloquent than statistics are the gaunt cabins in the folds of the hills and the miserable shacks on the cotton bottoms. Yet the administration dares to hope that, in two or three decades, this region of dire poverty and ingrained social conservatism can be transformed into one of general abundance and continuous social experimentation. It dares to believe that counties which, on the charts of the relief agencies, have been among the most needy may be brought to the level of the most prosperous in the nation. And it claims that if Mr. Roosevelt's kind of revolution can be won in the Tennessee Valley it can be won anywhere. Which is probably a sound claim.

Is there a chance that the hopes which the administration has for the transformation of the Tennessee Valley may be realized? And if they are realized, will that have as revolutionary implications for the rest of the nation as the friends of the project believe? I desire to answer both those questions in the affirmative (though none too confidently) and to suggest that the reasons for these affirmatives may lie entirely outside the usual field of discussion concerning sources and methods of revolution.

II

Revolution today is an economic rather than a political issue. Rudolf Brunngraber recognized this when, on the title-page of his novel, *Karl and the Twentieth Century,* he contrasted a phrase spoken by Napoleon at the beginning of the nineteenth century with a phrase spoken by Walter Rathenau. "Politics are destiny," said Napoleon. "Economics are destiny," said Rathenau. Modern revolutions take a multitude of differing forms; Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler have alike learned that they are judged finally by their balance-sheets.

In the past, economic thinkers of all schools have rested their hopes for the solution of man's problems of livelihood on the activities of some sort of personified being. It would be hard to decide whether the "economic man" of the economic classicists or the "class-conscious proletarian" of the Marxists was more of an abstraction; in terms of American life it would have been practically impossible to dig up an actual specimen of either. But as the actualities of the contemporary situation are studied, and the impersonal and amoral character of the power-driven machine appears, there is increasing readiness to harbor the idea that economic revolution may come to pass as a result of the operation of forces which are almost beyond human control or guidance.

A cursory knowledge of recent popular economic discussion is sufficient to make this suggestion familiar. Here is Stuart Chase, for instance, talking about "technological imperatives" which will revolutionize society without regard to the readiness of society to embrace any of the standard programs of revolution proffered by radicals of various stripes. Or here is Lewis Mumford, hailing the arrival of an age of neotechnics in which the transformation of society hinges on an intelligent use of the machine. To such men it is quite conceivable—as the technocrats asserted—that the day has about come in which the slogans of the capitalists, the socialists, the fascists and the communists will take on a thin and hollow sound, for men will discover that the real revolutionary is the machine.

Of course, the human element has not dropped out of such a revolution. After all, the machine must have intelligent use or it is a potential agent of destruction. It has not had intelligent use in this century, and accordingly it has been an agent of destruction. But if the human element can be induced to give the machine its chance under conditions which do not make its suc-

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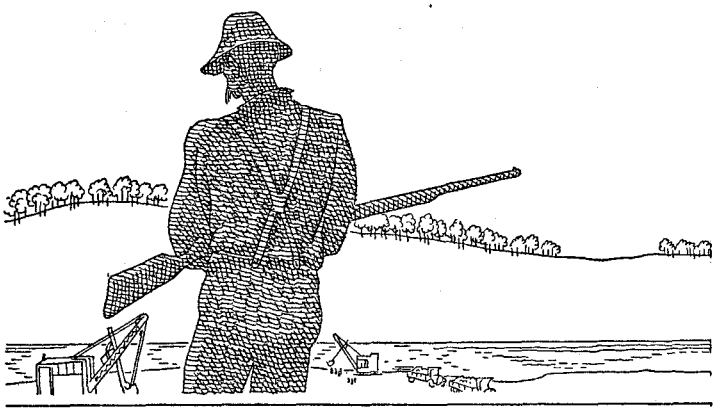
cess as a productive agent subordinate to the interests of any special class, then the machine may prove as much of a liberating and regenerative agency as the dreamers of the early days of the industrial revolution declared it would be.

The Tennessee Valley Authority is the first attempt in the United States to free the machine from control by a group of individuals and to discover what revolutionary results may follow from its maximum functioning in behalf of a total society. The world has seen nothing like this project before, except in the case of Russia's five-year plans. There are obvious sources of inspiration for the TVA in the soviet *Piatiletka;* we might as well admit that at once and give the people who are intent on pinning a red tag on this experiment something to chew on. But the TVA will, if reasonably successful, prove more important for history than its Russian prototype. The technological competence available for the service of the machine is much greater in this country; the favorable results will appear against the background and measuring-rod of a much more highly developed continental area; and it will be proved that modern revolution does not require a political cataclysm as its forerunner.



III

To talk of the TVA in such terms will seem as misleading to many of its staff as to those social radicals who will resent what they will construe as a disparagement of the Russian plan. The project in the Tennessee Valley is still in its early stages. Many parts of it are still no more than blueprints. Those who are closest to it are most wary about describing what its final forms will be. The fact is that when a group of imaginative and socially minded technicians are given almost unlimited authority to embark on an enterprise in "national planning for a complete river watershed" which is expected to "touch and give life to all forms of human concerns"—those are the terms in which Mr. Roosevelt first described the scheme to Congress—they quickly find themselves dealing with a project which ramifies so far and so fast that there is no way of telling where the thing is going to stop. "All forms of human concerns" takes in a lot of territory. The TVA has been given a blanket charter to make over "all forms of human concerns" for a region in which live two million people, with six million more immediately dependent on it. And the President has already announced that, if he is satisfied with what is accomplished in the Tennessee Valley he will enlarge the scheme so that finally "all forms of human concerns" will apply to all the human beings in all the principal river valleys of the United States!

In one sense, the TVA is a genuine result of economic planning. In another, it is something of an accident. The planning, according to the testimony of the chairman of the TVA, has come because of the determination of the President that not all the activities of his administration shall be in the nature of emergency measures. The accident seems to have decided the location of the experiment. Perhaps I should put that in the plural, for it seems to have been a combination of accidents that led Mr. Roosevelt to pick the Tennessee Valley for this venture. If the time ever comes when the historian settles down to tell how the TVA came to be, here are some of the factors that he will have to mention:

First of all, the United States got into a war. It needed nitrates in the manufacture of munition. Nitrates were coming from Chile; they must encounter the dangers of ocean transport in wartime, when interruption could not be countenanced. Money was no object. Chemists assured the government that, with a sufficient supply of electric power, nitrates could be extracted from the air. Accordingly, the government ordered the building of the dam at Muscle Shoals, with the nitrate plants beside it.

Long before that $150,000,000 investment could be completed, the war was over. Not long after that German chemists, in that annoying way they have, perfected processes for extracting nitrates from the air which made the processes at Muscle Shoals obsolete. The dam stood there and the nitrate plants stood there, and nobody knew what to do with either. Senator Norris kept pounding away at Congress to turn the place into the nation's largest experiment in public manufacture and distribution of electric power. Twice he pushed bills authorizing such use through Congress; twice presidential vetoes checkmated him. In return, however, he had the satisfaction of checkmating all attempts to turn the place over to private interests, including one made when Henry Ford, in a moment of expansive generosity, offered $5,000,000 for the whole outfit.

Then came Roosevelt. As governor of New York he

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had become convinced that the private power companies were gouging the public. At Portland, in the most specific and liberal of his campaign speeches, he had spoken of the right of communities to publicly owned and operated utility services, and of the value of keeping a "birch rod in the cupboard" in the form of publicly set rates as a means of bringing the charges of private power companies into line. To top it all, as a traveller to and from the sanitarium at Warm Springs, Ga., he had become interested in the social and economic problems of the Tennessee Valley region.

Senator Norris supported Mr. Roosevelt in the 1932 campaign. Senator Norris led the cheering for the Portland speech. It was no surprise, therefore, when Mr. Roosevelt appeared, shortly after election, at Muscle Shoals, guided there by Senator Norris. Whether, on that visit, Senator Norris talked about anything more than the utilization, under public control, of the potential 260,000 horsepower of electric energy in that single plant, may never be known. But Mr. Roosevelt evidently saw more than Muscle Shoals, more than a chance to whittle out there his famous "yardstick" by which to measure utilities' charges in other parts of the country. He saw an entire region transformed by the introduction of practically unlimited supplies of power at the rates which he believed public ownership would make possible. And so the scheme when it reached Congress, immediately after the emergency measures of the inaugural period were out of the way, was this scheme for "national planning for a complete river watershed."

If space permitted it would be a pleasure to write of the sort of men who have been recruited for this enterprise, beginning with the three whom Mr. Roosevelt picked as the directors—Arthur E. Morgan, engineer and educational experimenter; Harcourt A. Morgan, university president and rural economist; David E. Lilienthal, lawyer and graduate of the LaFollette school of politics and utilities control. Under these men labor as varied and competent a crew as has ever served the nation in time of peace. The true "professor's paradise" just now is not Washington; it is Knoxville, and the other centers of the TVA, where are to be found professors drawn from a dozen faculties, not merely talking about new ways of doing things, but actually being given a chance to do them.

What would you think of construction crews recruited by a species of civil service examination? They have that in the TVA. The 1700 men on the job at the Norris dam when I was there had been picked after most careful examination—physical, mental, and moral—from about eight times that many applicants. As a result, they had a construction camp practically free from the social problems which traditionally run rampant in such places, and most of the men were taking courses in their leisure time (they work in four shifts of five and a half hours each) designed to prepare them for jobs as foremen in later construction work or as industrial leaders in the community factory projects of which I will speak in a minute.

Perhaps the most unusual thing about the whole job is the absence of politics. To be sure, you cannot put $100,000,000 into a region, or distribute construction jobs along 650 miles of territory, without having certain political factors enter in. But in the most objectionable sense, there seems to be next to no politics in the TVA. The directors of the TVA do not answer to any government department. They are not subordinate to Mr. Ickes, or to Jesse Jones, or least of all to Mr. Farley. They control, in the words of the President, "a corporation clothed with the power of government." They are responsible only to Congress and the President. And each of the three directors—whose normal term of office is to be for nine years—hates the very smell of politics of the old *quid pro quo* type. As a result, I found a general feeling in the TVA region that if you wanted to get a job on a TVA project about the worst way in the world to go about it was to get a letter of recommendation from your congressman! A letter from your pastor might be of some help, but a letter from your congressman was regarded as roughly equivalent to labelling yourself a political suspect.

IV

But now let us consider the much more important question as to what TVA means. The general public, I am sure, has a very confused idea of the significance of this project because of the number of things which are being undertaken. For ten months now the press has been telling of building dams, building model towns, building roads, building or taking over power lines, fighting soil erosion, experimenting with crop changes and crop control, reforesting, re-locating populations, establishing new industries, and a dozen other things of a similar nature, until the whole enterprise has come to be just a jumbled whirl to the ordinary citizen, who is prone to jump to the conclusion that it must be the product of a crew of dizzy theorists off on a tax-spending spree.

It is nothing of the sort. It is not a confusion, and it is not a joy-ride. To deal with the latter notion first, the TVA has operated on $50,000,000 up to date and expects to use only as much more in direct government appropriations. Now a hundred million dollars is no trifle, even in these days of ten-billion-dollar Congresses. But it is approximately only 1 per cent of the spending of the Roosevelt administration so far, and it is a form of spending that the directors of the TVA claim will be repaid inside of twenty years! When you understand that this envisages the economic rehabilitation of a region in which about half the population has recently

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been on some form of relief, the charge of extravagance falls flat.

Still less basis is there for the idea that the TVA is just a jumble of contradictory and confusing schemes, the product of an undisciplined mob of visionaries. The truth is that the basic idea, the controlling idea, which underlies and gives unity to the whole project, is very simple. It can be put in the form of a mathematical problem: Given a limitless supply of cheap power, how can you use it to best advantage in a definitely defined but poverty-stricken region? That's the TVA—an attempt to answer that question. To attempt to label what is going on in the Tennessee Valley region as socialism or communism or fascism or any other kind of *ism* is stupid. It is none of these things. Rather, it is an attempt to work out in terms of a definite locality and a definite population an experiment in the most satisfactory use of a definite commodity. That commodity is power—cheap power.

The TVA may thus be said to be, in its fundamental aspect, an attempt at revolution through electricity. It is trying to turn electricity free in this entire region, just to see what will happen. It wants to see what will happen because it expects that a revolution will transpire. It expects that, if electricity is turned loose in the Tennessee Valley for twenty or thirty years, every part of the life of that valley will be drastically changed—so drastically that it will be said to have been revolutionized. If Doctor Wirt and Mr. Sullivan and Congressman Beck are really looking for a revolution in this country, somebody should tell them to stop worrying about what's going on at Washington, which lives in a perpetual fog of talk, and turn their attention to the Tennessee Valley, where things are really happening. But if they do, the agents of revolution they will have to overcome are not human at all, but the potential power of the 3,000,000 harnessed horses soon to be charging out of the turbines scattered along the banks of the Tennessee River and its tributaries.

To be sure, the securing of an answer to the problem about using electricity is rapidly forcing the TVA to grapple with a lot of other problems. For instance, one way in which electricity ought certainly to be used in a rural region is on the farm, and the TVA intends to provide it so cheaply that even the struggling farmers of that region will depend on it to serve them in dozens of ways. But what use is there in planning to carry electricity to the farmer when his very farm is disappearing through soil erosion? All over the Tennessee Valley region there are fields which, after bearing three or four crops, have become unfit for further use. In the vicinity of Norris Dam, erosion has already permanently destroyed 445,000 acres of farm land; only 300,000 acres remain worth fighting for. In the entire TVA territory it is estimated that about a quarter of the farming land has been thus put out of production. Naturally, facing a situation such as this, the TVA is forced to fight erosion. But it does so in order to protect its potential market for electricity!

So it has been with a number of other developments. Viewed superficially, they show little interrelation. But viewed carefully, they all have their part in working out the problem of how to use immense quantities of cheap power most wisely. Electricity is the subversive agent which is undermining the valley's former status.

Consider, for example, what is likely to happen to the farmer of the Tennessee Valley region with electric power available at the astonishingly low rates which the TVA is already offering. (Present rates are figured on the basis of the available Muscle Shoals output; when the entire 3,000,000 horsepower system is in operation there should be further reductions.) If he is a hill-farmer it is probable that he, or members of his family, have handicraft ability which holds promise of a substantial increase in the family income. But if this ability has been used at all, it has been by means of such primitive tools that output has reached only the tiniest fraction of the potential market.

Now, however, the hill-farmer reads in his Southern farm paper the slogan, "Light up on a dozen eggs a week!" and the promise that costs will be so low to patrons of the rural co-operative lines that the operation of power-driven looms or lathes will involve an expenditure of not more than a couple of dollars a month.[1] With government credit available by which to begin operations and government aid offered in marketing, even the isolated dweller in the Tennessee mountains may therefore look forward to possessing the one thing that the hill-dweller has always lacked—a cash income. Both the hill-dweller and the sociological pundit will assure you that the hill-dweller with money in his pockets will never be the same again!

Equally direct will be the effect on farming in the lowlands, especially in those extensive regions which should become one of the richest dairying sections of the country. The completely electrified farm in the Tennessee Valley, with every desirable electrical device at work in house, tool shed, pump house, thirty-cow dairy barn and silo, is offered at a charge of about ten dollars a month. If, as Southern economists have been contending for years, the immediate salvation of the Southern farmer depends on his escape from bondage to a single crop, and his long-range salvation requires that vast stretches of his now-starving soil be afforded the rejuvenation of grass crops, then a TVA monthly power bill of this sort may well prove the emancipation

[1] Actual TVA rates at the moment, for residential use, are 3 cents per kilowatt hour for the first 50 KWH; 2 cents for the next 150 KWH; 1 cent for the next 200 KWH, and 4 mills for all over 400 KWH. For industrial and commercial use, the rates are still lower. Compare these with the rates on your last electric light bill.

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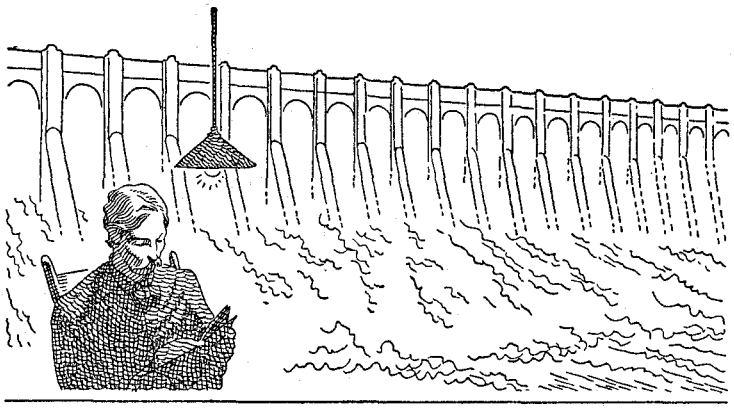

of men who have lost all hope of ever getting on the right side of their cotton and tobacco ledgers. But if they stick to growing these two "robber crops," then TVA comes forward with the promise of substantial reductions in the cost of fertilizer, as a result of the phosphate experiments now under way in the old nitrate plants at Muscle Shoals.

V

But after all, this is a poor way to approach the social revolution which cheap electricity may bring to the valley, since it is the most unimportant of the changes in prospect. None of the bosses of the TVA would admit it, if you were to put the question to them, but I have a persisting suspicion that they do not care very much what happens to the isolated farm; at least, it seems clear to me that if this enterprise works out logically there are not going to be many isolated farmers left after a few years. And this for causes other than the transplanting of farmers to make way for the lakes which are to be backed up by the new dams, or to get them off the marginal lands which have already lost their productive power. Certainly the social group which most interests the TVA at present, and the one which it is expected will be altered most drastically and swiftly, is the village. And if the villages of this region become even partially the units of prosperity which it is claimed cheap power will make them, then I do not see how they are going to restrain the isolated farmers from moving into town. Perhaps the old folks may hold out for the cabin up the branch or the farmstead in the bend of the river, but not the youngsters.

After you have studied the plans they are making for the villages of the valley for a while, you begin to suspect that Henry Ford, rather than Arthur E. Morgan, must be the real director of the whole scheme. For this is really Mr. Ford's proposal for decentralized industry on an agricultural base, now to be tried on an enormous scale. Mr. Ford believes that the most stable and most humanly rewarding type of industry is that which plants the worker on the land, as a source of food and bodily vigor, and then gives him access to the factory, as a source of supplementary cash income. The TVA believes that it can make every village in its territory the site of a factory enterprise of some sort, from which the village inhabitants may secure sufficient cash income greatly to lift their living standards, while from the village they will go out to cultivate the farms in the surrounding region. No insoluble difficulty is expected in making the calendar of the farm fit the calendar of the factory.

At this point appears one more reason why the Tennessee Valley offers a logical place in which to launch this large-scale experiment in planning. In no other part of the United States have there been made as inclusive and careful studies of the resources, both available and potential. Soil studies, geological surveys, plant experiments—all that sort of thing has been pushed here as nowhere else. Especially in the laboratories and social science classes of the University of Tennessee, under the presidency of Doctor Harcourt A. Morgan, has this study of economic resources been prosecuted, and Doctor Harcourt A. Morgan is now one of the directing triumvirs of the TVA. The result is that, given this principle of village reorganization around power-driven industry, the TVA is ready to locate industries in the appropriate villages just as fast as the dam-builders along the rivers can provide the necessary power.

This means, of course, an end to the senseless methods by which industries have been located in the past. No one is going to open an ice-cream factory in Hicksville, Tenn., because the Hicksville chamber of commerce has a smooth-tongued secretary, or because the Hicksville bank has an abandoned brewery on its hands, or because Hicksville is willing to grant tax exemption for ninety-nine years, or least of all because the people of Hicksville can be induced to work for next to nothing. If an ice-cream factory is planted in Hicksville it will be because a collection of figures, charts and maps in TVA headquarters at Knoxville proves that Hicksville is a natural dairy center with proper transportation connections with the other valley markets in which ice cream can be profitably sold.

At this point I might as well speak of one factor in this village planning that I am convinced is going to be considerably modified with experience. This is the distinct flavor of localism which now marks the TVA proposals. Localism is in the air these days; the leading industrial nations have a bad case of it—they call it autarchy or national self-sufficiency. Nor do I wonder that the TVA leaders encourage the same idea, for they have reason to guard against the howl which will go up from industry in other parts of the country when these new factories open up all over this region. It is the fashion, therefore, to talk as though these Tennessee Val-

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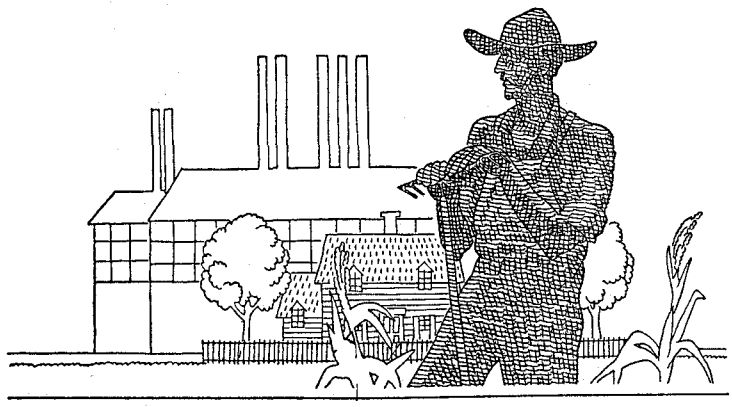
ley plants are to have merely enough capacity to provide for the needs of the valley; that idea is even carried so far as to suggest that pay in the valley factories may take the form, in considerable part, of a sort of valley scrip exchangeable only for valley-produced goods, so that workers in one village will be practically confined to the purchase of products from other villages in the same territory. In practice, however, it will inevitably be discovered that the Tennessee Valley region, rich as it is in natural resources, will require importations, while many of the projected products of the valley are to be of such a specialized nature that they will be sold nationally, and perhaps even abroad.



Leaders of the TVA believe that these factory-plus-farm villages can be made different from anything that the United States has known, not only in the economic security of their inhabitants but in their social arrangements as well. As a demonstration of the sort of community they hope to see grow up under the impetus of cheap electricity and social planning, they offer the new town of Norris. Properly to discuss Norris would require an article in itself. Here it can only be said that, instead of building a makeshift camp for the construction crew now working on the Norris dam, the TVA is building an entire town planned for a permanent community of about two thousand people. What will those two thousand do? It is obvious that the town will not be populated by the permanent force at the dam; two dozen men can look after the dam and power plant, once they are constructed. Some sort of factory industry will have to be established; undoubtedly the TVA experts are now studying the reports which will determine what that industry will be. But note the number of other ways in which Norris will differ from the towns with which Americans are familiar:

It will have no real-estate speculation. Houses and lots will be available only to workers, and deeds will be so drawn as to preclude both booms and sags in the real-estate market.

It will have no competing retail stores. Essential retail stores will provide goods which have passed the tests for government standards at prices that are reasonable for both buyer and seller, but there will be none of the economic massacre which usually goes on in retail trade in small towns.

It will have no competing churches or other social or philanthropic organizations making an inordinate drain on the resources of the inhabitants. A community centre is already operating, in a plant which provides every cultural facility. Later, there may be a church—but only if the denominations can agree on a single non-competitive institution.

Every family will control enough land to provide a large garden, and a network of good roads will make transportation to farms within a radius of twenty miles or so both quick and easy.

Houses will be well built (most of them are of brick), heated by electricity, with electric cooking, electric lighting, electric laundry, electric refrigeration and a general use of electric appliances.

In such a town workers with a cash income of, say, $1200 a year can live on a basis of comfort and economic security which three times that income might not provide eleswhere. It is not expected, of course, that all the towns in the Tennessee Valley will be transformed into other Norrises overnight. But it is expected that, as knowledge of Norris spreads, the other towns which have the same basic commodity of cheap electricity on which to build will progressively make themselves over after the Norris pattern. Most of the TVA leaders seem to be confident that after the people of the region have become accustomed to the idea that living and working conditions are to be transformed in an era of cheap power, they will go on naturally to the idea that conditions which have characterized politics, education, merchandising and even recreation are to be transformed likewise.

Plans for the larger towns are substantially like those for the villages, with the scale altered a bit here and there. The village factory is to be a small enough affair so that the worker can spend half his time—or more if necessary—on his farm. The factory in the larger town, designed to serve a market perhaps as large as the entire valley, will leave the worker with only time enough to cultivate a garden. But this garden should produce most of his food staples; the worker is still to have his roots in the soil. Only in the cities will that be impossible.

In the city the TVA will spend no effort to increase the present factory population; factory decentralization is one of the major results which electricity, as revolutionary agent, is expected to achieve. Such industries as remain in the cities will, it is expected, be those which are producing for a national and international market. But the change in living standards which electricity

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holds out to urban factory workers will result from wage scales which will make normal the use of labor-saving electric appliances which can be bought for far less than in the past, and operated at the low TVA power rates.[1]

VI

It hardly needs to be said that such a project will be bitterly fought. There will be opposition from the Tennessee hills and the Mississippi cotton flats, from the individualists of those regions who view any new proposal with suspicion and are quite content with their present mode of life, uninviting as it may seem to others. Local politics will begin to make trouble before many of the TVA plans can be carried out, although this factor is not likely to play much of a part until the initial government appropriations have been fully spent. And national politics may pick this for a major battlefield. Most of the TVA workers seem to take it for granted that a Republican victory in 1936 would be equivalent to an order for abandonment of the entire enterprise, although one might think that thoughtful Republicans—assuming that there are such—would be in no hurry to junk the one experiment by which we are trying, as a nation, to discover whether we can have economic planning under any form of capitalism.

More important will be the opposition from business interests in other parts of the country. These are bound to see the projected TVA factories as government-fostered competitors—and who can blame them? The excitement that managed to get stirred up in Congress over Mrs. Roosevelt's modest little furniture factory project in a West Virginia subsistence community offers a prophecy of the hurricane that the TVA will have to ride out after the various trade associations (probably with union labor support) go into action on this tremendous undertaking. And of course the private utilities do not intend to see the TVA yardstick for electric rates or the TVA appraisals for purchasing plants and power lines established as precedents without moving heaven and earth. Already Electric Bond & Share (which is to say, the Morgan interests) has fought one bitter battle—which it lost—over the price offered for the Knoxville utility plant. The organization of the American Federation of Utility Investors, Inc., to fight the whole idea of putting government money into such projects is equally a notice of coming war, for on the board of this body will be found not only some of the country's best known financiers, but eminent representatives of Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish bodies—all of them, presumably, with endowments in which utility securities play an important part.

On the basis of political precedents, I would predict that any such combination of opposition as will be marshalled against the TVA program would win. But in this instance, I am not so sure. Perhaps the Roosevelt administration will continue until 1941; perhaps the present TVA leaders will retain their free hand and their adequate government financial support at least that long. In that case, they are by no means foredoomed to defeat. This much, at least, is in their favor: they expect a fight and are not afraid of it; they expect the thing which they are doing to produce a social revolution, and are not afraid to face and fight for it. On no other basis do they believe that the government's investment or their own labors can be justified. Men who are in that mood, and have the resources of the United States of America at their backs, are not licked—yet.

Of course I have hardly begun to forecast in this single article the extent of the social changes which will take place in a region where cheap power is made available to every one. Even the TVA workers do not claim that they can foresee more than a small part of the differences which their venture will ultimately make in living conditions in the Tennessee Valley. But to those Americans who instinctively draw back from experimentation, may I offer this single suggestion: The air is full of talk about the coming of an "economy of abundance," but the TVA offers us our first chance to see, in American terms, what this may actually mean. The technicians who have been turned loose in the Tennessee Valley are starting out with an abundance of a basic commodity—power. Before damning what is going on as socialism or communism or anything else, why not give it a little time to see what will happen? It is just possible that the result may turn out to be no *ism* at all, but a richer American life.

[1] As a result of pressure from the TVA, the General Electric Company has already put on the market an electric refrigerator for $74.50, and an electric range for $72 (the two together for $139.50). Frigidaire has brought out a refrigerator for $77.50, and other companies are making similar reductions in prices for electrical appliances built to government specifications. Through its Electric Home and Farm Authority—an $11,000,000 subsidiary—the TVA will finance the purchase of such appliances for any responsible family in the valley, spreading the payments, with negligible carrying charges, over four years.

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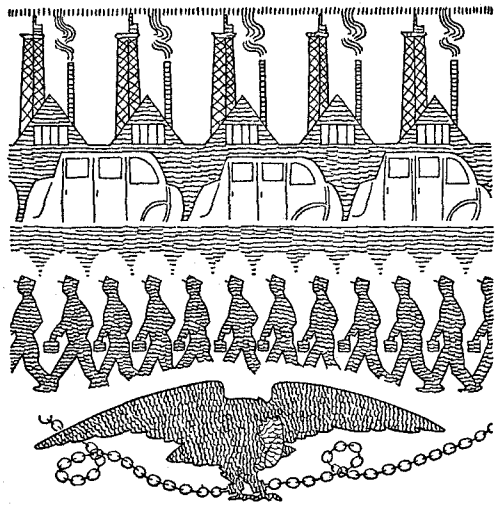
Who Started This Regimentation?

The campaign brings up a fundamental question

By John T. Flynn



MR. HENRY P. FLETCHER, the Republican leader, and Mr. Ogden Mills, the new evangelist of rugged individualism, are beating the drums to bring the natives out of their villages against the new and terrible ogre which has been unloosed upon the land. Regimentation is the latest apocalyptic beast, the newest seven-headed and ten-horned terror, red or black, according to the fancy of the gentleman who is doing the trembling. Mr. Ogden Mills is sure it has slithered over our frontier from Moscow. Chairman Fletcher is not so sure—maybe it has broken in upon our free people from Italy or even Germany. But in any case the Republican prophets feel they have found their authentic devil for the coming fray, just as the Democrats, badly in need of a demon in 1932, hit upon the Money Devil in Wall Street.

Regimentation is the demon who bursts into your counting room, runs through your books, rummages through your letter files, peers into your cash register, quizzes your employees, your banker, and your customers and then departs leaving you a bill for the visit, a new price list, and a set of rules to be observed until he returns. Of course, up to now the population as a whole has been pretty well marched about. Those who toil have been fairly well told where and when they get off. Office rules, union rules, time clocks, all reinforced by the remorseless nagging of economic necessity, have left the worker little room within which to exercise his not so rugged individualism. But now, so we are told in alarming terms, the monster which "goeth about the world like a roaring lion seeking whom it may devour" has broken into the front office and frightened the Big Shot himself. And this is just about going too far.

The Millses and Fletchers are sure that the old freedom, the old initiative and opportunity of America are gone, at least for the nonce, and that henceforth the government will tell us what we shall produce and how much and what we shall sell it for and what we shall pay for this and that and how much we shall pay our workers and how long they shall work and when we shall shut down the plant and whether or not we can buy a new machine or add another story to the factory and everything we produce will go out with a label proclaiming to all and sundry that the regimenters have had their way with us.

There is, along with an immense amount of hog-wash, a grain of bitter truth in all this. If you own a silk mill and want to put in a more improved machine to make better and cheaper silk, you can do it only after getting permission from the Silk Institute. And for that matter, if you want to go into the silk business you will have to get permission from your prospective competitors. You can be indicted and sent to jail if you sell an automobile for fifty dollars less than the price the factory fixes. If you sell barber supplies and give credit to a barber who owes money to another dealer, you can be punished. If you are in the coat and suit business, you will continue to remain in it only if you submit to the continual swarming into your place of the police of the Code Authority, a new kind of constabulary, who will rake through your files to see whether or not you are living up to the ordinances of the codesters and the decretals of the administrator. And if you fail in this, your supply of labels may be cut off and you are out of business.

All this Mr. Mills and Mr. Fletcher think to be the work of our autocratic and meddlesome government and so they seek to dramatize our poor, inept old Uncle Samuel as the booted and helmeted bureaucrat who is guilty of this crime against the free spirit of America.

The simple truth is that this grim and mirthless farce is the bitter fruit of the wrong-headed philosophy of business itself. The same muddled thinking which gave us the Old Deal (the New Era)—the gay decade of eternal and lengthening prosperity and the final extinction of poverty all built upon a gilded cloud-bank of paper—proceeds from the very gentlemen who have now given themselves this ramshackle Prussian tangle of red tape and labels which is being called regimentation.

We are assuredly arrived at a momentous cross-

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roads in our national life. Before us stretch four roads. One is the old road which we have always travelled. The other three represent the well advertised turnpikes to communism, the fascist corporative state and democratic-controlled capitalism. We must make a choice. We cannot possibly evade it. If we attempt evasion we will find ourselves reeling along one of these roads in the grip of violence and bloodshed. We cannot avoid the choice by merely pretending to make it. The nation itself seems to be definitely committed to some form of national social and economic planning. But our responsible leaders are in a way of betraying this desire by substituting pretension and showmanship for actual planning. The President may tell us he is planning and believe that he is. General Johnson may shout that we are going through the agonies of planning. But if we are not planning then the President's fine phrases and the General's rowdy threats will not make it planning.

We cannot escape the solemn responsibility by patching and hiding, by painting old sores and new wounds with invisible skin. The President may get Mr. Whitney and Mr. Pecora to shake hands and go out of his office happy. He may induce Senator Borah and Senator Fess to be pals. He may send the gold senators and the silver senators out of his office feeling good and he may put Mr. William Green and Mr. Alfred P. Sloan on the same committee and have all the hostile and incompatible elements in society sit down merrily to tea at the White House. But until he can get the law of supply and demand to shake hands and get debts and profits and wages all to go out and actually work together, his other amenities and armistices will come to nothing.

There has been no real planning, save what Mr. Jim Farley has done on the political front. A faltering step to the left; a step or two to the right. A little tinkering with gold, a little playing about with silver. A little drift to a closed national economy; a little less fiddling along with internationalism. Devaluation to please the inflationists; but no action upon it, to please the sound-money men. A public works appropriation, but the frittering away of the funds on other projects. Bold pronouncements about a housing program ending with a scheme of small loans for repair. A little of this and a little of that; every demand of every sufficiently persistent pressure minority on either side admitted in some diluted form to the great "plan," given a robust name by the President and called an integral part of his design for salvation. What we have had has been just a series of surrenders bundled together and called a plan; timidity masquerading in bold words; conservatism proclaimed in the language of radicalism; ignorance and bewilderment and political intrigue clothed in phrases of flaming wisdom; showmanship giving to the groping and feeble hand of the leader the appearance of a strong and resolute intention.

II

To understand what is happening now we must go back for a peep at a small group of men, about sixty in number, along the Saginaw River over seventy years ago. Salt was found in that river. The lumbermen along the stream went into the salt business. Presently there were so many that salt was being produced out of all proportion to the demand. This was over-production and, save in the textile industry, it was a new thing in America. These practical men dealt with it promptly. They quickly surrendered a large section of their precious individualism and entered into one of the earliest trade pools in America. They withdrew from selling individually and turned over to a central selling cartel all their salt. This created a monopoly of Saginaw salt. The salt makers combined against the salt consumers, perfected a central control of the supply, and regulated its flow into the market.

This was very different from the philosophy which had ruled our economic life up to then. We held fast with a kind of religious zeal to the principle of freedom for the individual. Providentially it happened, as we supposed, that this actually made for a richer economic life. Men free to seek their own interest would, unconsciously, serve the public interest and every public want would be supplied. What is more, according to the static theory of economics, maladjustments resulting from greed, selfishness, folly would be quickly and automatically corrected and the economic mechanism kept in equilibrium. The fact that this equilibrium was in a state of continual disturbance and that equilibrium hardly ever existed made no impression on the fervor of our devotion to that philosophy. Still we clung to the doctrine and supported it with all the energy of the constitution, the laws, the courts, and the force of public opinion.

But now, however, here were these Saginaw salt men who believed that their interests were to be served by departure from that principle and a substantial invasion of their individualism. They were prepared to surrender large portions of this individualism in order to unite the industry against the consuming public.

The experiment was important for it became the pattern for a more ambitious and historic attempt at regimentation. Almost from the moment that Drake found oil under the rocks near Titusville, Pa., the flow of oil was enormously in excess of the ability of the world to purchase it. And so from the earliest days the adventurers who thronged into the oil regions quarrelled and debated and concerted what measures could be taken to enable them to keep the price of petroleum from sagging. The problem in theory, as they saw it, was

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simple enough. The supply got continually out of hand. If the supply could be controlled, if production could be curbed, five dollar oil would be an easy goal and all would be happy with the oil men. The producers of crude oil formed themselves into a series of associations to control the flow of oil. At the same time the refiners, under the leadership of John D. Rockefeller, did the same thing to control the production of refined oil. Trade associations of crude producers and trade associations of refiners struggled toward this end. The crude producers got drillers to agree to put down no new wells for six months. They forced the producers first to stop pumping on the Sabbath and later to suspend all pumping for a month. They organized an association-owned corporation to buy up all surplus oil at five dollars a barrel and store it—to peg the price of oil as Hoover's Farm Board pegged the price of wheat and cotton. They forbade well-men to stimulate the flow of oil by exploding nitro-glycerine in their wells. Those producers who were hardy enough to defy the general agreement were disciplined by bands of masked men who rode the roads at night and destroyed their derricks.

Rockefeller on his side got the refiners together, bound them to limit production of kerosene, agreed to pay the producers' association $4.50 for their oil. Thus a whole industry was brought, at least on paper, under a complete and general regimentation. But it didn't work, because the bootlegger and the rugged individualist went their way. Somehow oil continued to flow. Somehow prices sagged from $4.50 to $2.50 and the great attempt by John D. Rockefeller to establish an NRA in the oil industry in 1873 failed.

Rockefeller then made up his mind that regimentation by means of agreement and through the trade association was impracticable. He therefore decided that he would bring the refining industry under complete and efficient regimentation by uniting all refiners, not in a trade association, but in a great corporation which would exercise ownership over the industry and operate it from a central management. Rockefeller thereupon brought together into a giant combine the various leading producers of Cleveland, Philadelphia, Buffalo, New York, Pittsburgh, Erie and the oil regions. Men who were independent refiners sold their plants to the new corporation and exchanged the rôle of independent proprietor for that of director or plant manager or superintendent in a great organization. Those who cherished the fetish of rugged individualism and elected to go stumbling forward in the rôle of independent, unregimented masters were crushed.

The object of this procedure was to get possession of all the machinery—mechanical and human—of the refining industry. The purpose of this was to substitute in that industry the orderly processes of planning and administration for the disorderly struggle of competition. Rockefeller decided that the leaders of the industry must obtain complete control over the supply so that overproduction might be made impossible. Also he would obtain control over all the men in the industry so that competition between them in distribution would be impossible. The object was to regiment the oil refining industry through the great corporation rather than through the trade association.

In this Rockefeller was successful, so that the industry combined under him was able to dictate to railroads, steamships and pipe lines, producers of machinery, distributors and consumers precisely what would be done in the kerosene industry. So successful was he that in fact for the next thirty-five years this became the accepted formula for organizing industries. The sugar industry, steel industry, ship-building industry, cordage, tobacco industries all abandoned trade association efforts and combined all the units in the business into great corporations. The United States Steel Corporation, for instance, was not a gigantic expansion of a single company. It was the union of what had originally been several hundred independent wire, steel plate, iron ore, structural steel, blast furnace companies into a single combination which would be able to exercise a powerful control over the economic forces and laws which had afflicted the several independent units.

Now the important fact about all this is that this development was the creation of business men. The government of the nation and of the states, except to the extent that its objectives were betrayed by its leaders, stood upon the old principle that there ought to be no interference with the automatic laws and forces of our economic machine. It is common to speak of government interference with business. Of course, there was no government interference. The theory was not merely that business men should be left alone, but that there should be no interference in the laws of trade. Competition was supposed to provide all the motive power that society needed. What I have been trying to make clear here is that the interference came, not from the government, but from business men themselves. They developed the naïve notion that if they could get possession of the supply, if they could produce scarcity, then competition would lose its fangs since there would be plenty of business for all. Groups of business men in various industries, therefore, proceeded to interfere very powerfully with the so-called laws of trade. They went about submitting industry and credit to various forms and degrees of regimentation. The government intervened, not to interfere in business, but to prevent these individual and private regimenters from interfering in business.

The early railroad commissions before the Civil War were established merely to protect citizens and property from accidents and fires caused by railroads. The first

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important statute marking federal entry into this problem of checking interference in business was the Interstate Commerce Act. This law was sponsored by small independent business men. It originated first with the National Grange and later with the Pennsylvania oil producers and was designed to put an end to railroad interference in the business of independent industrialists and farmers by means of discriminatory rates and rebates to aid the great industrial regimenters. Small business men everywhere stormed Congress with petitions to pass the act. Over 1800 small business men in Pittsburgh alone filed a petition with Congress to pass the act to protect them from interference by the Standard Oil Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Central and the Erie.

The next important statute was the Sherman anti-trust law. This act made no pretense of interference in business. It did not tell business men how to run their affairs. It did tell certain business men that they must not set up monopolies, which are a mechanism for regimenting business and interfering in its free flow, and that they must not impose "restraints on trade." Restraints on trade came from business groups who thought regimentation an excellent thing, and the government acted only so far as was necessary to check this regimentation.

The other government "interferences" were by commissions to protect the people against those enterprises which were recognized as natural monopolies. The power and light and heat and water companies have acquired complete control over the supply of these public necessities in their respective communities. Having, in short, completed their regimentation of all the factors of production and distribution and all of the human units in the industry, it was necessary to erect a government agency which could protect the people in a situation where the regulative and self-adjusting elements of the old self-equilibrating economy had ceased to function.

The next phase of this development came following the war. It is common for superficial critics to say that the anti-trust laws were a farce and that they did not prevent monopolies. They did prevent corporate monopolies. They were, in fact, so successful in this that the attempt at corporate monopoly, save in the field of utilities, was pretty well abandoned. Corporations did, indeed, grow large and powerful. But in almost every industry there were many competitors, even though some of them were great corporations. But the old belief that riches awaited every industry which could conquer the control of supply still persisted. In industries where competitors were too numerous for this, it was hoped that trade practices might do away with what was called cut-throat competition, which was in reality price competition under many forms. And so in the twenties there arose again the trade association movement. It was now supposed that great corporations and little rivals could unite in trade arrangements to present a united front against their employees and against their customers.

Here it is important to understand that vicious trade practices take two forms. First, there are those which involve dishonest, unethical, unfair acts as against a competitor. It is indecent to steal another fellow's trade mark, to injure him by false statements, to injure his credit by untrue rumors, to attempt deliberately to put him out of business by drastic price cutting with the expectation of taking possession of the field when he has been eliminated and then recouping the cost of the battle out of his former customers. The rules of the game in a civilized community forbid such things among rivals. It is entirely proper that competitors should unite to put an end to such practices. But when they unite to limit production in order to produce a scarcity in the community to raise prices or to do other acts which are merely designed to put their customers or their workers at a disadvantage, they are then engaging in trade practices which are anti-social.

Yet in almost every large trade, under the guise of organizing to clean up unfair trade practices, employers have been for the last dozen years attempting to combine in trade associations *to control the supply,* to regulate prices and to do away with all effective competition. But all the time the government, in theory at least, has been opposed to this tendency. And every attempt to repeal or amend or mitigate the severity of the anti-trust laws has been quickly and effectively stifled.

The Republican leaders now bitterly indict the present government for the crime of regimenting business. Whether this is a crime or not is a question by itself. But if it is, the crime of the government is not in regimenting business, but through the NRA in stepping aside and permitting business to do the regimenting through its trade associations. It is an amazing thing that the government should have done this. But it hardly lies in the mouths of the spokesmen for business to bring the charge. It is even more amazing that the deed should have been sold to the American people as a great adventure in liberal social control.

The age-long battle of the people to acquire a democratic control over the political machinery of the state required centuries. The economic mechanism of society still remains in the hands of private owners. Up to now they have not been extensively controlled as a whole, but to the extent that they have been controlled the control has been exercised not by the people but by small groups of employers through trade agreements and corporate devices. In the capitalist state, of course, the institution of private property is recognized. But private property does not mean that the property own-

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ers shall have the right to make the laws which will control property. That control, so far as it is exercised, must be in the hands of the national constituency through the democratic state. To the extent that it is seized by or surrendered to any groups in the state, it is not democratically exercised. It has been surrendered. And if the surrender is consolidated by a continuation of the present policy of the administrator, then the people will have before them, perhaps, a struggle covering more decades to conquer the control of their economic life. The whole episode is a surrender. The President has attempted to locate in the hands of small groups of employers' syndicates and corporative federations resembling the Italian fascist corporatives, a vital and precious element of the national sovereignty.

Fortunately, this law is limited by its terms to a life of two years. It will expire automatically in June, 1935. But now we will see an effort to preserve what is called by business men its best features. What they want is not the abrogation of the policy of so-called self-rule in industry. They want even the existing meagre shadow of government supervision ended. Above all they want the pitiful clause about collective bargaining, watery as it is, eliminated. They have no intention, if the business can be managed, of giving up, for instance, the overlordship of the American Iron and Steel Institute over the steel industry, the legislative dominance of the Wholesale Grocers' Association over the wholesale and retail grocery and food business or the supremacy of the Automobile Chamber of Commerce over the automobile code and industry. The strategy is to continue the suspension of the anti-trust laws so that the trade associations may continue their codes of practice, with price fixing and production control and the regulation of competition, but without government collaboration in this function. Also they wish the breaking down of the NRA act to end Section 7a guaranteeing collective bargaining, not because the section means anything as it is, but because, with the passing of General Johnson and the rise of a more intelligent and less violent administrator than Johnson, the section may be given real meaning or may, even, be provided with teeth through amendment. Under Roosevelt the leaders of big business have succeeded almost completely in nailing down their dangerous system of self-rule and the company union. They now fear that the President is weak; that he is vacillating. He has certainly played both right and left until both sides have become suspicious of him. There is always the danger that popular clamor may so command his fears and his interests that he may yet surrender to organized labor. Hence they rightly fear him.

III

The troubled, bewildered, and harried citizen, however, hearing all this and filled with questioning of the wisdom of the President's acts, asks in a kind of weary daze, "But what will we do? We cannot go back to the old order."

He does not realize that the NRA means a grave step backward. For seventy years we have struggled against the domination of our economic life by organized business. As outlined here the attempt was made at first through trade associations and later through monopolies. It succeeded in great areas of business—the oil industry, the sugar, cordage, steel, copper, railroad and utility industries. We broke up the Standard Oil Trust twice, the other monopolies in succession. Then it was attempted through trade agreements and trade associations. These have been broken up more than once. We have held stoutly to the principle that if business is to be regulated at all it must be by the government. But now we have retreated. We have gone back seventy years. We must not go back indeed, but ahead. And this means that we must get the NRA comedy over with.

The people of this country do not want prices fixed by employers. They do not want producers, by monopolistic trade agreements, to get possession of the supplies of their necessities and then decide how much in the interest of profits will be permitted to flow into the hands of the people.

Hours of labor ought to be regulated, but the way to do that is by law, not through ordinances adopted by employers' associations. Minimum wages, perhaps, should be dealt with in some way. But this, too, should be the function of the government through law. Labor should have the right to bargain collectively. This right has been actually curtailed under the NRA, first through the encouragement given the company union and the domination of industry surrendered to employers' associations and secondly through the crass determination of Johnson to defeat every strike and to hamper every effort of labor by interpretation. Labor will get collective bargaining in one way only. It will be foolish to suppose the law and the employers will accord it. It will acquire and hold this right to the extent that it makes its demands vocal and resolute and, alas, to the extent that it ousts its present futile and moribund leadership and puts at its head strong, and courageous, and intelligent men.

When the citizen says we cannot go back to the old way, he means the old way of disorder. He thinks our economic society ought to be planned. And he is right. I do not know whether or not the capitalist system can be successfully planned. But I have repeatedly insisted that the attempt ought to be honestly and intelligently made. But planning means precisely what it says. It means the study of the society to be ordered, the survey of all its parts, the consideration of all its maladjustments and all its problems. It means that every part of the plan should contribute to the general objective and

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above all that hostile properties within the plan must be reduced, or better still, eliminated. Moreover, it means in this instance that the planning shall be done in the interest of society and not in the interest of small groups of employers to swell profits.

There has been no national planning. The NRA is an excellent example. A few men, mostly lawyers and business men, sat about for a few weeks, circling around with a host of conflicting objectives, compromising, quarrelling and finally producing a bill which had no plan but which passed on the job of planning to the President. He discharged that function by naming an ex-cavalry officer and man-Friday of a Wall Street operator as supreme planner and turning him loose upon society and its economic problem much as we might have unloosed a bunch of lawyers on a mysterious epidemic of disease, a group of doctors on our banking collapse, a herd of economists on a great engineering mystery, and a collection of engineers on the recasting of the civil code. Groups of employers were summoned to the Capitol and told to plan for their industries, which they did as might be expected. The pathetic crisis of this circus was the parades of simple-minded workers and business men marching behind brass bands in demonstrations against the depression. They might as well have been parading against amoebic dysentery.

Out of this hectic, boisterous and unconsidered circus has emerged the spectacle of planning which must excite the wonder and admiration of the world:

The NRA set up, as General Johnson proclaims one day, to "get prices up," while the next day he implores industrialists "For God's sake, keep prices down!"

The AAA commanded to push farm prices up to the level of industrial prices and the NRA moving frantically to keep industrial prices ahead of the farmers' prices.

Business crushed under its load of debt and the government's power and credit mobilized to perpetuate the debt structure under which the economic machine groans.

Dollar dilution and gold buying to stimulate foreign buying and price boosting to neutralize that effort.

General Johnson battling to set up a closed national economy and Secretaries Wallace and Hull fighting to revive foreign trade.

One scheme to get three million farmers off the farms and another scheme to get three million city workers out of the cities. If you have a farm the government will pay you to move away from it. If you haven't it will help you to start one.

Millions of men in need of food and clothing and government grants of hundreds of millions paid to producers to destroy what we have.

Billions of dollars provided to stimulate the capital goods industry and scores of trade agreements among producers prohibiting any further investment in capital goods.

Business begged to raise wages and then permitted to raise prices to cancel the wage increases.

Millions paid to farmers to plow under their corn and to raise fewer pigs, while the government buys their pigs and feeds them to fertilizer machines to make fertilizer to give the farmers to help them to raise more corn and thus raise more and bigger pigs.

Thus we have plans without blue prints, system without method, order without arrangement, battles without strategy—in short, a planned economy without plans.

The course of reason is to retrace our steps. The so-called lift in business is due to none of these wires, which Mr. Stuart Chase in SCRIBNER'S described as being plugged in by the President—or at least to none save one. We can pull almost all the plugs with impunity. Certainly we can pull the NRA plug. The one plug which has supplied the juice to our faltering, creaking business machine has been the spending of some four hundred million dollars a month since last September by the Federal government. Now let us be rid of General Johnson and all his works and pomps. Let us have an intelligent, deliberate, calm attempt at national planning. The planning should not be done by business men or lawyers or bankers. Above all, those vital sections of our sovereignty which have been surrendered to employers should be taken from them. The planning should be done by experts—a brain trust if you will, but a real brain trust, made up of a large number of men equipped with the necessary data and means of acquiring data and charged with no swift forced conclusions representing any economic clique, and with the power and prestige of the President behind them—the President as master pilot and not as master politician. We may hope then to see a plan with some expectation of working. And if there is regimentation, as there will be, it will be in the interest not of profits, but of social well-being.

Does business recognize that the NRA is playing into its hands? Read W. M. Kiplinger's report on his experiences with business men and government officials in the next article. A review of Mr. Flynn's book, Security Speculation, *written by A. A. Berle, Jr., City Chamberlain of New York, leads this month's "Books for your Library"* *(see page 2).*

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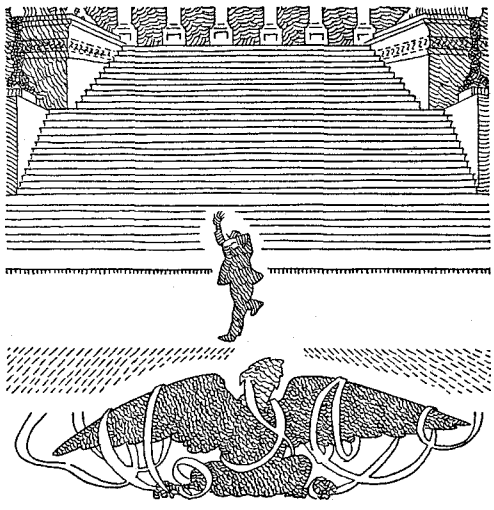
Why Business Men Fear Washington

An analysis by the head of a well-known confidential Washington letter bureau

W. M. Kiplinger

My daily job is to shuttle between government and business, trying to explain government to business, working primarily in the interest of business.

I spend my mornings talking to business men callers at my office here in Washington, listening to their troubles, suggesting courses which are in line, or not too far out of line, with government policies.



I spend my afternoons in a series of interviews with government officials, high and low. They talk frankly, not for quotation, about the whys and wherefores of their doings. They explain their intentions, their difficulties, their successes, their errors. Sometimes they complain about business men, and sometimes they complain about other government policies than their own.

Out of this shuttling experience, day after day, year after year, quite naturally grows understanding of the problems of both sides, and sympathy with both, and irritation with both. In this particular discussion I am purposely leaning the sympathies to the side of business men, in an effort to show why they fear Washington.

In talking about business men, let's not fix a type, for there really isn't any type. Once upon a time I thought of a business man as one who lived on a swanky street, kept a chauffeur, and sent his daughter away to a finishing school. Now, with broader experience, I think perhaps the "typical business man" is the man who runs the local hardware store, and who may have trouble scraping up the money to send his daughter to Cleveland to attend a school for secretaries. "Big business men" are more prominent, but they aren't numerous. The "average business man" is small, with a few employees, with plenty of troubles.

Business men have a lot of faults and deficiencies which show up in their relations to government. They are "narrow," in the sense that they are focused on their particular interests, and that they think of their business as the *end* rather than the *means* of getting things done for the community or the nation. Most are concrete in their thinking. Many have no understanding of broad economic or social abstractions. Consequently they are apt to think that anything which interferes with their operations, their "freedom," their "liberty," is wrong.

But business men have plenty of merits. The main merit is that they work hard to do their jobs—the jobs which our system gave them to do. They keep the wheels turning. They make business, they make work. Their motive is to get profit for themselves or their stockholders. This is the lure to keep them live, aggressive. The profit fruit is often meagre, but the chance of possible profit is enough to keep business men awfully busy doing things which help all of us.

Actually business men are our principal class of public servants, although it would shock them to be told so. The fact is that they in the aggregate control the destinies of most of us to a far greater extent than do government officials. You may like the fact or not, but you must recognize it. For this reason the treatment of business men by the government demands attention in the *public interest,* quite apart from the profits and private interest of any particular business man himself.

Whether business men have done their jobs well, or poorly, or perhaps both, is a pertinent question, but it's too big a question to answer here.

Turning to Washington officials, you find no "average type" among them. Most have become public officials only recently. A majority are amateurs at this governing business. A minority are professional public servants or politicians.

The big idea of this new set of amateur officials is to make political power ascendant over business or economic power—perhaps temporarily, perhaps permanently. The assumption is that government, acting for *all* the people, should discipline, direct, supervise, control, regulate the course of business. (This isn't a complete or wholly accurate statement, but it gives the idea.)

Thus, a new set of officials, with a new set of ideas,

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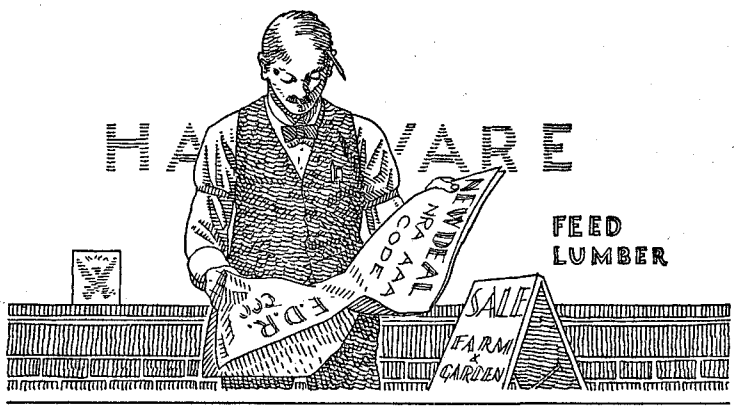

are trying to drive the old machine. They think, honestly and sincerely, that they can make it run better. Perhaps they can, but while they are learning to drive, they are clashing the gears, skidding the tires, flooding the carburetor, neglecting the timing, and steering from side to side. They are the drivers, but business men are the skilled mechanics. Naturally these mechanics grumble at the new drivers, are puzzled at the driving.

The best way of getting down to cases is to let me tell you the stories of a few business men who sat across the desk from me yesterday and the day before. I omit names and twist some of the stories slightly to conceal identities.

Man A: Small paper manufacturer. Finds the industry code fixes prices. This compels him to raise his price. Finds customers dropping off, going to larger manufacturers who make better-known, better-advertised brands, and whose delivery service is prompter. Thus he fears the code and the government.

Man B: Middle-aged merchant with six children. Has a fortune of about $100,000. Wants to know whether inflation will destroy this fortune and leave his children with nothing. He's frightened over inflation.

Man C: Manufacturer who needs working capital. Says he could employ 50 more men if the banks would supply credit "as they once did." Says the bankers are afraid of inflation, won't lend him a cent for a long pull. Says the government's monetary policy is cramping him.

Man D: Retired banker. Says he has most of his money invested in short-term government obligations which pay practically nothing. Says he has withdrawn from private investments, because he's afraid.

Man E: Hardware manufacturer. Wants to know what Tugwell means when he talks about the evils of the profit system. Wants to know whether the President listens to "radicals."

Man F: Metal products manufacturer. Says he belongs to three different NRA codes. Says one compels him to do certain things, and that another specifically prohibits him from doing these things. Wants to know "What's the sense in this?"

Man G: Importer, with long-term commitments. Says he can't figure out the government's monetary policies. Consequently he is hampered in his long-term commitments. Has almost ceased importing one line in which he formerly did a good business. Says the government is "very indefinite."

Man H: Vice president of a Wisconsin bank. Says Jesse Jones scolds bankers for not lending, and bank examiners scold his bank for taking a chance on some loans. Says lots of bankers think "the government will be running the banks before long."

Man I: An automobile dealer in a southern city. Says his business has been swell. Says agricultural benefit payments helped a lot. But wonders what will happen when they cease.

Man J: Sales manager. Wants to know whether the government is going to curtail advertising eventually, as an "economic waste."

Man K: New England manufacturer. Has the jitters over the new tariff bargaining policy. Can't understand why the government fusses around about tariff just now, "when we already have about all the troubles we can manage." Can't understand the secrecy of the tariff procedure.

Man L: Small town merchant. Says farmer customers complain his prices have gone up more than their prices. Says NRA is responsible.

Man M: Large employer. Is threatened with a strike. Says the government may not know that it is fomenting strikes, but the thing works out this way.

More business men write letters to Washington than visit Washington.

Recently I asked my regular weekly readers to write me frankly, confidentially, without restraint, what they thought of Washington. I received more than 2000 enlightening letters, full of first-hand information on experiences while serving here (on codes and other things), full of secondhand observations of what their fellow business men were saying about Washington. About 70 per cent were sour on Washington, in varying degrees. About 20 per cent were neutral, open minded, inclined to defer judgment of current policies. About 10 per cent were enthusiastic about the general direction of government policies. There was not much evidence of partisan bias. Comments were in the business realm, not the partisan realm.

Incoming correspondence and incoming personal visitors to Washington tell approximately the same stories.

"The indefiniteness of Washington" is a subject of complaint by three out of four business men. They say business itself contains enough natural hazards, and on

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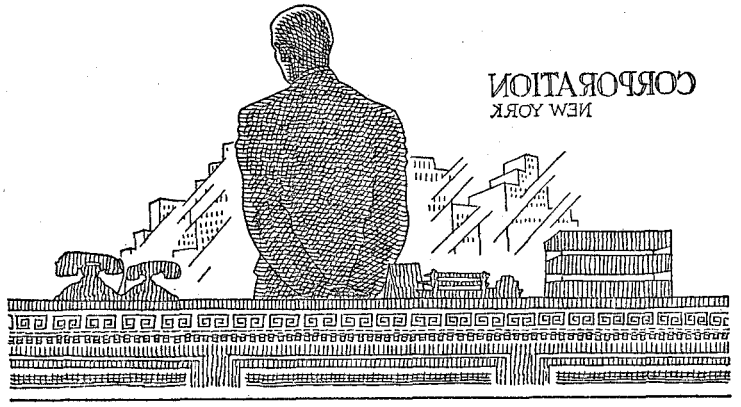
these are now superimposed a whole new set of political hazards. The objection is not so much to any single policy by itself. The objection is rather to a hodge-podge of policies which are sometimes conflicting, which are explained in different ways by different sets of officials, and which create in business minds the impression that the government is in a great state of indefiniteness and confusion.

This confusion makes fear—not fear of any one policy, but fear that the government mechanism isn't capable of administering all the ramifications of the new order. It's a vague fear, but it is more potent than any tangible situation.



Here are typical comments: "If the government would decide what to do, adopt a course and stick to it, business wouldn't mind and would adjust itself. But the continual changing of policies and the indefiniteness of the future make it hard to run business." "There seems to be no certainty. . . ." "It's hard to have confidence in the continuity of many government policies."

The uncertainties which business men feel about Washington may be broken down into a few major classes:

Inflation: It isn't the *fact* of inflation which is responsible for the worries. It is, rather, the uncertainty of the *time* and the *degree* and the *nature* of it when it comes. Most business men have come to regard inflation as inevitable. Many don't mind it; at least they are prepared to enjoy it while it is on the upgrade for a few years. But so long as they can't foresee when it will be evident, or how fast it will go, or how far, they can't easily plan ahead. Thus they play their cards close, take no chances, fear to expand.

Taxation: It's simple arithmetic to figure that taxpayers must pay the bills for current billions of emergency expenditures. The question is, Which taxpayers? Under this administration the answering finger points pretty much in the direction of business interests. Thus higher taxes of the future will eat into profits, especially "excessive profits."

NRA: Most business men accept the *theory* of government regulation of private industry, but they resent many of the clumsy methods of *application*. Fine schemes thought out at the top don't work well at the bottom. Changes are made from month to month. Different treatments are accorded different lines—different principles. Enforcement of codes is not yet provided in many lines. The heavy hand, the crack-down, is mixed with laxity. Too much has been attempted in too short a time, with too little system at the top to supervise all the intricacies at the bottom.

Toward the agricultural end, the AAA, the feelings are similar to those toward NRA. There's rather general acceptance by business men of the principle of regulation of production, but there's distrust of the methods. There's fear that the magnitude of the problem is too great for solution by a few minds in Washington.

Labor: The government favors collective bargaining. A majority of business men assent in principle, but want to do it in their own ways, don't want "outside unions," which means A. F. of L. unions. The government doesn't specify "outside unions," but it insists on unions independent of the influence of employers. This naturally plays into the hands of the A. F. of L., because it is the principal organizer of unions. Thus employers are apt to think the government is "pro A. F. of L.," and that it will not protect employers against unreasonable attitudes by unions.

Inflation, taxation, NRA, and labor, these are the four main Washington subjects about which business men fret. Other subjects are incidental.

The government is rapidly going into the banking business. Most business men don't like this in principle, but they are quite apt to like it in practice. The truth is that many of the measures of government banking have come as a result of demands by certain groups of business men themselves.

Tariff bargaining is causing some worry here and there, but it is not general as yet.

Government experiments in the production of electricity gives concern to utilities, but is not a subject of acute anxiety to business interests in general.

Government regulation of securities and stock exchanges is generally approved as "a step in the right direction."

Dictatorial powers vested in the President are a subject of some grumbling, but at heart most business men prefer the focusing of responsibility. Heretofore Congress has not been popular with business. Hereafter it is likely to gain slightly in popularity, as a check against the Executive.

The quality of official personnel of the Roosevelt administration is probably a little higher than that of

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preceding administrations. But the tasks assumed are so much greater that the relative lack of ability shows up. The government actually doesn't have the brains or man power it ought to have to do all these stupendous things. It does the best it can with what it has.

The trouble makers, from the business viewpoint, are the highly theoretical young reformers suddenly thrust into high positions. They mean well, they are honest, they have zeal, they have imagination, but they don't have experience. They think in terms of blueprints rather than in terms of machines. Some of these young idealists have learned—the Frankfurter group, for example. Others continue in their immaturity—the Tugwell group, for example.

The Tugwellians are heartily hated by most business men, partly because of their "radicalism," partly because of their tactlessness in dealing with business men. The Tugwellians, as judged from the business angle, constitute the administration's greatest single personnel liability.

Government publicity policies have not been helpful to business men. Government publicity is essentially political ballyhoo. It tends to go to extremes, to be superlative, to build up false hopes on each recovery measure which comes along. Washington news, when read in the business office, seems to have an air of the unreal, the fantastic. Business men have come to distrust it, or to discount it. "Just another Washington blast."

If all the views of all the business men could be condensed into a brief address to Washington, perhaps the address would be something like this:

We know you have a hard job. We recognize the necessity for reforms, some of which must affect us. But you are forcing reforms on us faster than we can digest them. You seem to be experimenting, without knowing what it is that you are trying to find by experimentation. We accept your general leadership in the emergency, but we find your orders vague, and we don't know just what to do. Can't you reduce your program to something a little more definite, and tell us what it is, so that we may know how to plan ahead? If you will do this, we in turn will immediately increase our business, and provide more jobs than you are providing, and end the depression more quickly than you are ending it.

But the government shows few signs of heeding the pleas of business. Consequently from month to month business sentiment is becoming more restive, more impatient, more disposed to abandon its previous timidity. The movement will come to a head some time late this year. It will have nothing to do with the elections. It will not be partisan. It will be evident in a burst of "plain speaking" from various business groups. Some people will call it a "business revolt." Almost any observer can see it coming.

Then the government will heed, will make some adjustments of policy to suit business interests, will ease out some of the theoretical officials, will take in a few practical business men. But it never will become a "business man's administration."

OCTOBER

By Bernice Kenyon

Summer is gone over the edge into doom.
The stars of dusk are like candles—the hills loom
Heavy against them. The wind invades—the wind tires
Of so many leaves that are fallen now. The fires
Of raked-up leaves brighten each dusky street;
Their smoke curls into the wind, heavy and sweet.

O dusk with stars like candles—O desire
Burning like flame in leaves—tearing the heart
With this late love, with this late ravishment—
Why must the season turn, and so transpire
In the early breath of frost, without content,
Without fulfilling? This has been our season,
Flowering in its time, as the days went under
Slowly and thoughtlessly.

The year may be done, but our season is not yet spent—
Summer is with us still, and the summer's wonder . . .
Alas that autumn is here! The far dark thunder
Bears the year to its end. And who are we
To stand against it, steadily, helplessly?

This is the moment of breaking. In this hour
We stand released.
No more shall we follow the turnings of the year . . . .
Come stand beside me, if you will, and hear
The chant of darkness, distant, rising in power,
Like a great wind out of the starry east,
Bearing the year to doom.
Come gather the brightness of our love around us
To light us through this gloom.

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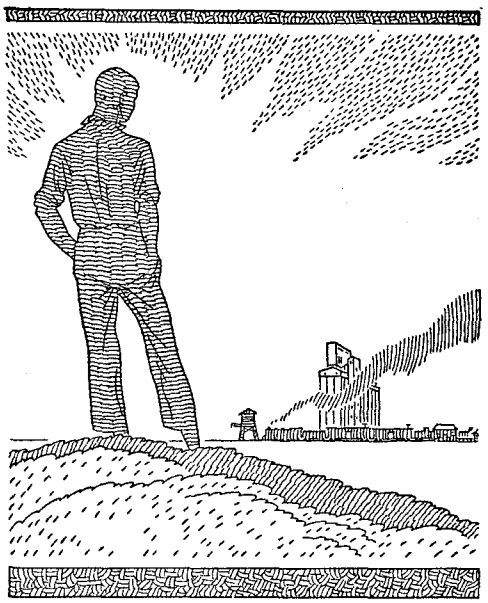
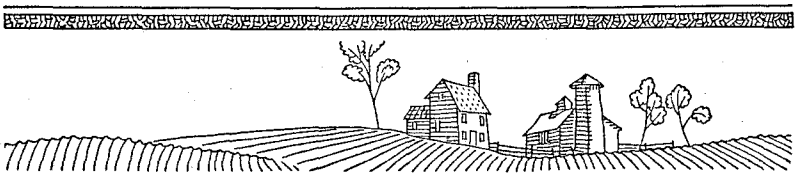


A Start in Life

A Story by the Author of "An American Tragedy"

Theodore Dreiser



NELSON PETERSON, a young American of Swedish parentage, who hailed from the Dakotas, was one of my early encounters in New York. He was, when I first met him, of medium height and weight, with a mop of yellow hair, and semi-gray, semi-blue eyes, and, as it seemed to me at the time, of great physical strength and a very considerable and therefore arresting ambition. Like so very many whom it was my luck to encounter at the time, his ambition was to write. Novels, short stories, articles—in fact, anything that would bring his name and personality, and I assume his esthetic or critical reactions to the attention of the public. At the same time, in so far as I could judge, he was by no means as well organized mentally for the work he had in mind as he thought he was. He was too young in mind as well as in years, and too romantic. Actually had not lived enough, maybe not even seen enough, although to listen to him you would have gathered that he had seen plenty. But as to digesting all he had seen, and reaching any important conclusions in regard to life—well, as Kipling used to say, that was another story.

Peterson had been brought up on a northwest farm, where the winters were long and cold, the summers short and hot, and where the work, at least in his family, was plentiful. As on all farms, it consisted of ploughing, sowing, weeding, reaping, herding, milling, feeding, with very little time for play, not much public schooling, and scarcely any pocket change for himself. Of course, there had been food, clothing, and shelter of sorts, but all sparingly dealt by a farmer-father who held title to considerable land that was heavily mortgaged. As Peterson once said to me, "Even as a boy in the fields when I was working with my older brother and two younger sisters and my mother and father, I used to wonder what we were all working for. The house was not much, although the barn was better—the old man took a great deal of pride in that. But it wasn't paid for and isn't yet. And there wasn't any time for play. I used to think it was marvellous to be taken to Judson of a week-end, whenever father or my older brother drove in for mail, and the weekly paper, and whatever we could afford to buy, usually something we couldn't get along without."

He was full of memories of the town houses of Judson which, at that time, he thought palatial. And of the clerks of the drug store, clothing store, hardware store, gasoline station, and what not; all of whom seemed much better placed than himself. One thing that seemed to rank as a milestone in his life was a tall, red grain elevator, which stood somewhere near the depot of the Northern Pacific Railway at Judson, and which, together with some box cars, telegraph poles, and the yellow railway station itself, he could see from the top of a rather high hill which overlooked the western line of his father's farm. On summer days and even in winter, when the snow was not too deep, and he had the time to ascend, there, as he said, he loved to stand and look at the elevator and railway station and the cars that sometimes stood on the siding, particularly when there was a passenger, or even a freight, train due. The smoke that went up from one or another engine that might be passing or switching cars moved him deeply. "That smoke," he once said to me, "I can't tell you. It was so far away and faded so quickly, and yet it seemed to speak of the whole world outside. It made me think of Bismarck, our nearest big town, and from which we got a weekly paper. Also of Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago and, of course, the great cities of the East. They preyed upon and inflamed my imagination early."

As he said, at the minute country or district school,

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some two miles from his home, he got some knowledge of life. There were books there, also the village, as well as an occasional Minneapolis or St. Paul, paper, and these, plus some magazines and weeklies—*Cosmopolitan, Saturday Evening Post, Collier's*—all had made him conscious of the great world without. For him then, it was merely a matter of time before the hardship and deprivation of his farm life suggested escape. Finally, putting penny on penny, and working his way in Bismarck, Minneapolis, Chicago, and Detroit, he finally arrived in New York and, of course, was fascinated. For throughout this period, he had been thinking of writing something—what, he scarcely knew, books, magazine articles, even plays. Among other things, he had been a brakeman on a railroad, a helper in the Chicago stockyards, an assistant in a garage, a solicitor for a trade paper, and so finally a news runner for it. It was there and then he got the idea of reporting. Yet long before that, as he assured me, standing atop the hill that overlooked his father's farm and the distant grain-elevator and engine-smoke of Judson, he had been moved to compose a poem, or something, as he said, that was meant to be a poem. Yet never later, in so far as I know, did he ever write any poetry.

Just the same, Nelson Peterson (he was very vain of the name), at the time I encountered him, had not achieved anything worthy of mention. To be sure, he had tried his hand at short stories, and even a play, but by then he had settled down to a routine of newspaper work on one of the lesser and not so successful of New York's daily papers. Curiously enough, as I noted, he was not so much pained or irritated at any time by the difficulties of life as he was by a gnawing doubt as to his own talent for creative writing. With little money and very little time for his own private efforts, he still preferred at this time to go to the bohemian haunts of the would-be writers and artists of New York, hoping to learn from them, I assume, what it was that was worth writing about. Also how they disposed of their own wares—if at all. From these also, as I noted, he had already picked up the jargon of revolt, not so much against society, as against the older or, at least, currently recognized literary forms. He and his acquaintances, with the customary enthusiasm of youth, were to write something new and different, and the struggle was to be for recognition.

After coming to me with this same tale for over a year, he suddenly disappeared from New York, and, the next time I heard from him, he was part of a socialist colony then in full bloom near Wilmington, Del.; also, he was doing some work on one of the local papers there. He was, as he wrote, not doing very well. His salary was small and opportunity almost nothing. But in the face of that, a really great thing happened to him. He had met a wonderful girl, and she was as much in love with him as he was with her. He wished I could see her. They had no money to speak of (she more than he, I judged from the tone of the letter) but, money or no money, they were going to get married. His great ambition now was to return to New York and renew the fight. He had some ideas for a novel, some short stories, a play. But preliminary to that, he would have to get another newspaper job in New York and on a better paper. Buoyancy and optimism flooded the letter. I attributed these to the arrival of the girl.

For all his seeming urgence in regard to New York, there was no news for six months. At the end of that time he appeared at my studio accompanied by his paragon of a wife. His purpose in coming was, as I judged, not only to resubstantiate himself as a potential writer, but to introduce his wife, and by her good sense and personal charms allow her to emphasize his luck and wisdom in finding and marrying her.

And, true enough, once I saw her, I concluded that he had at least made no love mistake. Younger than himself, and very attractive, she appeared to me to have more of poise and diplomacy and even mental security than Peterson, even though she might lack his imaginative flare. For while he told of his recent experiences and his luck in finding her, and their future plans, she seemingly preferred to gaze and listen—allowing her personality to speak for itself.

They were, as I now found, already four months married. And, in spite of the fact that they had no New York connections, and very little money, and not even a residence in mind, still, as he said, she had induced him to quit his job at Wilmington, and come to New York to look for work.

Plainly, as I gathered from her looks and manner, she had considerably more faith in Peterson than he had in himself. And I could also see, she felt fairly sure that with her beside him to aid and guide, he would now make progress. There was something in her manner as well as the way she looked at him from time to time which caused me to think so. This, to me, seemed based on her knowledge that he was very much in love with her, and that he took strength from her courage and resourcefulness. I sensed all this from the way she strolled about, examined books and pictures, occasionally corrected some statement or slight exaggeration of his, and, at the same time, encouraged him with smiles and the self-assurance which irradiated her personality. They went away, and I heard no more of them for three months.

During this time, however, Peterson had managed to connect himself with the one and only Socialist paper of that day, a daily of not a little interest and circulation. It was a temporary connection, made, as he said, to give him time to establish himself with one of the

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large newspapers. During this time, also, as he now announced, he had resumed his writing. And with more of success than before. One of two stories he had written had been sold. Also—although he apologized for this as something temporary—they had taken a single room in one of the meaner streets of South Washington Square. And within less than seven months thereafter Peterson was in the position to call my attention to three of his short stories in current magazines. One of these was a northwest farm-hand drama, which all but ended as tragedy, and yet did not—an unexaggerated happy ending—which led me to believe that he might well achieve success in his chosen field. And because of that, and my great liking for him, I was glad. In view of his ardent literary ambitions, the thought of his possible failure had troubled me.

By the end of two years, three interesting, and in the main promising, things had occurred. The first was that Peterson had eventually secured a good position in one of the better evening papers of the city. Next he had been given a signed Art and Literary column. The third was that he and Ava had taken better quarters in what was then the outmoded if not exactly sordid residence block facing the East River between 57th and 58th Streets. Sutton Place. And all this was climaxed by the birth of a daughter, which, considering Peterson's often-voiced desire for an artistic career, seemed to me a little incongruous. Yet in time the reason became clear enough.

During the time they occupied their single room south of Washington Square, I was an occasional visitor there and it was there that Mrs. Peterson's ingenuity in making the most of the little she had to do with, a few books, a table, a bed, a bookstand and some gay curtains and flowers, most impressed me. For, she had made out of the almost square bare room something charming. More so to me perhaps than might otherwise have been the case, because previous to this Peterson had camped in various dusty and disconsolate rooms.

In the better place, uptown, either out of herself or by catching the spirit of Peterson's dreams, she interpreted him and herself most artistically. It was, as Peterson boasted, a little heaven for him, and she it was who found it, a really lovely, if—up to their arrival there—shabby lower floor of a decayed corner house, the south and east windows of which looked down on boats and gulls. At the front you looked at outlines of Welfare Island, with its chimneys, domes, spires, and what not. As she had decorated the three or four rooms of this place, they were gay and inspiring.

Spring, summer, fall, and winter, all here infused these rooms with charm and romance—so much so, that one could not help remembering them, and Mrs. Peterson, or Ava as I had come to call her—the varnished surfaces, the bright colors, and particularly the spareness of things with which she achieved their living and entertaining needs. Ava's characteristic mood in regard to all living appeared to be to do with as little as possible, but to make that little exceptional.

More, as I saw now, Peterson was finely and artistically at ease, and I began to attribute the success of his recent stories to Ava and her influence. Rarely did she say much about his books or writing even, but because of a typewriter and some typewritten pages neatly concealed behind a green screen in one corner of her room, plus corrections by her on some galleys that I noticed, once, on her table, I knew she was helping him. Also from things he said to me, references to proposed plots of his which Ava, he said, had criticised either favorably or unfavorably, I judged that he was more influenced by her criticism if not her creative inspiration than he would have been willing to admit.

And by this time, Peterson, as I could see, had become little less than a devotee of his wife. For in his talks with me at my studio, he made admiring references to her taste, her interest in letters and art, etc. Ava had done this, and Ava had done that. I had admired a tall, translucent green glass water jar, standing on a thin, tall, ebony table, which held not gold but silver minnows. Ava had found both. There was a very narrow and longish delicate dinner table, accompanied by six battered Hepplewhite chairs, which also she had found in some out-of-the-way country place. Her selection of books, from different periods and parts of the world, differed, as I could see, exceedingly from Peterson's realistic conception of life and its worthwhileness. Her very personal selections were Machiavelli's *Prince,* Suetonius's fragmentary account of the Rome he knew, Plutarch's *Lives,* Shelley, Keats, Dowson, Davidson. Peterson, interested in America, seemed only to wish to gather American novels and short stories, but Ava kept a small shelf of her own, and stored his most gracefully elsewhere—in a writing-room she had made for him. For myself, after a time, I liked to listen to her more than I did to Peterson. She was interested in old-world culture, and often spoke of her father, a lawyer who had died several years before she met Peterson, and who had been devoted to belles-lettres, but cared not at all for American literature.

For myself, also, I was early struck by Ava's taste in dress, and her immaculate care of her person. Despite the fact that for a long time they had not had much of anything, and that she marketed, kept house, cooked meals and, after the child came, took care of her, she had time, as I judged, for a daily toilet. At least, whenever I saw her, she was most thoughtfully and appropriately dressed. You could not look at her hair, or skin, or hands without noticing the care she bestowed on them. And however few or inexpensive the components of her clothes, they were selected with an eye for

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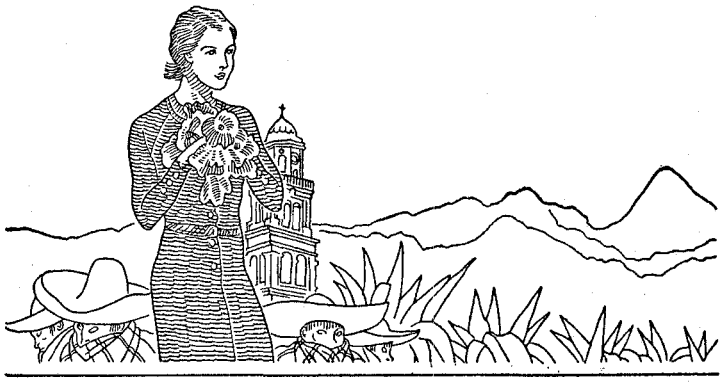

harmony, not only with themselves, but with her. Obviously conscious of her slight, graceful body, she did everything within the limits of reserve to make her charms arresting. No doubt a good deal of vanity went with this, but it was a pleasing as well as an inconspicuous vanity, never thrust forward by either a look or a mannerism. In fact, she seemed to leave everything to you, to note or not, as you chose. In the main, I took her to be fairly, but by no means irritatingly, ambitious, and, by degrees, they seemed to gather about them a few friends, artists, writers, playwrights—most of whom I knew and liked.

A feature of this now quite charming ménage was the baby, over which, as I could see, Peterson made more than she did. This struck me as interesting. He talked of the baby a great deal, and, when at home, never failed to fondle it. *Her* care, on the other hand, seemed that it should always be as lovely and as sweet-mannered as possible, a sort of semi-passive charming portrait of herself. At the same time, she never sought or troubled to re-make Peterson, either ideologically or socially.

To the end of my observation of them together, while she maintained the atmosphere which I have noted, he remained his rather free, argumentative, western self. Going away from New York at this time for a longer period, I left him in this atmosphere, feeling that he was securely and happily placed in life.

When I returned a year later, one of the first persons to call on me was Peterson. He had seen my name, found out where I was, and phoned me. Over the phone, his voice sounded troubled, and I anticipated an ill of some kind. On his arrival, and as I opened the door, I realized that my intuition was correct. A more depressed and changed youth could not well be imagined. He was thinner; a natural buoyancy and jauntiness that had characterized him throughout his life with Ava had completely vanished. He was not only depressed, but, as I found, morbid. The first information he volunteered was that Ava had left him, and, when I asked why, his answer was that she was in love with another man.

"Well, that's pretty tough," I said. "Supposing you sit down and tell me about it. Have a drink—let's see how bad this really is." To shorten this, I can tell you that it was very bad. The data, as he presented it, ran something like this:

Six months before, all was as well as it could be with any living person, or so he thought. He and Ava were in that same apartment in Sutton Place. You may judge how important her personality was to him when I tell you that he described in detail just how lovely she was, and just how lovely it was, the day she left him, late in May. As usual, he had been working on *The Mail and Express*. He had not only succeeded relatively with his short stories, but, just at that time, and, as I judged, by reason of Ava's inspiration, had completed a play, which was still making the rounds of the agents. At this point, authorial vanity affected him. He paused to announce that it was a good play, and that he believed that it would be accepted and produced. But the destroying, oppressive truth was that Ava had left him. And it all came about so suddenly, so unexpectedly.

He could have sworn, he explained to me most grimly and dourly, the while the fingers of his large strong white hand tapped nervously on the arm of his chair, that up to that moment when he came from the office at five in the afternoon, to have dinner with her, and go to the house of some friend afterward, as he thought, all was as well as it had ever been. Would I believe it, she was as gaily and appropriately dressed as he had seen her anywhere, or at any time. There was the dining-room, as I knew, which was on the 57th Street side, its bay window overlooking the East River. And from where the table stood was a full view of the still, sun-lit river, which both could and did see and commented on as they dined. And she had kissed him as he came in, and laughed over something that had happened during the day. He told me that he had been particularly happy because, so recently together, they had completed the play he was still trying to sell, and up to dinnertime, and throughout it, she was the same as she had always been, not oppressed or reticent, as you might have imagined a woman would be if she were planning to leave a man—and their child—but as gay and cheerful as though not a thing were troubling her, or him either. The baby was present, and they talked about it. And yet, when the dinner was over, and coffee served by the servant who was then employed, she had pushed her cup back, lighted a cigarette, contemplated him very seriously and silently for a moment or two, and then said:

"Nels, I have something very serious to tell you." And there he paused to describe an icy chill that suddenly swept over him—something of fear and pain.

And then when he had asked her what, unwilling to even dream, as he said, that it could be anything *really* serious, she had announced that she was going to leave

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him. And when he had laughingly asked what she was talking about, she had said,

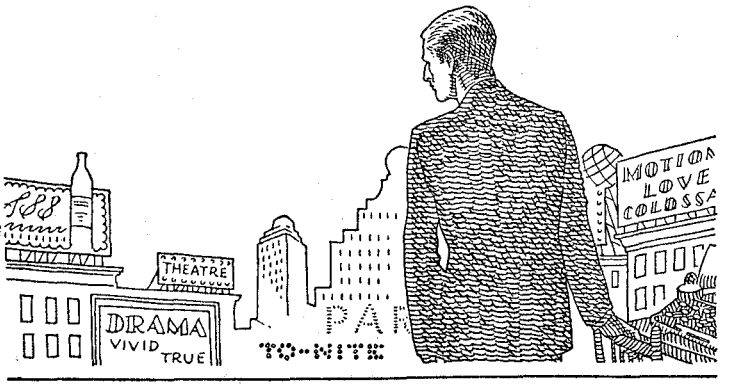
"Nels, please be very serious, because I am. I am very much in earnest. I am truly in love with another man—not you, and I am going to leave you and marry him, if you will divorce me. If not, I am going to go anyhow."

This not being a novel, I cannot possibly paint all that followed in its requisite colors. I recall his saying that he was stunned, flat, weak, that he "could not get it," and fell to raging and appealing by turns. They had been so happy together. Also, that he had asked her how could she, in the face of such a previously determined thing, wait until the last moment; how she could have concealed what she had been doing. He had seen no man. When? Where? Who was he? She told him. His name was Rapalje, and he was connected with the diplomatic service in Washington. At the moment, he was either in the Argentine or Mexico, but was on his way back. When and where had she met him? At some public affair or dinner they had both attended. After that there had been letters and contacts. But the great thing was that she loved him and was going to leave Peterson, and all else was unimportant. He should see that for himself, and Peterson, as he now admitted with something approaching a groan, saw that it *was* all obviously so conclusive. He had come to know quite well, as I now gathered, that Ava was a thoughtful, determined, planning person, but only in the ordinary routine of things—in connection with their joint lives. He appeared never to have sensed that she could be equally determined as well as reticent in regard to matters that might interest herself alone.

In short, only after this happened did he seem to have gone back in his observations and memories of her to try to discover how so astounding a thing could have come about.

And not getting it clear at that, since the truth was, as I could have told him after observing Ava for a year or so, she was much less romantic and much more practical than he was. Also that, probably, up to the hour of her meeting with Rapalje, she had cared for him not a little, since to one angle of her temperament, at least, he represented a creative world in which she was interested. On the other hand, Rapalje, of whom he proceeded to tell me something—a young, handsome, and socially placed and experienced man of the world—represented another, the yearning in her for a refined or esthetic social type of life—something she could never have had with Peterson. He was too youthful, too socially inexperienced, and altogether too democratic and humanistic for such a life as Ava had (probably—as I reasoned at the time) come to crave.

At any rate, one thing she did do, at the time of this



announcement or denouement, was to take up with him the thread of their respective lives, from the time they had met each other until that hour. And although I may have been giving the impression that this was done quietly, and as they were seated at the table, it was not so. As a matter of fact, he pictured himself as having been half mad at the time. In short, at one point he had threatened her and Rapalje, only later to sense how futile that was. Also later, or at midnight, having been seized with a great mental and physical pain, because of his approaching loss, he had torn out of the house and walked for an hour, only to return and resume the discussion where it had been left. He could not, as he said, become convinced that it was true. He would not believe it. And argued and what not else—raged. And yet, when she finally pointed out, as he said, that although she had thought she cared for him deeply, at the time, and really did, still, after a period, perhaps a year or two or three, after they were married, she had realized that it was partially because she wanted to help him with his work, to make him realize how it was that he could do without her, help him succeed by himself, not with her. In short be himself. And then she had added, that since he had found himself in a literary or creative sense and was doing well enough, had a good newspaper connection, and his first play finished—well, now she felt that he ought to allow her to realize the kind of life *she* would care for. For it was not this life that she really cared for—and never had. Only she had never quite realized this until Rapalje had appeared. And so now all she really wanted was to go and live and be with him in the world in which he was established by birth as well as by training—the kind of world she really truly craved.

For all my sympathy, if no particular advice, I was almost as much astonished as Peterson. For while I had sensed the ambition and practicality of Ava, nothing I had seen had led me to believe that she could leave him thus abruptly. And yet, as he said, she had already been gone these past five months. With his consent and agreement, she had taken the baby, and also secured a divorce in Reno, Rapalje, presumably, having paid for it. The baby Alice had temporarily been taken to her

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mother's home in Delaware, it being mutually agreed that he was to see her, and have periodic possession of her at any time in the future. But apart from all that, as he said, and the fact that his pride as well as his good sense had persuaded him to let her go and he to struggle on as best he could, still, the separation was something which he could scarcely endure, physically or mentally, even now. For weeks after her announcement, he had literally been knocked out—had given up his column because he could not do it, and had not bothered any more about marketing the play. For a time he had tried living in the apartment as she had left it, but could not, and had given that up as well as his job on a leave of absence, but more recently had decided to give it up entirely, and leave New York. Really, he was mentally sick, could not endure the city, and actually had come to say good-bye as well as tell his story. As far as he could then see, he was going down into the Southwest, probably to do cattle punching, since that was the only field in which he thought he could find himself again. Why he had lingered on as long as he had, he could not say, since he did not want to hang around New York. Before leaving, Ava had not wanted to see him other than as a friend, and had thought it best for him and herself not to see him at all for the present, anyhow, a hard conclusion with which, none the less, I agreed. But this pain of his, he said, it was constant, gruelling. Ava! Alice! Their little apartment! Oh, Christ!

And so, after I had expressed my usual opinion that what was to be, was to be, and that a future, whatever it was, was as good as any past, particularly if you were young, he was ready to go, and did so, shaking my hand, and looking back at me in a strange, half-emotional way, as though I, by the mystic power of sympathy, could help. I did not see him again for three years. Nor did I see Mrs. Peterson in all of five years.

At the end of three years, though, returning to New York from the West, I once more found Peterson connected with a New York newspaper. He was doing a column, also special magazine work, and writing, now and then, a movie, and one was actually then successfully being shown on Broadway. We met in a restaurant somewhere, and sat down for a talk. As I could see on the instant, the past three years had done not a little for him, mentally as well as physically. He was rugged, jocular, considerably more experienced, much less romantic (at least on the surface), and much more practical.

"Sure, I'm all right again now," he said, "but certainly that was one wallop for me."

After leaving me, as he related, he had gone into southwest Texas and actually punched cattle for a year, and liked it. After that, he had moved down into Mexico, as far as Mexico City, where he said he had picked up a line of stories, some of which he hoped to do for the movies. Caught once more, after a time, by his old fever for writing, he had only the year before returned to New York. In the meantime, however, in New Orleans, he had found another girl—intelligent, attractive, with whom he was living, and they were making out pretty well together. She was not Ava, but she was a good girl, and knew all about Ava and himself. No, they were not married. He did not want to try that again, or soon, anyhow. But he did care for Amalie, and it might be that they *would* get married. What came to the surface, and soon, was the interesting psychologic fact, that Amalie also was a writer, or at least was hoping to be, and had already written and published a number of stories of her own. She hailed from San Antonio, but was working on a paper in New Orleans when he met her. And it was with her, since, that he had worked out two movies, both of which had been accepted, and one of which was in the picture houses, as I knew. Was he all right now, I asked, completely recovered? Oh, sure, only, of course, it wasn't anything you could forget in a day either. He had cared for Ava, too much, maybe. He had let himself go too much, maybe, but he'd try and see that it didn't happen again—not that way, anyhow. He smiled, yet, as I could see, he was not truly and fully recovered. There was a wound, and a deep one, the mark of which was to be sensed in his voice and his eyes. Throughout his entire absence and since, his one panacea had been work, lots of it! Since his return he had seen the baby, but not Ava, of course. No more of that! When she and her husband were fulfilling diplomatic missions in Italy and Brazil, as they had been for the most of the time, the baby had been with Ava's mother in Washington—a nice woman, whom he liked and could see without hurt to himself.

Apart from that first misadventure, however, he did not feel that he had so much to complain of now. He was busy, and he and Amalie expected to do some work in Hollywood. My conclusion was that I was facing a man who was facing a second choice, and doing his best to make himself like it. But this was by no means the romantic youth who had stood on the hill-top in western Dakota, looking at the grain-elevator and the cities of the East. He was still strong, healthy, and energetic but disillusioned—and at thirty-three.

I do not know how long it was after that, exactly, that I encountered Ava. Perhaps two, perhaps four years. And when I did so, it was in the penthouse of a banker, overlooking Central Park, and the sky towers to the south of it. As many as ten guests had sat down to dinner. Later, to listen to the music, and share the dancing, came others, among them Ava and her second husband. Not thinking of her, nor the new name at the time, I was totally unconscious of the fact that the con-

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clusion of this story was at hand, until, standing by a fireplace, and gazing across a table, I found myself looking at her—into her eyes. On the instant, she met my look with recognition, and a smile. "Oh!" she exclaimed, and immediately I crossed over and, after saying something about seven years, and referring to older intimacies in Sutton Place, she herself referred to the many changes which had taken place. Of course, Nelson had told me. She knew he would. As a matter of fact, if I had been in the city at the time, she would have told me in person, or written, since she felt that Nels would have gotten along better if he could have gotten in touch with me. But really, I must not think hard of her. "It looked terrible, I suppose," she went on, "but it was really for the best, I am sure. In the first place, I never cared for Nels in the way he thought I did, or, at least, in the way he wanted me to. You see, at the time we met, he was very low, and I was in trouble myself. My father had died, and I had just given up some one I thought I was interested in. Besides, Nels needed help terribly, and I felt that I could do something for him. And then he was after me all of the time and I—oh, I don't know what to think of myself at that time, but I wasn't quite right, I guess. At any rate, I thought I could help him, and I think I did. At least, I got him out of Wilmington, and back into his work here, as you know."

"Yes, I know," I said. "You did all of that and more."

"Besides," she went on, "when I left him, he had really found himself. He had a good position, and something of a name, and had finished the first of his plays. One of the things that I was always afraid of in Nels was that he would become too dependent on me, and I knew he shouldn't. He is too gifted and should work out things for himself. And he has, since."

I smiled, thinking of his second association. She did not notice.

"All he really needed," she continued, "was self-confidence, and he had gotten that before I left him. Besides, not so long after I married him, I realized that I hadn't married the man that I wanted, and I couldn't be happy that way. And if I couldn't, he couldn't, eventually."

"But the baby," I inquired. "What about her?"

"Oh," she went on, "I shouldn't tell you this but personally I never wanted Alice. It was Nels. And she was an accident. Besides, it would have meant an operation, and arguments. Anyhow, although I love Alice, I know now it was wrong of me to have her, feeling as I did. But I still feel, in so far as Nels is concerned, that it was all for the best at that. I had come to know that definitely. But don't think we ever quarrelled. We didn't. It wasn't that. The serious thing that happened was that I really fell in love with Burton—Mr. Rapalje—on sight. It was fated for me. Besides,"—but here she paused and added, half-definitely and half-resignedly—"Oh, well, it just was to be. There wasn't anything else to do, as I see it—nothing truly honest. I couldn't go on. Of course it hurt. It hurt me, but I did it in the only way I felt that I could do it—quickly and truthfully."

"Quite so," I said, feeling that sympathetically and truthfully she was telling me the facts just as they occurred. "And you are probably right. The quicker the better, in such cases. But tell me one thing: Just why did you do it in just the way that you did—a May afternoon, and after dinner?"

"Oh, that. I know it looks cruel. It does to me, now. But as I tell you, it was as much to help myself as it was to help Nels. You see, Nels was so wrapped up in me as well as in that place we had created there that I felt that it was absolutely impossible for me to tell him in any ordinary way—have a long, slow explanation. It just seemed to me as though I must dramatize it all so that it would be more clear. Besides, I was afraid that otherwise I couldn't have brought myself to do it as definitely as I did. I knew that. And so—well, I just couldn't think of any other way to make it real and sure."

"But Maytime!" I said.

"Oh, yes, I know. Maytime. Oh, dear!" She looked at me oddly, almost half pleadingly, and then added, "But here comes my husband. Mr. Rapalje—Mr. Dreiser."

And looking at Mr. Rapalje and then at her, I could see why, and excusably, it had all come about. He so much more than Peterson was her type. Tall, dark, esthetic, diplomatic, genial, reserved, the very kind I would have imagined she could have best lived and worked with—really suited to a world that both he and she temperamentally preferred.

And yet, Peterson! But, as I said to myself at the time—how few of us get what we feel we ought to have. And how many the things that either make or break us. Along with Ava, I felt that in so far as Peterson was concerned, it was for the best. He would, and subsequently did, do better. One of his plays was along the lines of this—his own story.

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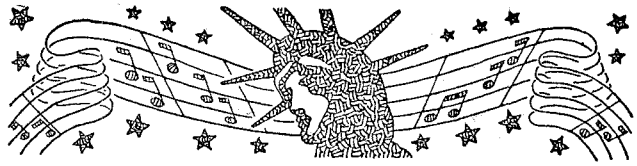
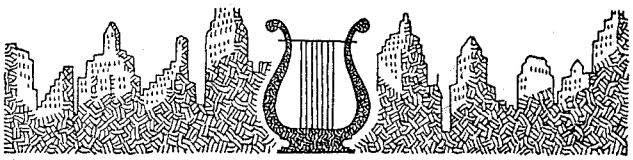


American Music Enters a New Phase

By Roy Harris

A native composer suggests the new direction of American music and its part in developing social unity



THIS sullen colossal thing is not us. We built it. We lent ourselves to its inhuman rhythm because it seemed to multiply the power and glory of our collective self. We made it click. But we never did accept it. For us millions of "unknown" Americans this great commercial machine was never more than an experiment. Back of our spendthrift energies and giddy enthusiasms there was always a tough atavistic wisdom stubbornly sifting and weighing the effects of our daily lives. Back of it all we realize that the universe still keeps faith with us, that the sun still shines, calling forth harvest from the earth, that our grains and fruits and animals still multiply, that we still possess the capacities for love and parenthood, that our tomorrows give promise. The good biological stuff in our blood and bone assures us that we will reconstitute our world with broader, more representative human values.

In that reconstitution music will probably play an important rôle because it can most completely liberate and express those powerful, intangible, subtle feelings which motivate human impulses.

That is why music is as variable, dynamic and tough as mankind itself. It has survived wars, famines, pestilence. It has thrived on one soil only to be carried to a new soil where the fruit of one development became the seed of a new growth. The three-fold cycle is autogenetic: the acceptance of musical culture from an older society; the dissemination of this imported music into a broad and intensive activity; and finally the development of a *new* music, an indigenous music created from the intensities of a specific place and time, embodying new idioms which identify and record the emotions of the people who produced it. America has already lived through the first two periods of this cycle of development.

We have already imported Europe's musical culture (including instruments, scales, and notation), emphasizing the German and Italian traditions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. On the foundation of those European musical traditions we have developed a fabulous musical activity. Now we are beginning to show very encouraging evidences of producing from this activity an indigenous American music. One of the most hopeful manifestations of our growing independence is the boldness with which we can now examine the conceits of our earlier periods of growth, without shame or apology and often with amusement.

We can see that the musical life of America had a very unpretentious beginning: a concert in a restaurant here, another in a hotel there. The well-to-do merchants of Eastern seaboard towns wanted music along with their imported silks, wines, and period furniture, a gesture to themselves and their neighbors. As cities grew and multiplied to the westward, second and third generations with expanding fortunes became absorbed with their gestures. They were not content with less than the best that Europe had to offer, and Europe learned very early in these cultural transactions that Americans were not stingy. We had an effusive golden stream of wealth for concerts staged in the grand manner.

This wealth naturally attracted shrewd business men to the field of music for commercial reasons. Trusts centralized in New York and initiated vast retail organizations covering every section of our population which had arrived at the culture stage of prosperity. These nation-wide wholesale-retail organizations have grown as all big business organizations grow: expansion of markets and centralization of control. Through mergers, two trusts located in New York practically control the concert halls and open-air stadiums, the radio chambers and recording rooms of America. This is done simply by controlling the American distribution of the world's greatest and most famous artists.

Naturally the policies of these large concert corporations must necessarily be governed by business considerations. The "rugged individualists" who shape their policies have taken their place in the hurly-burly of economic survival and must play the game accordingly. They must

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operate within the law of supply and demand. Their commodity is the virtuoso, their buyer the American public. The market value of their commodity is determined by the box-office receipts. The supply is unlimited; the demand is increased by persistent advertising and the ballyhoo of commercial music critics. This method of promoting a lucrative traffic in virtuosity has been good for all concerned. It served our second period of musical growth as well as any system could have done.

But now that we are entering our third period of musical development virtuosity *per se* fails to satisfy as it once did. If a great artist presents a program of standard European works we are stimulated by his artistry, but the effect soon wears off. We have heard all that music many times before and it neither presents a new experience nor identifies our time and temperament, we were merely strangers admiring a performance. And we have been honoring virtuosity with praise and golden tribute too long. Our audiences are beginning to stretch themselves and yawn and wonder when the main show begins, when our feelings, our rhythms, our time spirit, the ideas of our young men and women will be featured. Whether or not concert managers and their artists will recognize this growing tendency soon enough to pull the fat out of the fire remains to be seen.

Along with this intricate traffic in concert-hall market values, grew a system of pedagogy to support it. Our teachers found themselves in that second period of our musical development wherein musical activity within proven traditions was the summum bonum of musicianship. Moreover, Americans evaluated a musical education by its earning power. Our teachers and schools could survive economically only by turning out bread-winning students. Teachers and institutions soon realized that their reputation depended on securing young pupils with nimble fingers, avid ambitions, and salesmanship personalities. The land was combed for such "talents"; they were put through the factory. They were taught the "proven masterpieces" which their teachers had already cashed in on, and, along with them, the concert manner. They were touched up here and there and turned out as little replicas of yesterday to meet the conditions of today—to search for an "angel" with fifty thousand dollars' worth of enthusiasm with which to buy their way into a meagre, uncertain livelihood.

We can view the shameless industrialism of this pedagogical routine without too much chagrin because it is already passing. Like all uncontrolled industrial expansion, it has acted as a boomerang. It has taught the American public that instrumental virtuosity is not so rare. We needed to know that. It has also taught thousands of disillusioned young men and women along with their circle of friends that the development of muscular control and photographic memory does not constitute musicianship. We needed to know these things; they are part of the experience which our second period of growth has yielded.

As part of the machinery of this great expansion of musical activity (marking our second period of growth) there remains a species of quasi-musical criticism which needs serious overhauling. I suppose the practice of daily newspaper music criticism began simply as the reporting of concerts. From thence, the natural tendency of man to extend the scope of his job probably led the concert-hall reporters to comment on the characteristics of the exotic performers they confronted—and so on to criticize their performances, finally leading to an established tradition that daily newspapers should carry a professional music critic on their staffs. Whether or not the tradition will grow until it demands that music critics shall become first of all profoundly schooled musicians, remains to be seen. This not unlikely development in musical criticism would greatly aid the growth of an American school of music. However, at present the literary itch of too many of our poorly equipped music critics is doing much to confuse issues.

There is finally one very stubborn by-product of our expansion period which has become incorporated as an integral part of our musical structure. I refer to the reactionary musicians, many of whom were imported. We had to import European instrumentalists because we did not have enough good orchestral men to fill the positions which our mushroom expansion created. We imported them by the thousands. Our wealth brought the cream of Europe to teach us pre-war European traditions. We accorded them respect and material comforts. We entrusted the young formative minds of our children to their tutelage. We allowed them to make their own terms and looked on at the show. We were paying guests of eighteenth and nineteenth century Europe. We did not participate; we were not assigned any part other than that of footing the bills. And they naturally formed a habit of regarding us as material providers. We knew how to make and spend money. We could never convince that generation of orchestral musicians that America possesses latent creative genius in the realm of music. They will never offer us the stage on which to face our own people. The American composer has been made to feel like an invading foreigner when these men play his works. If his work is merely a reflection of European models, these men know he is not authentic; if it is really American in idiom and spirit, they do not understand it, they resent the concentration it requires.

As time irons out these musicians into obsolete remnants of an earlier period of development, will America remember that she brought them here to teach her the traditions of Europe's yesterdays; will she remember that we taught them to glorify our materialism, to

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think in terms of overstuffed comforts—everything *but* music? Or will she only remember that they insolently underestimated our musical sensibilities, that they grew fat and lazy on the job, that music became to them a union-labor, clock-punching job which had to be endured with as little individual effort as possible? In accepting, developing, and glorifying her own civilization, America will probably be as all other nations have been; she will only incorporate that which is autogenous. And yet in doing so she will have to recognize and meet the problem of thousands of transplanted European musicians and their relatives and friends, resenting, ridiculing, and denying the possibility of an American music which either does or does not directly reflect the musical idioms of their pre-war training.

All this had to be. We had to learn what music could sound like; how fiddles and woodwinds and brass instruments sound separately and together; that obvious harmonic and rhythmic sequences do not satisfy us, and why; that music is a social expression and not a commercial product; that we cannot buy musical culture; that we must struggle and sweat and pray for it, as other peoples before us have done, until it is engendered into our blood and bone. We had to absorb this knowledge as race experience, and we are still in the process of doing so. It is rapidly maturing our sense of values to a point where we no longer need to frame our music in grand spectacles authorized by foreign endorsements.

We are at long last beginning to realize that our musical tastes are determined more by ear habits than by God-given discrimination; and that an acceptance of our own new idioms does not mean a denial of the older European masters but rather the inevitable evolutionary process of adding to race experience.

Some of the creative force of our people is becoming focused on music. Coincident with the growing power and skill of our composers and the increasing receptivity of our audiences, there is a weakening in the power of intrenched reactionaries who have often demanded control through sheer arrogance and dogged determination. When our pillars of society allowed people to lose confidence in their business methods they also brought suspicion on everything else they have sponsored. This has naturally been carried into the American music world where the social prestige of wealth has played such a conspicuously dominating part. We are beginning to resent the dead-level similarity of the repertory which has been so insistently proffered in our concert halls. Radio and cinema recordings have helped our ears to catalog the too-often repeated harmonic and melodic formulæ—the sentimental love-themes, the pompous heroics, the theatrical-mechanical storm climaxes of the Liszt-Wagner-Tchaikovsky-Franck-Strauss-Rimsky-Korsakoff Romanticism. They are taking their place in our minds along with band music as part of the parade—or as atmosphere for moving-picture dramatics. Like the grandiose oratory of electioneers, they still convince us (if faultlessly intoned before a large audience by famous interpreters) but not for long. We are beginning to look backward to early English, Italian, Flemish, and Spanish—and forward to our tomorrows.

A change of public taste is in the air. Composers are encouraged by it. They are becoming bolder in conception and more precise in craftsmanship. Their growing public is aroused by it. Americans are losing both their public politeness and their public timidity. They are beginning to express their desires and disappointments. And young instrumentalists and conductors are realizing that they can best hold a responsive public by mastering the new music of their contemporaries—music which is apt to be too difficult for those older men who have built their fame on older literature. The change is taking place so rapidly that it is difficult even for a professional musician to keep abreast of the trend. Unheard-of events pyramid themselves and become old news in a few weeks.

We find the conservative *New York Times* devoting Sunday space to the following composers' ultimatum (in part) signed by about fifty composers:

". . . We believe we have today a school of genuine American composition, with serious works in all forms, which already constitute a formidable literature worthy of performance by our greatest orchestras and virtuosi; we believe, moreover, that these are to a great extent unknown, or at best but partially known to performers. We believe that orchestras and interpreters must be channels for the production of new music as well as mouthpieces for the classics, so that creation may not stagnate."

Leading patrons of San Francisco addressed a petition (which included assurance of financial backing) to the San Francisco Symphony men to perform an extra concert of modern American music because they were being deprived of it in the regular season. When the petition was rejected, Mr. Redfern Mason on *The Examiner* publicly denounced the reactionary obstructionists who were depriving Americans of the right to hear their own music.

That Doctor Serge Koussevitsky planned to perform four new American works in his 1933–34 season was feature news for the newspaper men who interviewed him upon his arrival from Europe. When the Los Angeles Philharmonic imported Nicolas Slonimsky from Boston to conduct a pair of concerts emphasizing contemporary American music, the reaction was unmistakable: "Excitement ran high"—"the audience was wildly demonstrative"—"unusually large," etc. Again the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra presented an

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all-American concert conducted by Artur Rodzinski who was so impressed with the works that he sent a letter about them to *The Musical Courier*. His letter closes: "I would conclude from these works that Americans are becoming fine craftsmen." The East, Middle West, and Far West were represented.

A few years ago, Doctor Howard Hansen initiated all-American concerts in Rochester to afford young composers the experience of hearing their works. In 1932 he was called to Germany and Italy to conduct programs of modern American music. Last season he was engaged to conduct in the San Francisco summer-season concerts. He is helping to present American music and in so doing is himself being made as a conductor.

When the Pro Arte String Quartet from Belgium were engaged to perform three concerts in commemoration of the Century of Progress Fair in Chicago, they included three American works (one for each program) to represent the development of Occidental music in the last hundred years.

The Roth String Quartet from Budapest recently gave a series of six concerts in New York, emphasizing in their advance publicity that there would be five American works presented in the series. All this is not a sop to chauvinism; it is rather a willing response to an increasingly self-conscious public.

The League of Composers in New York City have decided to use the proceeds of their concerts to commission American works. Although the money offered is too meagre to be an economic compensation, this decision is another indication of the growing confidence in American composers.

There are so many of them that it became necessary to make a catalog of their names and works. The International Society for Contemporary Music published a catalog (1932) compiled by Claire Reis in which 128 well-known composers and their works were listed. In addition to this, a secondary list of 211 more composers was added. From such numbers of composers and their works we may feel secure in concluding that America's creative percentage in the field of music is high and that a large number of fine unknown works await recognition.

Fortunately, the dark period of obscurity is coming to a close. Our greatest resources for distribution, the radio and phonograph recordings, are already changing their policy towards American music: as evidence of interest in American music, the Columbia Broadcasting Corporation used their nation-wide hookup for half an hour to publicize the Festival of Contemporary American Music held at Saratoga Springs.

The New York performance of this author's Symphony by the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Doctor Serge Koussevitsky has been recorded and issued for commercial purposes by Columbia Phonograph Corporation; and both Columbia and Victor are planning to issue further recordings of modern American music during the 1934–35 season.

All these vital reactions are only early manifestations of the beginning of the third period of our musical development. What may we expect when we produce a mature music embodying all the associations of our land after it has been accepted, lived in, and loved as the birthplace of our people? We might conceivably become interested in our music as we are now interested in our architecture and science, athletics and locomotion. Fathers and mothers might wish for their children to distinguish themselves, their families, and their community by helping to create new cultural values in the field of music. They might desire it so ardently that they would vote taxes toward that end.

Three or four national conservatories with high standards might be established in central locations with the forthright policy of developing an indigenous musical culture. These conservatories might co-operate in a program to centralize and focus our musical assets for a far-reaching distribution. If our public schools ever achieve the necessary high standards of training, the students of these national conservatories might be selected through a competitive system in our public schools; and having learned the resources of their art, be accorded a living wage for the performance of concerts in the auditoriums of the school districts whence they came. Creative talent might be encouraged, trained, and supported in a similar way. The creation and exposition of cultural values should be the supreme objective of education, and this objective will best be realized when the destinies of our rarely gifted ones are socially and economically supported through civic bureaus created for that express purpose.

If we seriously realize that music is one of our most powerful agents for social unity, and consciously begin to cultivate it as such, America will absorb the resources of the present music business with as little resistance as the family and the community absorb the productive resources of a child as he grows to manhood.

The tide seems to be turning in our favor. However, it remains to be seen whether Whitman's "I hear America singing" will prove to be the dying echo of an overconfident hope, or the prophecy of strong voices arising from the lives of millions of Americans.

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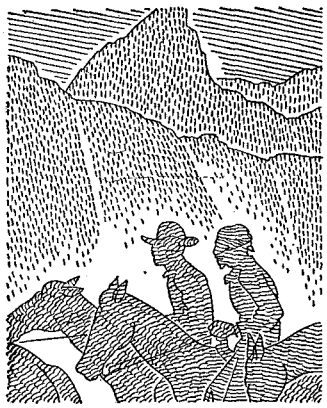
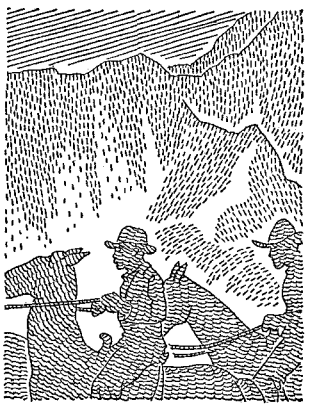


The Dark Tribunal

A STORY

By Walter Gilkyson



It was a familiar story to Judge Dilworth, but at this particular moment what the woman was saying fell like struggling beams of light upon the ultimate division of his heart. On the one side lay pity, and on the other lay an unbounded faith in the law. It was the religion to which he had devoted his life, a bitter faith in times like these when, as in the case of this woman, the mere operation of the law brought misery to the innocent. The tenuous substance of conviction melted away before the bright terror which her words had conjured up; she was not a shadowy unit to be sacrificed for the good of all, but the mother of the two little children seated so close to his chair. He looked at the fire burning in the library grate. The woman's voice had died away.

"I cannot possibly do it," he said.

The eagerness faded out of her dark broad face. She accepted his words as inevitable, as one of the meaningless misfortunes of life. Years of acceptance had given her young body a sturdy patience, and brought the depth of age to her eyes. She confronted him, an old man who evolved his theories out of books, like an incommensurable human fact. In her presence the lamplit orderly room seemed insubstantial; it was questionable security for one who refused a woman her home. The nearest little girl climbed down from her chair and came over to him.

"I don't know where we can go," the woman said.

"These ranch foreclosures are an outrage!" he exclaimed. It was a relief to blame some one for her misfortune. "But I can't stop a legal sale on that account, Mrs. Larison."

"That may be so," she reflected. Her dark eyebrows came together in sombre scrutiny. "It don't seem like the law has much to do with a roof over any one's head. Harvey says the New York company is going to get all the ranches in the Valley, and it's true enough they've taken four, and now comes ours day after tomorrow."

It was hard to explain, and harder still to justify. "I have to follow the law," he said, "because if I didn't there would be no safety for man or woman or child in Gellert County. It's the law, and only the law, that makes it possible for us to live together."

"That may be so." She pondered for a moment. "But we're being put out of our home through no fault of ours, but the fault of the banking men who have brought us where we are; and I don't see, Judge Dilworth, how that helps us to live together."

He couldn't answer. The interrelation of countless human beings through the covenant of the law was beyond her grasp. Indeed, the answer might lie in the region of faith. The woman on next Wednesday night would have no home. There was no explaining the justice of that. He rose stiffly. "Did Harvey come down with you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." The low even tone of her voice was matter of fact. "There's a lot of the men come down together from Listening Women Valley, and Harvey, he's been drinking now for over a week."

"That's a pity. He's not treating you any too well, I suppose?"

"Nothing to complain of." She glanced at the two little girls and then slowly got to her feet. "They have a life ahead of them," she murmured, as if communing with herself. Then she looked at the judge. "Do you know what it's going to be?"

"Life goes on somehow," he answered. "I'm as helpless as you are, Mrs. Larison."

She walked to the door, gently herding the children before her. "I guess that is true," she said.

He stood on the porch for a moment after she left, his mind darkened by something very like despair. The noise of the town came to him indistinctly through the cool September night, blown back by the wind that had sprung up in the east. The wind was dry and astringent with the smell of dust and sage and burned grass; it ruffled his thick white hair and pressed the tails of his coat against his legs. As he crossed the patch of moon-

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light at the end of the porch his tall shadow fled away as if unable to endure the soft white space between it and the eastern hills.

The hills grew into mountains on the north, dividing the State of Wyoming from his own. He followed their folds as far as the eye could reach. They curved westward toward the faint white peaks of the Listening Women Mountains.

Emma Larison would return in the morning to those mountains, bearing the burden of a question that he could not answer. But who was he to answer ultimate questions? A man who had fled from them all his life; leaving his father's home and his ministrations from the pulpit and coming out here to the West where questions were neither asked nor answered, and nature supplied the immediate moment with a limpid austere brilliance that banished all shadows of doubt. In that valley under the faint white peaks he had lived for three years with no concern save that of food and shelter, and in the years which followed, when ambition prevailed, there had been the law, in whose certainty, as Lord Coke pronounced, lay the safety thereof. That certainty had been his guide on the bench for twenty years. It afforded him safety and distinction of a kind, so what need had he to answer ultimate questions?

The brute force of life must be governed by idea. Raw human will should submit to the law. If not, then will ended in death. The law was a life-giving process. Upon that rock he had built his faith.

He turned into the house. The presence of the woman and the two children still lingered in the room, increasing its solitude. The light above Emma Larison's chair spread out in an arc that ended in the yellow gloom of calf-bound books. The judge went over to the fireplace and threw on a log. Then he sighed and shook his head.

Ellen would try to persuade him if she were here—gently and steadfastly, insisting that she was also the judge's wife. His burden would rest easier if he knew he would ever hear her voice again. But she was dead, and he had only one belief.

"In 'the areopagy and dark tribunal of our hearts,'" he whispered under his breath.

There was little to make him think of that when he left the house the following morning. The sky was clear above the shadowless hills, with a south wind that laid a feather of dust across the plain. Somebody's car was on its way to town; all through the summer and autumn season a more or less solitary traffic continued; the town of Gellert was the metropolis of the valley. And a high valley at that; Judge Dilworth as he walked up the street toward the courthouse felt the buoyancy of the air and the pure clear tone of the light which gave every object an appearance of primitive vigor. It was not squalid, this town of his, but starkly resolute and unblended, a proper setting for the lean dark men with wide hats who spoke to him so gravely as he passed. He made his way through the group on the pavement in front of the courthouse yard, and entered the square granite building. The hall was dark and filled with a low hesitating murmur; the smell of leather mingled with a monotone of color that was broken by silver and the violence of flannel shirts. As he climbed the stairway to his room behind the bench it occurred to him that the crowd was quiet, even for a western crowd.

Lex Conaghy, the court stenographer, and John Pace, the clerk, were standing just inside the door when he entered. From the expression on Conaghy's face the judge knew he had interrupted a conversation. "Good morning," he said. "And what's on the minds of you two young fellows this morning?" he wanted to add, but didn't, because he knew it wouldn't bear repetition to the court, or at least so they thought, being convinced as all youngsters were that old men like himself had been born that way. Immaculate age. He sat down at his desk. It would surprise Lex Conaghy to know that the judge's early experience had been like his own. In a changing world sex remained unalterably fixed. Conaghy's startling black pompadour extended a perpetual invitation that was repeated by his eager face and credulous eyes. What name Lex bore among the women was no mystery to any one.

"Is the record ready in the Idaho Water Company case?" the judge asked.

After signing the bill of exceptions he gave the record back to Conaghy, and then turned to the clerk who stood beside him with some papers.

"There was trouble in town last night."

"Yes?" He glanced over the paper again and made a correction in the fifth line from the end.

"They got to fighting in Kilbourn's saloon."

"That's happened before." The small serious man was upset over something; his blue eyes shone with a protective fierceness. "Were you there, John?" the judge asked.

"No, sir." Even Pace saw the joke of that. "Charlie Grier broke his hand hitting one of the men."

"Where was the marshal?"

"They knocked him out and then Kilbourn sent for the sheriff."

The judge nodded. "Ask Charlie to step around here for a minute, please," he said.

It was ten o'clock before the sheriff arrived.

"What happened last night, Charlie?" the judge demanded quickly. He liked to open court on time. "I hear you got hurt."

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"Yes, sir." The sheriff looked at his bandaged hand and then put it behind his back. "There were some ranchers from Listening Women Valley in Kilbourn's saloon last night," he said in his low plaintive voice, "and one of them hit Bill Emmons, and when I went to arrest the man they began saying things I didn't like, so I had to hit Jim Hawley, who is a predatory non-productive son-of-a-bitch at best, and worse when he's drunk. And Mart Sewall, Judge, has given up minding his own business, for which I am sorry, and so will he be if he keeps on."

"Mart Sewall lost his ranch," said the judge. "Was Harvey Larison there?"

"Right in the middle." The large slow body of the sheriff remained motionless as if indicating Harvey Larison's position. "I would be sorry for Harvey if he would act like a man," he said. "But Harvey can't seem to see that the law has got to be obeyed."

The judge sighed. "Emma came round to see me last night. Things ought to improve after the next election, but in the meantime you and I don't get much pleasure out of enforcing the law. You break your hand and I sit up on the bench."

The sheriff turned red. "We each does what we ought to," he asserted. "I don't let no one say to me what they said last night." His big face darkened with anger and his eyes looked like the ends of bullets. "If we hadn't a man like you on the bench there would be no law in Gellert County."

That wasn't true, but he was glad the sheriff thought so. There was a natural faithfulness in man that survived all shocks save those which threatened life. At that point it was wise to expect nothing. He nodded to the sheriff and then opened the courtroom door. As he ascended the steps, old Natty Winder commanded the audience to rise and then asked God to save the Commonwealth and this Honorable Court.

The words sounded faintly ironic to the judge. He took his seat on the bench and said good morning to the jury and the members of the bar.

"If there are no motions we will go on with Craig against the Church et al.," he announced.

It was a sordid case, with implications that gave the judge food for thought. Leander Craig had devised his small estate to the Episcopal Church and his housekeeper Sarah Haines, and the will was being attacked by the heirs-at-law from Topeka, Kansas. The Reverend Blakeslee and Sarah Haines were accused of exerting undue influence to procure the will, although every one in the Valley knew that Leander Craig had no other friends. He hated his family and their attitude now showed the reason why, but Sam Eldridge, who represented them, covered it up with his usual skill, and struck straight at the jury with one deft insinuation after the other.

When he called the Reverend Blakeslee to the stand after recess, he made the man suffer. Judge Dilworth felt sorry for him; he was out of place in the bare harsh room that was dedicated to wordy battles over money. Sam's questions brought the blood to his face and pinched the corners of his unworldly ascetic mouth. He denied that his salary would be increased if the church received the money, or that his advancement depended upon the material success of the church. But the audience sprawled out over the half-filled benches looked at him skeptically and smiled. They mistrusted parsons.

And why? The judge put his mind to the question while he outwardly followed the trial of the case. Maybe Blakeslee and his kind were not thoroughly convinced of the truth of what they preached, or maybe preaching had lost its force in a world of direct action. Indeed, it might never have had any force; the central figures in all great religions had been recognized by their acts. There was belief, and then acts. Words were only an explanation after the fact. Blakeslee was a better man now than when he preached. Bearing the insults of Sam Eldridge he justified himself.

In the meantime Eldridge had started to question Sarah Haines. It was three o'clock and the case would drag on for another day, so he might as well adjourn court at the usual time, when Sam Eldridge finished with the witness, which would be in another ten minutes. He glanced at the audience, now a mere handful, and wondered what interest they found in the case. To sit on a bench in a small dingy yellow room with nothing but calendars on the wall, and listen to jargon they couldn't understand, denoted a curiosity which was either empty or incredibly vast. He looked away. The idea was depressing. An air of vacuous futility hung over the room. The case that was being tried would result in a miscarriage of justice, notwithstanding his charge to the jury. He was only a sign-post, a traffic signal, an interpreter of what every one could read. And Blackstone, the good kind man, said that judges were made by the lucubrations of twenty years!

The door at the back of the room swung open and Jim Hawley appeared. Mart Sewall and Harvey Larison followed, then half a dozen men from Listening Women Valley. He caught sight of Emma Larison's face. She had the two little children with her. The group walked down the aisle and spread out on the bench just in front of the bar of the court.

Jim Hawley had forgotten to take off his hat. The judge rapped on the bench with his gavel. "Take off your hat in the courtroom, Mr. Hawley," he said.

The man took it off slowly and laid it on his lap. His eyes never left the judge's face. The judge felt a queer grim joy rise up in his heart. There was a dark force in the man that he wanted to combat.

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"I am through with the witness, your Honor," said Sam Eldridge.

"We will adjourn court until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock."

"I have a petition to present before the court rises."

"In this case?"

"On behalf of Harvey Larison," said Eldridge. "Will your Honor be good enough to wait until I find it among my papers?"

The handful of spectators straggled out of the room. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Craig got into their expensive coats and walked up the aisle, followed by the Reverend Blakeslee and Sarah Haines. The face of Lex Conaghy appeared above the bench. "Shall I send for the sheriff?" he whispered.

"Don't be ridiculous," said the judge.

Sam Eldridge approached the bar of the court. One of the little girls said something out loud and was instantly shaken by her mother. There was a moment of silence. The nine men sat like sentinels guarding an invisible host.

"I have prepared a petition asking your Honor to stay the foreclosure sale of the Larison ranch," said Eldridge. "Such a sale at this time is inequitable, unconscionable, and immoral, and should be stopped by this court——"

Judge Dilworth shook his head. "I cannot entertain the petition for any such reasons, Mr. Eldridge. You must give me a legal reason or none at all. I am here as a judge and not as a legislator or an agent of mercy, and until the law is changed I am bound to enforce it no matter what hardship it may work."

"Your Honor," said Eldridge, "there is a point beyond which flesh and blood cannot go. If these foreclosures continue, every man and woman in Listening Women Valley will be homeless. May I remind your Honor that you were once a rancher there yourself?"

"That has nothing to do with the case."

A murmur arose from the men in front of him.

"Do you think this is easy for me?" said the judge. He ignored Eldridge. He was speaking to the nine men. "I have taken an oath to uphold the laws of this commonwealth, and that oath I shall fulfil as long as I am on the bench. No man who is fit to be a judge can do less. Or more." He leaned back, his thin bony face hollow with defeat. "Where there is no law the people perish," he muttered to himself. "What I do is for the good of all."

Jim Hawley lifted his eyebrows and grinned at Mart Sewall. Then he rose. "Your Honor, we won't stand for this," he said.

"You will obey the decrees of the court," the judge flung back. The exhilaration of anger gave his voice a fresh youthful tone. "If you open your mouth again I will sentence you for contempt. Sit down."

Hawley looked at him without moving. His small black eyes were dead and cold.

"Sit down," said the judge. The dark force of the man was something physical to be overcome. The effort bathed him in a fierce glow. "I am nothing myself," he said, "but if you defy me you defy the people of this state, and I warn you to be careful."

Hawley ran his tongue over his lips. He swayed a little, as if uncertain which way to move. Then he sat down. The men beside him remained impassive. Judge Dilworth waited for a moment.

"This court is adjourned until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock," he said.

John Pace and Lex Conaghy begged him to let the sheriff stay in the house that night, but he put away the suggestion. "Jim and I shot it out this afternoon," he said. There was no danger; it took a mob to create the kind of danger they feared, and Rocky Mountain men he knew were too cantankerous and individual to form mobs. So he spent the rest of the afternoon working peacefully in his office, having determined to go to the Capitol on Saturday next and see the governor about a relief act. On the way home he marshalled the arguments he would make. The situation, as Sam Eldridge said, was unbearable. Something would have to be done and done quickly. The sight of his library windows, with the drawn curtains masking the warmth and light inside, made him feel like a pious executioner.

The gloom of the cottonwood trees that sheltered the house added a thicker darkness to the night. A faint shell-like glow outlined the oblong panel of glass above the front door. Mrs. Darnell's light in the third-story front room went out; she had finished washing her hands after cooking dinner. He quickened his steps. Then the scrape of a boot on the pavement brought him sharply around.

There was a man in front of him. Somebody moved behind him, and as he turned he was seized and crushed between the two men. He struck out, hit one of the men in the face. The man cursed, then wrenched back the judge's head and put a handful of waste in his mouth. There was an instant of fumbling. Then he felt the tight pinch of cloth against his eyes.

He stopped struggling. It was hard to breathe with the waste in his mouth. Let them do what they liked. He yielded to the men, who were holding him tightly by the arms. "Step up and keep your head down," said an unfamiliar voice. They were taking him somewhere in a car. For a ride, maybe. If so, at least one question would be solved.

He was not at all afraid of the solution. Pain was un-

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pleasant, but there would be very little pain. In prospect the hour ahead seemed easy and simple, the end of a long series of decisions that left him with nothing to do but preserve the dignity of a man. That ought to be possible under any circumstances. He rather believed he wouldn't fail. As for the dignity of his position, it had been stripped from him like a useless garment; by their laying on of hands the two men had reduced him to the proper stature of a man.

The car gathered speed, and every now and then a stone struck the differential under his feet. From the whispers in front of him he knew a fourth man was sitting by the driver. If they were going north they would come to a hill in another ten minutes, so he told the seconds off in his mind, and made it eleven minutes to the point where the car ground down into second, then first, and jolted over the stones on a patch of road that was being mended. In another moment they picked up speed. He knew exactly where he was going now.

The landscape appeared before his darkened eyes with a brilliance that time had made nostalgic, as if on this last occasion the years that had gone before crowded into a single moment all the secret beauty and the pure mindless strength that he had perpetually rediscovered in the mountains when he was young. By a singular chance he was returning to youth at the end, to a range of white peaks that melted into the sunshine and a valley where aspens marched in golden processional along the hidden way of streams. There were asters and bluebells in the grass, and metallic willow swamps above black mud. The clouds were drifting over the Courbras, making island shadows, and Elk Mountain, covered with trees, bared its face to the south. Through the brief September heat he could hear the flat ripple of the Moose. He was riding home in the late afternoon. The mountains were parchment-colored crones that whispered to the sun.

He lit the lamp in his cabin. The spaceless night became a dark square through which minute sounds carried a dim suggestion of the immensity outside. His shadow lay across the floor. He and his shadow filled the room. The walls about him were like forest water, diffusing an odor of primeval sleep.

A hand touched his face, then some one took the waste out of his mouth. He breathed deeply again and again, the air tingling through his lungs. It made him shiver, and the man on his right put a coat around him. "Thanks," said the judge. He leaned forward, smelling the air. Through the distillation of sagebrush and dew he could taste the soft vacancy of snow.

They went on for a long time in silence. Then the car turned to the left and moved with uneasy protest over the open land. It was a range between the mountains and the river, not more than ten miles from Gellert Mountain, in that part of the valley where he had once lived himself—the northwestern corner; he felt sure of the road they had just left.

The car stopped and he heard the creak of a gate being pushed back. There was a quick descent, then the sound of water in an irrigation ditch, and the smell of cows. Horses' hoofs beat the earth; they were running away from the headlights of the car. He smelt garbage mingled with the stray scent of garden flowers. "We get out here, Judge," Jim Hawley said.

It was no surprise to find Jim in the car. From the lay of the land the ranch should be his, or the one that belonged to him a month ago. The judge got out slowly. "Are you still living here, Jim?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, but I'm leaving tonight."

"For parts unknown?"

"Where I ain't known, anyhow. There's a step ahead, so watch your feet."

"Thanks. You'll get ten years for this, and they'll catch you wherever you are."

"That's a chance I'm taking, just as you take a chance when you sell us out."

"Ten years," the judge repeated. "I thought you had more sense. Where's your wife?"

"I sent her on," said Jim vaguely. "Now don't say nothing more, Judge, or you might get hurt."

It was an outlandish, ridiculous performance. He stood blindfolded in the centre of the room while a circle of men stood around him like students at a fraternity initiation. He couldn't tell how many there were; the animal self-contained quiet of the west hid their number. Even the breathing was hushed. The stove in the corner of the room jumped with heat and the wood blazed with a submerged anger. He moved forward, felt the edge of a table, then passed his hand over it until he came to the squat shape of a bottle of ink.

How childish! He felt ashamed of them. Why couldn't they recognize that he and they were the same stuff? But with a different purpose. He started to speak, then abandoned the idea. Another's purpose could never be explained; it persisted in remaining one's own.

"I warn you that no matter what happens to me you will all be sent to jail," he said.

"That *all* is me," Jim answered. "The rest of them stays incogneeto, Judge. We've got the petition here, and if you sign it we'll go back home and no questions asked."

"If I were foolish enough to sign it I could rescind the order tomorrow!" he cried. They were abysmally stupid.

"Then some other man that has lost his ranch takes my place and we do it all over again," said Jim. "Short of the National Guard, we ain't going to be stopped, and you might as well know that now."

The judge closed his lips, resolved not to speak again.

"Come," said Jim. He was rubbing the table with the

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palm of his hand. "You homesteaded your own ranch and you know as well as any of us how we feel about land. I'm asking you, Judge Dilworth, to put yourself in our place and remember back as to how you felt when you owned land in the Valley. There isn't anything else for us." The slow deep voice sounded like a lament. "You take it away and we die the same as a cut-down tree dies, because we ain't adaptable and there don't many of us know much else but cattle and land. Nobody has yet put an iron mine in the Valley for us to work in, nor have they yet found out a way how to feed children without food. You got your house and home and your salary, and we ain't asking for any salary."

There was no answer to the argument. Only a conviction that bound him the way these men were bound to the land. It was an impasse. A burden had been laid without just cause upon his shoulder. He hoped they would stop talking and do whatever they were going to do.

"Can't you answer?" said Jim.

The judge sighed. He felt nothing but a great desire to get it over. It looked like his last piece of work.

For a moment no one said anything. Then Jim moved away and the judge heard a whisper go round the room. Jim's footsteps returned. "If you can be obstinate so can we," he said. "You're a salty old son-of-a-bitch and we're going to take some of the tan out of your hide."

The circle converged like a snake drawing in its coils. They were physically overpowering; he had always hated crowds. These men, preparing to do him harm, gave out a smoky essence that choked him and stopped the beating of his heart. He felt the floor sink away. An unexpected weakness, he said to himself. "No amount of hardship can avoid the bar of a condition precedent unperformed," he repeated, holding onto the abstract inflexible words with all his might. That was better. They had taken him by the arm. That also was better, in case of any slight weakness of the heart.

He was led outside and put on a horse. With a saddle under him he felt like another man. What this new proceeding meant filled him with such a great curiosity that he had no room for fear. If they were going to kill him they had chosen a fantastic and highly individual way.

He listened to the creak of leather, the quick start of the horses, and the jangling of bits. Two men pushed up against him on either side. It was on the tip of his tongue to warn them that his horse might kick. He touched the boot of a stirrup to right and left. Then the horses started off.

He was in the centre of a cavalcade. Putting his right hand up to the bandage he tried to pull it down. A hand seized his wrist and turned it slowly until the pain danced in sparks before his eyes.

They were stupid louts, besotted with the arrogance of numbers. They regarded him as an old unarmed man who was helpless. But accidents happened with a surprising constancy, and he could afford an accident better than any one else, or bring one about if necessary.

Their direction was west, from the feel of the wind. As they walked on he listened and measured the distance in his mind. The sound of the horses' hoofs became muffled and slow, and the cavalcade stretched out in single file. If he guessed correctly, they were in the timber that lay between Hawley's ranch and Toulmin Lake.

After a space of open country the timber began again. The trail was narrow and winding with logs under foot. It began to ascend, and he put out his hand and touched the leaves and branches as they passed. Lodgepole pine and the hard red berries of the ash. There were raspberries and serbice and huckleberries along the trail. A flock of birds hurtled up from the right with a cry that echoed plangently.

Water and pines held the cry in a dark ringing bowl. Wild ducks were flying to the opposite shore. He remembered nights when the moon was still to rise, and the lake floated darkly under gray peaks so remote that they seemed like prints on the margin of the sky. The water falling in the distance came from glaciers overhead. In a few minutes they would reach the bridge that crossed Toulmin Creek. The trail led up Beaver Canyon, between Mount Gellert and Mount Clark. His friends had chosen a quiet place for their peculiar rites.

"Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart." Not yet. He hadn't the slightest intention of going through with that. If the worst came to the worst—but in the meantime something might happen. At the bridge would be the best place. At the far end where the trail divided. A mort of horses bucking on a bridge would be blind man's chance.

He lifted the tail of his coat and pulled out a package wrapped in paper. Jim had felt that package and found it soft. So it was, very soft. He undid the string and hung it around the pommel. Then he loosened the paper quietly.

It was a birthday gift for his nephew Jerry, and ordered especially by that young man, who wanted to be a wild westerner like his uncle, so he said, and practised the art in a back yard in Tonawanda, Pa. The gift had been finished this evening at six o'clock by the grace of God and the taxidermist, and none of the freshness demanded by Jerry had escaped. Even wrapped up in paper the thing smelled. Jerry had asked especially for that. Judge Dilworth smiled. If he had any luck he would get him another that smelled just as bad.

The trail divided precisely at the far end of the bridge. If his friends turned up to the left then he would turn down to the right, or vice versa in case they insisted on

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the right. He bent forward, listening, the package half-open in his hand. The horses walked ahead of him and behind him, single file. In a moment he heard the flat splintering sound of hoofs on the bridge.

It would work. His own horse threw his head up and tried to stop. He kicked him on. The lead horse had turned up to the left. That meant down the mountain for him. He was on the bridge now with a man at each side.

The excitement, the sheer mad chance of the thing, took forty years off his back. Whatever happened he would get at least one salty moment out of the past. The reins tightened in his fingers like silk. The horses were stamping fretfully on either side. It took twenty seconds. He counted eighteen.

Then he tore off the paper and thrust the bearskin cap under the nose of the right-hand horse.

He snorted, plunged, then stood up and backed against the judge. Jim Hawley was cursing about seven feet up in the air. The judge bent down and put the cap under the nose of the left-hand horse. He leaped forward and the judge followed. Every horse on the bridge was bucking. So was his own.

He dropped the cap. He had no horizon with this damned cloth over his eyes! The shock of the horse went through him again and again, leaving a streak of fire in his spine. His thighs weakened. The pommel struck him twice in the chest. There was blood in his throat, and a tooth that he couldn't spit out. He swung on the reins, feeling his head go down.

With an immense leap the horse cleared the bridge. He plunged to the right and then downward. The stones spun and rattled under his feet. The judge clung to the saddle with both hands. This couldn't last long.

He reached out an arm to catch the reins. The horse stopped moving, but the dark motion went on and on—down through an airless space that turned upward as they fell. It took a long time. He was clear of the horse. Then the earth struck him once and he lay still.

There were voices around him during the night. At moments he floated up through the darkness between walls of ice-cold pain. Some one had hold of him; they were carrying him with a slow swinging motion that filled the earth and sky and rocked him gently to and fro with intervals where the rhythm broke to a drop that plunged him back to unconsciousness. It lasted for an infinite time, so long that the unravelled moments stood out in a wind-blown fringe. He was fixed, unconscious, dead; only the pain and the swinging motion lived. He was the centre of a pulse that beat without meaning and incessantly.

The bandage had slipped up from his eyes. That was the reason he could see. It was daylight. He looked out of the window, the knowledge of himself slowly filtering back. He was in bed. There were log walls around him. The gray tide of morning filled the room, leaving the mountains outside to await the sun.

To await the sun. Beyond the square panes of glass they stood like landmarks in a world that had been renewed, but was already fading as he drew his breath. Now that he was alive he knew how hard it was to breathe. His thoughts were scattered, mere hurrying fragments that escaped behind a mist. He kept his eyes fixed on the mountains. They had guided him before when he was lost.

Emma Larison stood beside him. He wanted to ask her how he had come here, but he felt too tired. His chest and groin hurt him intolerably, and a finger probed into a recess at the top of his brain. He was breathing from a shallow space. His lungs felt like drifting sand. Emma Larison bent over him. The grave pity in her face drew him back to life and the remembrance of what had been.

"You brought me here," he said.

She put up a hand to stop him.

"Where's Harvey?"

"You mustn't talk, Judge."

"Where is he?"

"Out fixing the car to take you to Gellert."

"Bring some paper and write what I tell you," he said.

She left him and then returned with a pad and pencil. "You ain't going to die," she said. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Put down the date," he commanded. "Then put Gellert in the upper right-hand corner."

She wrote, wetting the end of the pencil in her mouth.

"To the National Bank of Gellert. Pay to the order of Emma Larison." He stopped. "How much is the mortgage?"

"You can't do that, Judge!" The tears splashed on her cheeks.

"I was a judge and I couldn't help you. Now I'm a man who is going to die. How much?" He summoned all his force.

"Three thousand," she sobbed.

"Put it down. Three thousand five hundred to cover interest." He waited. "Give me the pencil," he said.

It was impossible to see. "Does that look like my signature?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

He let the pencil drop.

"I was a judge," he repeated to himself, "and now I am a man about to die. That I believe to be the law." He put out his hand and Emma Larison took it.

"The room is growing dark," he said, and closed his eyes.

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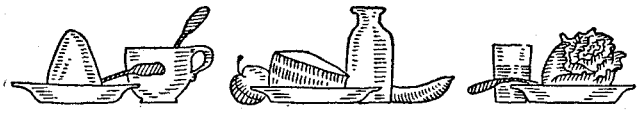

Design for Eating

By Clarence William Lieb
M.D.

Diet fads and their dangers; a key to intelligent dining

An animal swallows its food; a man eats it, but only a man of intellect knows how to dine" wrote Brillat-Savarin in the early years of the nineteenth century. This was but a few decades before the birth of the modern science of nutrition when calories, mineral salts, vitamins, balanced rations, and combinative eating did not harass the conscientious eater. These were the halcyon days of blissful dietetic ignorance. Taste, variety, and quantity were then the hallmarks of nutritional merit.

Rational eating, in those days, was based on art, not science. But times have changed! Science has given us abundant dietetic facts; writers, a surfeit of unreliable dietetic fiction. And the bewildered public is lost in a jungle of doubt, uncertainty, and inconsistency, blown about, as it were, by every wind of dietetic doctrine. And although the "man of intellect" may know "how to dine," how can he know how to diet!

An urgent need of Americans today is a New Deal in the biology and physiology of eating. Food experts should agree on a dietetic code in order to conserve our health resources. The public has run the gamut of eating fads until it is "fed up" with them. Exclusive milk diets, meat diets, vegetable diets, and fruit diets have had their day and cease to be seriously considered, except in very special conditions. Fletcherism had the spotlight for a time. Also Salisburyism! And now, Hayism, a form of dietetic technocracy, is the vogue awaiting its turn to join the ranks of outmoded health novelties. We seem to have tried everything but contra-gravitational dietetics, *i.e.,* eating while standing on our heads. And isn't it an extraordinary thing that in spite of the great diversity of food items available for eating and the frequent limitations placed upon man in the choice of his food he has in some way muddled through, surviving famine, pestilence, and war! It has all been done in a haphazard way without design or biologic objective.

Consider what man's health accomplishments could be if with the aid of present-day organized public health advantages and specific medical and surgical correctives, he faithfully followed the present known principles of scientific eating. The term preventive medicine is a medical shibboleth. It includes preventive dietetics. But these phrases do not carry with them the incisive meaning of health reclamation. What medical science is interested in today is not only preventive but regenerative dietetics as well.

All of us who are on diets, and most of us are at some time or other, find much difficulty in keeping faith with ourselves and our physicians whenever we dine out. This question came up at a dinner party the other evening. Our hostess asked each of us what were our individual eating objectives. The first to be questioned was the authoress on my right. "To get thin," replied this "fair, fat, and forty" year old guest as she demurely helped herself to another portion of stuffed duckling. Her austere side partner, tall, thin, pale, and bald, averred that he ate solely for the purpose of gaining weight or keeping from getting thinner. Opposite me was a tired, frail-looking woman in her early thirties, who unhesitatingly said that she ate conscientiously and purposefully to prevent the recurrence of a recently healed tuberculous condition. A young mother of scarcely twenty blushingly remarked that she was eating primarily for the purpose of raising healthy children. And last, but by no means least, in bulk at any rate, came the reply of a jolly bon-vivant, a two-hundred-pound, pimple-and-pasty-faced, one-time athlete. "I am one of the twenty million guinea pigs who must subsist on bran muffins and salads with mineral oil dressings. My objective is an obvious one."

Here is perhaps an average group, eight hearts without a single dietetic purpose in common. What a responsibility on the hostess! The dinner was the usual well served, appetizing, overseasoned, richly garnished, over-pastried, poorly balanced meal of the average American home, easy to eat but hard to digest. And, of course, it was sandwiched in between a twin cocktail and a generous liqueur. Who stalked into my office the next morning without an appointment but the pimpled man, beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead and a grayish pallor on his face. His wife, an orthodox Christian Scientist, was with him. "John and I," she remarked, "became indisposed (note the word) last night when we arrived home. It must have been bad oysters. My faith cured me," she proudly proclaimed, and disdainfully added, "but look at your orthodox patient!" "Your weak stomach cured you," re-

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plied her husband, "but my oysters are still with me."

This dinner party brought out three interesting facts. First, the great difficulty a host or hostess faces in catering to the digestive whims of the cosmopolitan stomachs about the festive table. Second, the average person is prone to single out some one poor little inoffensive dish as the instigator of his or her digestive misery rather than the over-eating of the starchy-oleaginous-alcoholic mixture of commonly served foods. And the third point I wish to bring out is that a weak stomach, under certain conditions, is sometimes a greater guarantee of gastric felicity and systemic well-being than a religious philosophy or the highbrow therapeutics of a Park Avenue physician.

Repeated dinner-party and consulting-room experiences similar to the above justify a physician in enunciating his dietetic credo. Well, here it is.

All standardized systems of dieting are dangerous. Nature does not produce standardized human beings. All diets should be based upon unimpeachable, proven, and properly applied scientific facts. Their principles should have the endorsement of the best nutritional minds of the medical world. The art of eating should not be neglected, but generously combined with the science of eating, and it must be remembered that satisfaction and enjoyment in eating are the sauce of digestion. As man is extremely individualistic, all diets should be custom or tailor made. They should be infinitely more carefully individualized than women's hats or men's collars. They must not only fit the figure but the body chemistry and physiology as well. Hit and miss dietary prescribing should be morally classed with hit and miss driving—both may result in eventual hospitalization of the victim.

Have you ever considered your eating problems from the standpoint of the stomach itself? Never do I cease my awe and wonderment at the extraordinary versatility and uncomplaining servility of man's digestive organs. All foods, whether chewed or unchewed, stuffed or stinted, hot or cold, raw or cooked, wet or dry, hard or soft, bitter or sweet and combinations and permutations ad infinitum of animal, vegetable, and mineral products reaching the stomach are in turn seized upon by our faithful gastro-intestinal cellular chemists and transmuted into thought, flesh, and energy in spite of complicating conditions of nervousness, fatigue, or disease.

Most people seem to think that the criteria of wrong eating are ensuing digestive or intestinal symptoms. Signs of a disease may come unheralded and unsung, however, before symptoms of the disease itself. Oft-repeated minor nutritional crimes, either sins of commission or omission, impose in due time serious penalties. And so I insist that in whatever decade of life may be your status, at the meridian or near the eastern or western horizons, each of you should adopt a rational dietetic means to attain a salutary old age. We, who eat recklessly up to fifty, must either temper our eating to the shorn remains of a one-time perfect digestion or reap the consequences in suffering and a premature demise.

Among the first prerequisites to proper eating is obviously the sanitary and bio-chemical condition of the materials out of which the meal is to be prepared. Artificially ripened fruit, long-stored green vegetables, improperly fertilized plants and fruits, or products of wrongly fed animals, rancid fats, foods containing poisonous spraying chemicals, badly cured or improperly refrigerated meats, poorly canned vegetables, and foods harboring disease-producing flora or fauna, are some of the things we should be on guard against in selecting the raw materials for the home menu.

I must, however, mention one grave food peril which has as yet scarcely got into print but which you will hear much about in the near future in one way or another. I refer to the baneful influence on health of the partial oxidation of fats. Stale butter, oil, and badly cured bacon are examples. Butyric acid forms and what is known as rancidity results. This is one phase of the intermediate chemical change which fat undergoes in the presence of oxygen. Not only are the important vitamins in fats thus killed but the presence of these partially oxidized products destroys important health entities in foods with which they may be mixed. To show but one facet of this problem I will mention the fact that momentary contact of fresh milk with certain commonly used metals destroys by oxidation a certain per cent of the contained vitamins. This destruction is in direct proportion to the duration of contact with metal or air. Fatty foods such as sardines or salmon or any foods, for that matter, left in open tins; salad dressings, butter, cream, certain cheeses, cream soups, hash, gravies, and egg yolks, left in the open air, even in refrigerators, though to a lesser degree, undergo oxidative changes and, when regularly consumed, slowly, insidiously, but surely, undermine health. A famous chef when asked for the receipt for his popular soup replied: "There is no receipt, the 'stuff' simply accumulates." Such pot-pourri soups, together with cosmopolitan hashes and heterogeneous gravies, are the triplet devils which raise gastronomic hell in saint or sinner.

The question of cooking is the *bête noire* of nutritional experts. Here is a classical case in point. The court physician of Louis XVIII is reputed to have reproached the King's chef for ruining the health of his Royal Master. Whereupon the touchy chef replied, "It is the office of the chef to supply his Majesty with pleasant dishes and the duty of the doctor to enable the King to digest them." From a long association with richly fed patients I am constrained to believe that this chef's conviction is in harmony with present-day requirements of the physician by cook or patient. It is an added proof of how little human nature changes from century to century. Physicians should not, however, ingratiate themselves to the cooking profession, for if there is any truth in the remark of a disgruntled gourmand that "half of all stomach troubles is due to good cooks and the other half to bad cooks," doctors are cook's debtors. Cooks, however, are like eggs, either good or bad.

The value of real scientific cooking for the home has never been fully appreciated! Home, hotel, and hospital are equally culpable in committing culinary sins; in fact many hospitals are the worse offenders. Certainly when people are ill enough to be confined to a hospital and when their lives often hang by a thread they should have the best food both in quality and in cooking efficiency that money or science can command. And need I elaborate on the sinful way good food is murdered

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even in our highest rated hotels? Poor food, poorly cooked, leads inevitably to an early grave; good food, badly cooked, may lead sooner or later to the hospital, but good food properly cooked will lead to an efficient, healthy old age.

The secret of exemplary eating depends upon a reasonable amount of self-restraint. The very embodiment of this virtue was a little, unmarried eighty-year-old Quakeress patient of mine. As she was leaving my office one morning she turned on me an enquiring gaze and tersely asked the following question, "Why is it, Doctor, that everything I like is either expensive, indecent, or indigestible?" What a fight against the flesh pots of life! What self-control and what a victory! Neither money, beauty, nor passion steered her one jot or tittle from her path of righteous living.

A discussion on design for eating cannot be complete without consideration being given to that moot question of food combinations. This is dangerous dietetic ground for it seems unethical even to mention the words: food incompatibility. Though I am a thoroughly orthodox physician I recognize that there is some therapeutic merit in Christian Science and osteopathy, and possibly a modicum of good in certain of the health cults. When I was starting out in practice nearly a quarter of a century ago a wise old scientist said to me: "Young man, don't ignore the quack physician or the health faddist. Investigate his methods. With your scientific training you may discover in their jetsam of half-baked theories and irregular practice some medical principle of merit." This I have done and I have found not only much of general human and psychological interest but an occasional gem in the rough.

There is nothing new in this contemporary fad of eating according to rule of thumb combinations. Several names in the last half century have been identified with this system which always seems to smack of dietetic racketism. As to merit, all I can say is that any standardized system of eating which throws overboard accepted medical and surgical methods of treatment and arrogates unto itself the authority of a dietary cure-all has great potentiality for harm. I admit that it would be exceedingly foolish of me to deny the fact that many patients are benefited by such methods of dieting. One can say about diet what Sir Wilfred Grenfell said about religion: "There is no way to judge the value of religion except by what it does." Using this principle as our nutritional-measuring rod let us examine the method and consider the subject from the standpoint of the law of averages. If a hundred patients are placed on this dietary regimen a certain number of them will improve, some will remain about the same, but a fair percentage will get worse. The reason for this I shall explain, shortly. You will hear, of course, about the successes. Similar results may be obtained with any other type of generalized dieting, for sometimes even a haphazard change in diet may be psychologically and physiologically beneficial to the patient.

Now in deference to all seekers after dietary truths, let us study more broadly and fairly both sides of the question. Any method of simplified eating is preferable to the rough and tumble, eat and jumble type of feeding which is so commonplace today. Therefore from the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number we must admit that any system advocating simplified eating has something to commend it. The method has made many people diet-conscious who never before gave much thought to what they should eat. There is nothing intrinsically wrong about the diet for an average healthy person or a limited percentage of sick or abnormal people. The eating of more green vegetables and fruit, raw vegetables and milk and the cutting down on the consumption of starches and sugars is certainly advantageous. The emphasis placed on having alkaline-forming foods predominate over acid-forming ones and on the avoidance of overeating certainly is meritorious.

But these facts are not new to the public or to the profession. McCullum, Sherman, and many others have been proclaiming the virtues of protective foods, such as milk, green vegetables, and fruits, for years. What seems to appeal to the public today is the almost fanatical emphasis which certain food faddists place upon the non-combining of concentrated starches and proteins and acids and sweets. Personally, I disagree with the extreme right wing of medical opinion who disclaim the method with a snap of the finger and I certainly disagree most emphatically with those who have built up a philosophy of eating around these principles. An unusually broad nutritional experience with all kinds of diets for all types of conditions justifies my conclusion that in exceptional cases, in which enzymatic imbalances are proven, the combinative method of eating has merit. But to use it as a dietetic "cure all" is just about as nonsensical as to attempt to cure all ills of the flesh with a diabetic diet, all fevers with quinine, or all glandular disturbances with thyroid extract.

Let us now consider the other side of the question. Most dieters who adopt this system do so because they have some kind of health disability. They may have consulted their family doctor without benefit. The fault may have been their own for not having followed their physician's advice faithfully. Possibly the dietary directions given were either too vague, too indifferent, or too exacting. Doctors are largely to blame for the public's ready acceptance of new and unorthodox health fads, and certainly is this true in the realm of dietetics. This new diet system is essentially a high residue diet, that is, it contains an extremely large amount of roughage. Alvarez, of the Mayo Clinic, the writer, and many other physicians have for many years cautioned the public against overloading the alimentary tract with coarse, rough, mechanically irritating foods, such as bran, fruit skins, stones and seeds, and stringy, raw and cooked vegetables. In healthy, athletic, out-door people excessive amounts of roughage may do no harm but in the young, the aged, or those in feeble health serious complications may develop. If a patient has gastritis, an ulcer, or colitis, or is underweight, he stands in grave danger of a definite increase in his symptoms or even of an emergency operation. A low-residue or smooth diet, as it is also called, rich in the appropriate kind and amounts of vitamins and mineral salts, is the correct diet for these conditions.

Only the well-informed non-biased physician, with a well-equipped office or laboratory, basing his treatment on a specific diagnosis, is justified in outlining special diets. Both an individual's pathological make-up and his anatomical status must be taken into consideration when diets are prescribed. The

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long, lanky person, with ribs forming an acute angle, usually has a narrow, spastic, contracted colon and coarse foods intensify this condition. Furthermore, even the mechanics of the mouth enter into the dietary problem. The status of a patient's alimentary biochemistry and body physiology should always be the *sine qua non* of dietary prescribing.

Most dieticians overlook the importance of diet in establishing a normal intestinal flora. Sudden dietary changes are to be avoided. Many perfectly good diets fail because this fact has been overlooked. Too abrupt a change overtaxes the secreting glands of the alimentary tract and does not give the intestinal tract time to adjust its flora to its altered physio-chemical environment. This is most convincingly seen when a large amount of milk is suddenly included in the diet. All kinds of musical rumblings will be heard, gas will cause discomfort and embarrassment, and bowel overactivity may result. This, in most cases, can be avoided by starting with a little milk and increasing the amount very gradually. The taking of a cultured milk such as acidophilus or one made acid by the addition of lactic or hydrochloric acid may be tolerated when the alkaline fresh milk disagrees. If milk repeatedly produces digestive symptoms your stomach chemistry is abnormal or you are allergic to the protein in milk. In either case you need the guidance of a skilled physician.

What is meant by being "allergic," you are asking. This is an extraordinary condition and accounts for many of the inscrutable digestive symptoms from which many people suffer. It means sensitization to some factor in food on the same principle that hay fever is the result of sensitization to the pollen of plants. One may be allergic to almost any kind of food; eggs, milk, cereals, and chocolate are among those which most commonly offend. This may result in skin disease, asthma, hives, headaches, indigestion, intestinal colic, and many other disorders. I merely mention this condition that you may appreciate how very scientific your physician must be in appraising your general health or digestive problem.

Another thing I deplore in this hide-and-seek eating game which so many are playing is the putting into practice of the last medical advice received through the printed page. They forget the complicating dangers which may follow in the wake of a misprint. Most advice so freely and glibly given should be followed only after consultation with your medical adviser. But perhaps the gravest danger of going on a borrowed or a non-specific, unsupervised diet lies in the fact that the true nature of your affliction remains unknown. While you are wasting your time in careless self-experimentation, the true diagnosis of your disease goes on unrecognized and you are losing precious time in eradicating it by means of approved and effective treatment.

Many people now salve their consciences and glow with beatific righteousness when using saccharin in their decaffeinated coffee, Eka salt on their celery, swallow a pill of halibut liver oil concentrate or a vitamin B tablet and in blissful tranquillity, like Adam eating the serpent's apple, think that they have fulfilled all the laws of nutrition. They will then overeat or undereat as is their wont and live on devitalized food and over-stimulating drinks. And then if a skin eruption starts, a sinus becomes diseased, or intestinal obstinacy develops, they may blame it on their physician's therapeutic shortcomings. Manufactured concentrates of vitamins and mineral salts must not be used as food substitutes but to augment a well-planned maintenance diet.

Diets like some stock accounts should have their stop orders. I have seen grave, nutritional deficiency disease follow in the wake of a perfectly good diet continued far beyond the time it took to effect a cure of the condition for which it was given. Specific diets are for special conditions and cease to be specific when the pathology has disappeared. A new dietary regimen should then be enforced to correct the deranged body chemistry or physiology so as to prevent a recurrence. So I beg of you who are on diets to keep in touch with your physicians, and you who are on your 1930 model dietary menus had better change to a late model or you may have an alimentary "blowout" or a fibrillating "carburetor" when you can least afford it.

It is high time that some great nutritional prophet or tribunal arose in the land to lead us out of the wilderness of dietetic dangers, doubts, and misunderstandings. The still small voice of logic is so often entirely ignored when man's physical and spiritual needs are considered. However, the results of careful scientific investigations cannot be gainsaid by the hit-and-miss guessing of ruthless, amateurish, dietetic barn-stormers who cash in on the public's eating credulities with high-sounding verbal trumpetings and stereotyped dietary formulæ.

We need, scattered here and there through this country, nutritional institutes, fadless and racketless, non-sectarian and divorced from all political influence, where seekers after health may find nutritional care of the highest ethical and scientific standards. It must be financially within the means of the neglected middle classes, who are too proud for charity and too poor to pay high consulting fees or institutional rates.

Sanitation has done about all it can for public health. Increase in personal health is therefore up to the individual. He must make it a practice to go to his physician regularly for a periodic physical audit. But in addition he must be taught how to eat, what to eat, how to cook, and how to make his scarce and hard-earned dollars buy the right kind of foods with the best potential for optimal nutrition for himself and family.

What an opportunity for some altruistic, dietetically minded philanthropist to do for the science of nutrition what Franklin did for education, Carnegie for libraries, and Rockefeller for bacteriologic research! For in the correction of aberrant nutrition unquestionably lies a fundamental approach to the solution of the cancer problem and to many of those ills of the flesh which rob us of our rightful heritage of health and happiness.

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Under Sentence of Death

A poignant human document with a curious history. It was, as the reader will see, written as two separate articles. Hardly had the first been accepted before the newspapers carried the news of the event predicted. The author is a well-known writer who prefers to keep this intimate personal expression anonymous.

It is not I who am under sentence of death. It is the one person nearest and dearest to me. I knew it before the doctor told me, but he made it explicit. "I think you can bear the truth," he said, "and you will have to know. There is no possibility, in the present state of medical science, that your husband can recover. On the other hand, there is about a 90 per cent probability that he will die very suddenly, without warning. It may be at any time, today, tomorrow, next week, next month; it may even be a year or more from now. There is nothing you can do to avert or delay it, beyond the care you are already taking of him. But you must be prepared, and make your plans with that eventuality in mind."

So for the past month I have been readjusting my life. We have always been great ones, my husband and I, for "facing reality." "Reality," however, is much harder to face alone than in company. And on one point, on which I thought I was adamant, I have yielded weakly; I am keeping his condition a secret from him. I have never approved of that, in other cases; when my brother-in-law was dying of tuberculosis, while his family cheerfully helped him make plans for after his recovery; when a friend wrote me that his wife had inoperable cancer, but warned me not to mention it, since she "does not and must not know," I protested strongly; I felt that a matter which concerned the person involved so nearly was something which he had a right to know, that it was unfair to keep him in a fool's paradise. Now I see how impossible it is to say outright to one's most beloved, "You cannot get well. You are going to die."

Of course I suspect that he is very well aware of the situation. He is too well read in such matters, too intelligent, not to guess it, if nothing more. But I can't ask him or discuss it with him, as we have discussed every other subject that concerned us for the past twenty years. I must bear the burden alone. When he walks in the garden, when he takes a book and goes to sit on the porch, when he goes to bed before I do, I must be the only one to know that I may never see him alive again, never hear his voice except in my dreams.

Years ago I read a forgotten story, one phrase of which is indelibly in my memory. Of some character the author said: "He turned the corner, and was never seen again." That phrase—added to one or two mysterious disappearances among my own acquaintance—has haunted me. Now it is being fulfilled in my life; at any minute—now, as I sit writing this—my husband may turn the corner and be never seen again. There can be no question of an incorrect diagnosis—it has been confirmed by specialists. And it is quite true that there is no cure; one of the wealthiest men in the United States just dropped dead of the same ailment, and if there had been any remedy on earth he would have been able to procure it.

Facing the reality of this thing is a very interesting experience. It has two aspects, personal and practical. Psychologically, it has had the effect on me of a dose of twilight sleep. I recall reading that after a woman has had a child by the twilight sleep method, she completely forgets all her pain; the scopolamine is not an anæsthetic, but it has the property of immediately obliterating from the consciousness each pang as it is felt. Later, however, under hypnosis, the woman can relive all her agony which, when awake, she has utterly forgotten.

I am in something of the same state. Mentally, I am prepared. I can plan and anticipate, and I don't even think it will be much of a conscious shock when it does happen. I know just what I must and shall do. But emotionally, I am aware that I am not realizing it at all. After all, it is difficult to experience in advance an emotional reaction one has never had. I have never seen any one die, I have never lost by death any one particularly dear to me. I simply cannot imagine, so that I *feel* it, what existence will be like without the man who has shared every bit of it for twenty years. What makes it harder for me is that ours has been one marriage in a thousand or ten thousand—one of those unions which are co-operative partnerships. We have shared our work and play, for years we have never been separated for more than a few hours, we are so entirely congenial that we are close and confidential friends as well as everything else. We have never had a secret from each other. When my husband dies I shall lose at once my lover, my chum, my co-worker. We have no children, we are no longer young, and our lives and affections, in spite of many outside interests and friends, have been unusually centred on each other. It does not seem actually real to

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me that some day before long I shall have to start living—working, playing, eating, sleeping—all alone, without Hugh. How will it be possible to enjoy a book or a movie or a radio program if I cannot comment on it to him, discuss it with him afterwards, agree or disagree with his comments and criticisms? How can I spend an evening with friends without a long after-session at home? How can I joy in my small triumphs in work or support my big disappointments with no one to be happier or sadder than I? How can I *make* myself work with no incentive in Hugh's praise or disapproval? How can I care about keeping myself properly dressed and made up and decently youthful-looking?

I shall do all these things, of course; I despise the widows I have known who slump into wrecks and make their acquaintances' lives wretched. I shall not weep on people's shoulders, or talk to them endlessly about my happy hours with Hugh, or be a death's head at their feasts. In fact, one thing I dread horribly is the kindly sympathy I must inevitably receive and respond to, when all I shall want is to be let alone to fight things out by myself. But how in God's name am I going to bear the intolerable loneliness? It would be easier far to lose both my arms, or to have my eyes put out, than to have wrenched away from me some one who has become far more a part of me than—to perpetrate an Irishism—I am of myself.

It does not make it easier that both Hugh and I are entirely convinced that when we say good-by here we shall never greet each other in another world. For us, rightly or wrongly, this is all there is, and death is an eternal sleep, a resolving back to its elements of all, including the personality, that made us individuals. I do not mean that (in the style of pious sentimentalists) I lament my lack of a faith in some vague hereafter; my mind is not good at fooling itself, and would be insulted by any attempts to feed it unreasonable comforts. But knowing that this is definitely the end—or believing it firmly, which for all practical purposes is the same thing—makes one more hard pill to swallow, which I might have been spared if nature had made me a bit more credulous. But there it is, and I am glad not to be "kidded along" by any false amelioratives—just as I am glad we have never had any children to complicate my problem.

For besides everything else—which in all conscience should be enough for one person to face unaided—Hugh's death is going to bring me immediately face to face with an insoluble situation. The depression hit us very hard indeed; our kind of work has had tougher blows, and has shown less resiliency from them, than almost any other I can think of. With illness added, we have sunk far into debt—so far that Hugh's insurance will just about pay for his cremation and take care of some of the worst of the outstanding bills. I am not earning enough (especially with the added time-thieves of nursing and housework) to pay the rest and become entirely self-supporting, and heaven knows when, if ever, I shall be. I am beyond the age when there is any likelihood of my not standing idle in the market-place far past the eleventh hour. The diminished income from the work my husband did before he became unable to work will stop when he does. And what shall I do then?

One thing I shall have to do is to give up the house in which we have lived ever since our marriage, twenty years ago. I could not live here alone; it is too big and too lonely: and I could endure no housemate after Hugh. I shall have to store, or sell for almost nothing, all the things that made home for us—the green velvet fireplace chair in which Hugh always sits, the bed in which he sleeps, the dishes he picked out himself, the silverware that was a wedding present; worse, the books and pictures and the piano on which he played when he was well enough, and all the nameless and valueless things which gather around people like barnacles on a ship. Carolyn Wells said she could not bear the thought of dying and leaving behind a certain paper-cutter. Every real home is full of such paper-cutters, and sometimes they are bulky and heavy.

So that is what I shall have to face when Hugh dies. Perhaps I shall be facing it by the time this manuscript reaches the magazine. It is tempting to think that I could go out soon after Hugh does, after I had taken care of all the practical details and put my affairs in order as best I could. It would be the only way I can see of putting an end at once to my problems and to the hideous grief which lies before me. But I shan't do that. The biological urge is too strong, and besides, long ago I promised my husband that if I outlived him (oh, the irony today of that lightly uttered "if") I would try to carry out such of his unfinished work as I could. Theoretically I approve of suicide in an intolerable situation; but actually I have seen too much of what it does to those left behind. I have watched at first hand the agony of a mother whose son ended all his troubles with a pistol-shot. Living with my own mother would be impossible for me; but I will not give her that pain.

And meanwhile, life goes on. Hugh thinks he is convalescent—at least I hope he thinks so. He cannot realize the whole truth, or I should not have to chase after him a dozen times a day to say, "Put down those pruning-shears. Let me carry that. You've walked enough now; sit down and rest." Yet I mustn't worry him too much about such things, for excitement would be worse for him than lifting an elephant. There are a hundred things I can do to make him more comfortable; I can pamper and wait on him, all the while keeping him from growing suspicious of my solicitude. It is a little consolation to me to reflect that I can do these things, for one of the hardest thoughts to bear at such a time as this is the recollection of all the million little disagreements and unkindnesses and angers that mark even the happiest of marriages. I have one other comfort—it is not likely that he will suffer at all, and he will never know what is happening.

So, as always, we laugh together frequently; we keep track of our favorite radio programs; I read jokes aloud and see that he does not overlook some magazine article that has interested me. We eat three meals a day, and chat with our friends when they call to see us, and exchange news and gossip as of old. I sleep every night, and on some mornings I wonder what time it is, or if it is raining, before my heart stops as I look to see if Hugh is still breathing. I still write indignant letters to the newspapers when some egregious idiot steps on my economic or social or religious or literary toes. I still dislike veal and cauliflower, still look forward to

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roast ham and sweet potatoes for dinner, am still annoyed when the new stockings don't match my handbag at all, or when the laundry loses my pet tablecloth. I still keep a list of books I want to read (and probably never shall), still retain a keen interest in every political question down to the election of our local dog-catcher, still try never to miss a Garbo picture.

But inside all this shell of activity, my real self, bewildered and afraid and pitifully trying to be brave, sometimes tosses in a whirlpool, sometimes floats in a vacuum. At any minute now the shell may break. I may look up from my typewriter to where my husband is listening to the news broadcast, and find he does not answer when I speak to him.

— and Afterward

My prediction came true. Before my article was published, my husband had died. I did not even have the consolation of the quick and easy death I had hoped for and been led to expect, but we had to undergo two days of mental and physical agony for him and of mental agony for me.

I was right in another thing, also. I was not so prepared as I thought I was; no one can anticipate an unexperienced emotion. To be sure, I did not collapse when the end came; I attended quietly and efficiently to all the many painful details which there was no one but myself to handle; and through the numbness of the first dreadful day I did not shed a tear. I have kept steadily at work ever since—two months today as I write—filling every minute with one kind of labor or another except for a few hours of exhausted sleep. With such outward calm have I faced this ultimate calamity that yesterday when a business acquaintance began asking me questions I could not endure answering, and I begged him brusquely to change the subject, he said in a surprised tone, "Oh, you've been so matter of fact about it all I didn't know you were taking it so seriously!"

I think I shocked the doctor, and I know I shocked the undertaker, for he said so. I had a daily job to attend to, aside from all the things to be done for and about Hugh, and I did not miss one single day of that duty. When I look in the mirror, I appear just as I did two months ago. I do my shopping; I answer the phone; I repel peddlers at the door; although I have not yet been able to force myself to go much to other people's houses, I receive all sorts of visitors here and talk to them calmly, even about Hugh. I even had the exquisitely painful experience of going to another town and bringing back my husband's ashes on the train. I shall never forget that experience—the effort to keep from weeping aloud before strangers, and yet the strange, sharp comfort of that terribly light weight held against my breast where no tired head will ever lie again. When I got home I locked the door and collapsed. But an hour later I was at my typewriter again.

But it is not I who do these things. It is something in my body. I, the only I who mattered or cared for anything on earth, was consumed in a crematory. I have seen widows before who shrieked aloud and threw themselves into their husbands' graves; they are not the ones who die of the hurt. I remember ten years ago when my uncle died: my aunt wrote me, "Raymond was my life. I cannot go on without him." Six months later she had remarried, and the other day my mother wrote me, "Sally has taken Raymond's picture off the mantel. She said it annoyed Glenn."

I have learned something about writing letters of condolence. For one thing, I have learned that they are useless, and only an added wound. The kindest thing to do to your friends is to let them alone when they walk through this valley. I have been offered prayers in six different sects, though every one who knows me knows that I have no religious faith and no belief in immortality. I have been told over and over again how time will soften this blow, as if it were any relief to reflect that one must endure only one year, or five, or ten, of hell. I have been reminded of how beloved Hugh was, how useful, what an influence for good, all of which I know better than any one else, and which brings no consolation whatever. I have been assured that it was better for Hugh to have died than to have lived as an invalid, whereas *I* know, from his own lips, that he preferred life on any terms to leaving me alone. I have even been told that he had lived long enough, that it was "a good age to die at." As I type these words I look out of the window and see passing the house a neighbor who is old enough to be Hugh's father. He has just been on a cross-country walk; he is a mighty hunter before the Lord and he goes to his office six days a week and manages a big real-estate business. He has never in his life had a thought of which a ten-year-old boy could be proud. But he is here, and Hugh, whose learning was so profound, whose mind was so creative, is gone forever. I find myself resenting the existence of all old men who are still hale and hearty; when the other day an acquaintance called and in the course of his conversation mentioned that he was seventy-nine years old, I had to repress an impulse to cry, "How dare you?"

I am discovering other strange things in my new psychology. I have always been tender-hearted to excess—"squeamish" is the appropriate word. Now I trap mice and pour hot water on ants without a tremor. I believe if I had to I could drown a kitten. Why should I be gentle and merciful, when nature permitted the untimely and painful extinction of a man like Hugh?

Hugh and I were keen observers of the world's events. We were able to grow excited over political happenings that bored most people to extinction. Since he died I have grown indifferent to anything that occurs. If Japan and Russia should go to war tomorrow, I should be only faintly interested. Indeed, I am offended by national and international changes in policy or circumstance. I want the world to stay as it was when its doings meant so much to Hugh. I am angry—I, who have fought valiantly against everything the Nazis stand for—because Hitler at this moment seems to be facing disaster: I don't want things to happen that would have been so important to Hugh, and which now he will never know.

I am engaged now in breaking up a

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home of twenty years' standing, in finding people to buy some things which to them are mere pieces of shabby furniture; in giving others away, each time with the insane thought that Hugh might walk in at the door and say, "What have you done with my gray suit?"; in packing a few, a very few things with which I cannot part. I knew a man once who after his wife died kept everything in the apartment just as she had left it. Her powder and rouge were on the dressing-table, her clothes hung in the closet, her place was set every day with her individual knife and fork and spoon. I have done and doubtless shall do many foolish things, but I am not quite so sickly sentimental as that. Everything of Hugh's that was usable I have given where it could be used, as he would have wanted me to do.

I sit at night in the garden—Hugh's garden, which he tended so lovingly—and look at the stars and think of all the things of which it is my duty to think. I reflect how infinitesimal a spot, in our island universe, is this little accidental planet. I remember that on this tiny globe there are two billion of us ground-apes, and that every second some one of them dies, and nine times out of ten leaves behind him a bereaved and inconsolable heart. I think of geologic time, and of the microscopic stretch of it which is any human's life. I recall how hearts broke in the caves of Crô-Magnon, and in Egypt, and Assyria, and Greece, and Rome, and down through all the ages; how they will break and break again until the ice creeps over the earth or a passing comet extinguishes us. And I go back into the empty house as unreconciled as ever.

Then I tell myself I am an individual, a lifelong feminist, a worker in my own right, with my own place in the world. I was never an appendage to or a parasite on any man. Surely whatever happens to me emotionally, that basic fact of my nature cannot change. It is then that I begin to realize how fundamental is the alchemy of that rare thing, a true marriage.

So was Hugh an individual—very much of one. But—not at first, but through the twenty years of our complete union—we became fused, like Plato's broken spheres seeking their other halves. By this time we had become not two separate persons, but actually one. We could do each other's work, think each other's thoughts, speak with perfect confidence in each other's name. To those who knew us, we were never thought of as Hugh and Ada separately, but always as "Hugh and Ada" together. People who had work for us to do came to both of us about it, not to either of us alone. I recollect reading long ago the remark of some wit—perhaps it was Bernard Shaw—that Beatrice and Sidney Webb could, at a moment's notice, exchange shoes, gloves, or lectures. Hugh and I could not exactly exchange shoes and gloves, but we have frequently exchanged lectures. We were so close that often we even dreamed the same things at the same time, or finished each other's sentences, or answered each other's unspoken queries. How, after such fusion as that, can the ruptured half of such a partnership build up again an integral personality when even youth is long gone?

I have had strength so far to face every difficult reality—it is nothing to be proud of; I am rather ashamed to be so hard, to save my sobs for the long dark hours alone, to smile and be polite and talk of trifles with an unbroken voice—and so perhaps after all I shall be able to start life over again at nearly fifty, to find myself a corner into which to creep and go on with my work. Each day is harder than the one before, and so far time has been a torturer, not a physician. I may have twenty or thirty years of this truncated existence. And for what? The world will get on very well without me; I am bringing it no new or vital thing. My friends' tears would soon be dried at my death, as they have been dried at Hugh's. By what compulsion, I wonder, what weakness and old habit of the blood, must I be condemned to this long torment? It is not true that time heals all wounds; when my grandfather died at eighty-three the last word he uttered was the name of the girl he had loved and lost before he ever saw my grandmother.

I count my pitiful blessings with a miser's hand. I am glad, since one of us had to go first, that it was Hugh, not I; he would have been too utterly lost without me, too unable to meet the terrible necessities of the situation. I am glad he is not suffering any more; that he did not die of something still more long-drawn-out and painful; that now he knows nothing, not even my anguish. I am glad that besides all the little misunderstandings and unkindnesses and hurtings that come to hover at night over my pillow, I can remember too the many evidences I gave him, beyond any possible doubt, of my devotion to him. I am glad that people loved him, that some at least knew his worth, realized the potentialities as well as the actualities of his life and work. But it is not enough.

I try in vain to find some one else exactly in my position. Every one I can think of has some alleviation that is not mine. There may be a child, or some other dependent relative for whom there is responsibility, for whose sake life must go on. Generally there is economic security, if not wealth. There may have been—there usually is—at least a sneaking half-faith in survival and reunion with the beloved; and though I scorn to be self-deceived, there is no doubt that there is great help and comfort in such a belief. Nearly always, though there may have been deep love between the dead and the living, there has been separation of interests, temperaments, opinions, a sort of working partnership instead of the marriage in its true sense that Hugh and I knew. It is easier to survive a man who left the house every morning and did not return till evening, who had friends and outside engagements of his own, who took trips and vacations away from his wife, than one with whom for twenty years one spent every hour, waking or sleeping, working or playing.

And—the selfish core of my desolation—few women have ever been loved as I was. Hugh's love, like mine, grew greater daily, and never lost the freshness and rapture of our youth. We were each other's center of existence, reason for living, consolation for failure and disappointment, each other's essential pivots around which our own careers revolved. It was in the "midyear of his life" that Dante set foot in the *Inferno*. I have long passed that midyear; there is for me no *Vita Nuova*, and I shall never stand upon the heights of a *Paradiso*. Paradise was mine, and is lost, and will never be regained.

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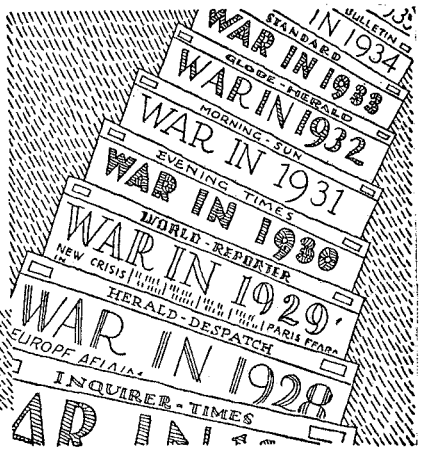
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

The Inevitability of Peace

By Foster Rhea Dulles

The prophets of war confounded by their own statements. A marshalling of facts to show that scare-heads concerning "crises" are not always justified



THE prophets of war have held the center of the stage too long. For the past fifteen years they have been writing on the inevitability of war. For the past fifteen years they have seized upon every crisis in international affairs to proclaim the imminence of world conflict. It does not seem to matter that in their zeal to identify a possible Serajevo, they have been proved wrong again and again. With a bland assurance in their own infallibility, they refuse to consider the possibility that a war which has been averted in the past may be averted in the future. They refuse to consider the possibility that popular resistance to war may today be a stronger force than it was before 1914. They refuse to consider the possibility that lessons so lately learned may serve to restrain nationalistic ardor should the threat of hostilities actually materialize.

They are incorrigible, these prophets of war, and it is high time they were called to account.

I

In the immediate postwar period, a weary and disillusioned world watched nervously the course of events in Europe. It held its breath while Russia and Poland, Greece and Turkey, hysterically continued their individual quarrels; it trembled fearfully before the menace of communism. But sick to exhaustion, it had no heart for further fighting. The devastating ordeal through which it had passed forced it in self-defense to place its faith in peace. Even the most extreme war-mongers were compelled to recognize that, for the time being at least, Europe simply could not take up arms again; that however unsubstantial the bases on which peace was established, a truce had been called.

No sooner had some sort of equilibrium been achieved, however, than future dangers to world peace began to be analyzed and the inevitability-of-war chorus took up its sorrowful chant. In the French occupation of the Ruhr were seen the first signs of impending conflict, and no less an authority than Ramsay MacDonald, writing in September, 1923, eloquently declared that Europe was being plowed and harrowed for another world war. "Within a few years," he said, "the flocks will be gathered, each under its own shepherd; the shepherds will have made their agreements with each other. Then some dog will bark, and there will be a stampede."

But that particular danger was averted and for a time a more hopeful attitude prevailed generally in Europe. An era opened in which the frantic efforts to resolve the reparations problem gradually approached some measure of success and Locarno promised a bright new world. The idea of outlawing war gathered headway, some confidence was felt in the efficacy of the League of Nations, and men of goodwill appeared to be directing Europe's destiny. In the discussions of war and peace which appeared in American periodicals, the emphasis was not upon the inevitability of war but upon the growing peace movement.

There were exceptions to this.

The Review of Reviews saw dangerous specters and nervously asked "Shall We Commit Suicide?", General von Schoenich confidently predicted "The War of 1930," Sir George Paish found war inevitable unless reparations were immediately reduced, and Winston Churchill issued a warning that unless the League was strengthened, international conflict could hardly be avoided. In an article in *Harper's* in November, 1925, Frederick Palmer bluntly declared: "I have been over the ground where the next European war will start."

Despite these predictions, and despite the forecast of a Russian scientist who definitely saw war within two years because of sun spot activity, it was not, however, until 1927 that war's inevitability really began to be impressed upon the public mind.

II

In 1927 and in 1928 the threat of war, imminent war, was discovered by scores of observers in almost as many quarters. Mussolini's bellicose speeches were considered a definite challenge to France. The attack might possibly be put off until 1935, in which year France's man power would be at a minimum as forecast by the declining birth rate during the World War, but

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former Premier Nitti told the War Danger Conference held in London in November, 1927, that Italy was certain to go to war between 1935 and 1940, if not before.

A danger concerning which some spokesmen were even more emphatic was that of war between Russia and Great Britain. They may have been talking for home consumption, but the Soviet statesmen minced no words. "War is inevitable between Russia and Great Britain," declared the Commissar of War in June, 1927, and a month later Joseph Stalin himself wrote that war was unquestionably impending. "It is not a vague possibility," he said; "it is an actual and imminent threat."

So too were war scares conjured up in the Far East with the United States and Japan the probable protagonists. "All the conditions looking to war seem to be satisfied," wrote Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. But he was very conservative in his views. Unless there was some important clash of interest, he continued, "it does not seem probable to me that war will occur until after August, 1931."

Returning to the European stage, we find the quarrel between Poland and Lithuania over Vilna, a threat of civil war in Rumania, and the Geneva naval conference seized upon as probable causes for setting armies in motion. Wars and rumors of wars absorbed Europe's attention. Senator de Jouvenal predicted hostilities by 1935, Lord Rothermere issued grave warnings in a similar strain, and Lloyd George declared war to be inevitable if national policies were not at once modified. On this side of the Atlantic, Frank H. Simonds gloomily declared: "I do not see any escape from the conclusion that Europe is moving toward another catastrophe."

It is not of course possible to say that Europe was not then and is not now moving toward ultimate catastrophe. In calling prophets to account, one must eschew prophecy. Nevertheless the immediate causes envisaged for war in 1927 and 1928 have largely evaporated.

Mussolini is no longer considered the *bête noire* of European politics; relations between Russia and Great Britain have vastly improved; the United States is still at peace with Japan; the internal difficulties in Rumania have had no international repercussions, and the quarrel over Vilna is forgotten. "Is it peace or war?" Pilsudski asked Waldemaras at their historic meeting at Geneva. "It is peace," answered the Lithuanian statesman.

III

In the period from 1929 through 1932, which began with the death of Stresemann and ended with the rise of Hitler, it is hardly surprising to find the defeatist chorus of the previous two years swelling to an even greater volume. In *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* for that period are listed more than 125 magazine articles dealing largely with the likelihood of war or with certain aspects of future war.

"Mankind Prepares to Die," "Strike up the Band," "Is the Cannon Fodder Ripe," "Onward Christian Soldiers," "The Second World War," "The Inevitability of War" were some of the more colorful titles. Their authors viewed with alarm, gravely warned and solemnly predicted, with such wealth of corroborating evidence that reading these articles over today, it appears utterly impossible that a world war has not yet broken out. The obsession even spread to the humorists who gave us such engaging titles as "Beauty in War," "The Charm of War," "We Need a War," "Why Not Another War," and "Welcome to the Next War."

So too were the newspapers carried away by the war fever and easily found plenty of material for constant headline reiteration of the danger of approaching conflict. Harry Elmer Barnes found "war peril grave" with more reasons for hostilities than existed in 1914; H. G. Wells foresaw war within ten years, and Professor C. Delisle Burns expected it between 1935 and 1940; Newton D. Baker told the International Conference on World Peace that the world was sitting on a powder magazine, and, with admirable precision, General Ludendorff definitely predicted world war in 1932.

Occasionally, in their zeal to arouse the country, the newspapers possibly exaggerated. Thus when Norman Thomas stated his belief that a world war was all too probable if things were allowed to drift, but that it was by no means inevitable and might be averted, *The New York Times* headline succinctly declared: "Thomas Predicts a World War Soon."

There were various causes for these alarms: difficulties in settling the reparations problem, continuing friction between Italy and France, Germany's proposal for a customs union with Austria. Then as 1931 gave way to 1932, Japan's operations in Manchuria and the rise of National Socialism in Germany gave the alarmists two such probable causes of war that they hardly knew on which to concentrate their attention. That the United States would become involved with Japan if that country did not withdraw from Manchuria, and that France would be constrained to attack Germany if Hitler actually came into power, appeared equal certainties. Such magazine article titles as "The United States and the Next War" and "Shall We Join the Next War?" marked a certain advance in popular opinion.

Nevertheless it is a curious fact that while the world accepted the course of events both in the Far East and in Germany without taking up arms, the prophets of war were not at all abashed. In 1933 they became all the more certain that the disasters they had predicted in 1931 and 1932 could not be put off any longer.

IV

The year opened with Hitler assuming power in Germany, Japan about to withdraw from the League of Nations, and new difficulties in the Balkans and Central Europe. From any one of these causes it was all too easy to see that war was inevitable. Europe was facing the "crisis of crises," and again in reading the fears and forebodings of the inevitability chorus, it appears incredible that the world is at peace.

The New Republic found the tension greater than at any time since 1918 with scores of witnesses reporting that talk in the capitals of Europe was no longer "if war comes" but "when war comes." *The Commonweal* saw over the world the shadow of the darkest of all the dangers which menace mankind, and wrote despairingly of "the actual danger of war," "imminent perils of another great war," and "today that peril is at our doors." *The Literary Digest* collected dispatches from

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Tokyo—"Japan Leading the World to the Brink of War"—which depicted fears of a second world war starting in the Far East, and dispatches from Europe—"Sparks Hissing Around Europe's Powder Magazine"—which said that the question of war was "shaking London like an earthquake" while "on key fronts, in critical danger zones, tenseness is increasing; armed forces are in motion."

James G. MacDonald, in an address before the graduating class of Wellesley in June, confessed that while he felt somewhat relieved for the moment, two months earlier he had thought July or August would probably witness the start of another world war. The irrepressible Frank Simonds somberly reiterated his belief that "Europe has been moving unmistakably toward conflict."

It was all very nerve-wracking. "Europe on the Brink of Disaster," "The Shadow of War," "Europe Moves Toward War," "Satan Loosed": these were not the alarms of a jingoist press, but article titles in *Harper's, The New Republic, The Commonweal,* and *The Christian Century*. We were told that if Germany withdrew from the League, if the disarmament conference failed, if no agreement was reached at the London economic conference, then at last war was really inevitable. A deluge of warnings. Then Germany followed Japan out of the League, the disarmament conference collapsed, and no agreement was reached at London.

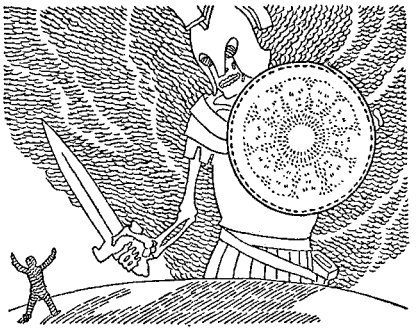
Yet somehow the world survived.

V

We are perhaps still too close to the brief spasm of civil warfare in Austria to recall with complete equanimity the jitters which that sudden outbreak gave a nervous world at the beginning of 1934. It was over too quickly for the magazine writers to take advantage of it, but the newspapers opened up with their heaviest artillery.

"Italy Moves Troops," "Paris May Send Army," "Britain Warns Hitler," "France Discusses Action by Powers," and "Europe Divided in Armed Camps." Here was something far more definite than any clash of policy between France and Italy, any shifting in the conflicting alliances of Central Europe, any incident in the Polish Corridor. The withdrawal of Japan and Germany from the League, the failure of the disarmament and economic conferences, faded into insignificance beside the imminent probability of foreign intervention in Austria.*

Yet somehow the world survived.



At the same time even more emphatic reports on the inevitability of war between Japan and Soviet Russia furnished new ammunition for the barrage laid down by the prophets of war. In the early months of the year, it was proclaimed with absolute certainty by scores of authorities and students of the Far East that hostilities would follow the melting of the snow on the plains of Siberia. Writing in *Harper's,* Nathaniel Peffer bore witness to this general feeling, and while he did not associate himself with those who believed the war would necessarily break out in the spring, he said that the likelihood of such a conflict had "ceased to be a hypothetical question for the airy speculation of experts in foreign affairs and international journalists with a flair for the melodramatic."

Yet the snow has melted on the Siberian plains, and somehow the world has survived.

VI

There is no gainsaying that the basic factors which ever since the last war have threatened the peace of Europe are still in existence, or that developments in the Far East have increased international tension. It has been reported that while a few months ago Lloyd's offered odds of 100 to 7 against a European war in 1934, it would on no terms insure against war in the next five years. But surely some confidence in the forces making for peace may be derived from the past record of crises successfully surmounted, some hope wrung from the fact that failure to disarm has not had the immediate consequence of war. A world system capable of surviving the shocks of the past few years must have some staying power.

Still that is not the point which this article would stress. It has been provoked by the certain and unshakeable confidence with which so many self-appointed prophets, not content with continually reiterating the inevitability of war, insist upon interpreting every "incident" in international politics as a *casus belli*. They will not remember the victories of peace. They do not feel the slightest humility because earlier forecasts have proved false.

Nor is it only preparedness advocates, big navy spokesmen, professional jingoists who contribute to the development of our war psychosis. The friends of peace and disarmament are equally alarming. The only difference in point of view is that while the former paint their frenzied pictures of impending conflict to demonstrate the need of armaments, the latter somewhat paradoxically arrive at just the opposite conclusion. They cry aloud that the danger of war is so immediate that only disarmament can save the world, and then somewhat naively wonder why the nations refuse to disarm.

The responsibility of these war prophets is a grave one. It is the fearful attitude on the imminent possibility of conflict which they have engendered in the public mind, which now makes it so easy to accept the most extreme implications of any threatening move in international politics. When authoritative writers, supposedly viewing the situation dispassionately, can give such titles to their articles on world politics as "Marching Toward Hell," it is hardly surprising that the Austrian situation or a controversy between Japan and Russia calls forth all the war headlines in the newspaper copywriter's journalistic repertory. It is hardly surprising that the world should be so psychologically ready for war that it sees the storm in every cloud.

What price these alarmists who so luridly stress the danger of war and expend such torrents of ink in continually anticipating disaster?

* This article was written just before the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss and the Nazi putsch in late July. The similarity of the headlines during that period of tension to those quoted above is remarkable and further bears out the author's point.—Editors.

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Social-Credit Dictatorship of the Consumer

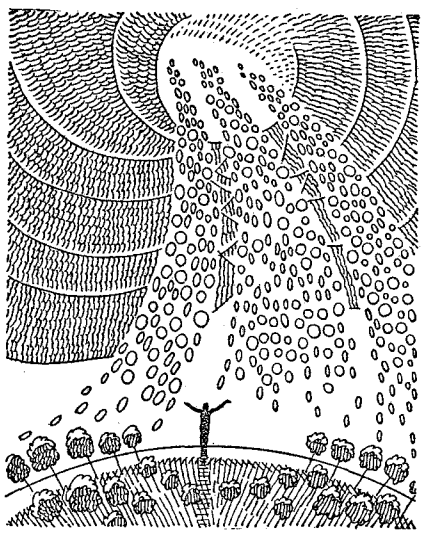
By Herbert Bruce Brougham

Although greeted with considerable scepticism among economists, the theories of Major Douglas as to a possible means of financial salvation are receiving increased attention and will undoubtedly figure prominently in the debates of the next Congress. We therefore asked Mr. Brougham to write on the present status of the Douglas movement and what it proposes in the present situation.

I. Financial Objective

Dubbed the Einstein of economics, Major Clifford Hugh Douglas, Scottish engineer, justifies the title by his tough-textured paradoxes of a dynamic financial theory. "If I am unorthodox," Major Douglas remarked in 1918, "it is because orthodoxy has not envisaged the credit power of the consumer." But within a few years the industrial world has recognized the futility of business with a diminuendo of buying. Its leaders are conscious that the problem of production is solved; but not so the problem of income. Some of them are now beginning to examine with interest the Douglas hypothesis that the income of the masses may proceed, in main part, from another source than wages or relief based on debt and taxation to correct the error of financial scarcity.

Douglas in 1918 was writing his first book, *Economic Democracy*. He had been a student of mathematics at Cambridge; chief engineer of the British Westinghouse Company in India; expert in engineering projects in Canada and South America, and assistant manager, during the war, of the Royal Aircraft Factory at Farneborough. Together with Arthur Kitson he had bestirred Frederick Soddy, Nobel prize-winner in physics, to study what Soddy terms the financial inversion of science. In 1923, a select banking committee of the Canadian parliament called Douglas to Ottawa to face the administrators and upholders of the banking system, who were applying for renewal of their charter, and to draw, by his original testimony, the attention of the financial advisers of other governments.



In the United States the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research issued, beginning in 1923, successive studies which adopted, in part, the Douglas diagnosis of the chronic decline of mass-purchasing power. In 1927 the Foundation engaged me, who represented Douglas in America, as its executive secretary. President Hoover was converted to the Pollak views, but not to the Douglas remedial proposals, before he entered the White House. After Hoover, President Roosevelt adopted the Pollak theory and remedy—still not the Douglas remedy—of augmenting the flow of money in trade with immense public borrowings from a banking system which had failed.

Meanwhile informed groups had sprung up in every country in Europe, in British South Africa, China, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Canada, and the United States for study and dissemination of the social-credit ideas of Douglas. His books were translated into many tongues; in Japan, they were pirated. Incidentally, Japan is the first power to use social credit—that is, national book-credit issues against unused industrial capacity—by subsidizing exports without charge upon her budget; thus underselling, with ease, all competitors in the trade war of nations. Douglas, now better known, was called early this year to appear before governmental committees in Australia and New Zealand, in the western provinces of Canada, and in Ottawa. Before returning to England he addressed in Washington a group, privately assembled, of some thirty members of both houses of Congress, including their official and progressive leaders. English and American lecturers this year toured the United States with popular versions of social credit. Last spring the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin espoused social credit, commended Douglas before the Goldsborough subcommittee on banking and currency at Washington, and delivered to his millions of radio listeners several addresses on this subject. In London a social-credit secretariat keeps in touch with followers in both hemispheres, including the groups in the United States who are active from coast to coast. Throughout the world the task of such groups is to interpret the theories of Douglas, and to lay down programs of action in accordance therewith. The chief theories may be stated in these terms:

The function of industry is not employment, but disemployment, with paid leisure for the masses, shorter hours, and universal incomes progressively supplanting wages.

The wage system must give way, under labor-saving technology, to the income system publicly administered.

There should be no inflation with higher prices; rather, rising purchasing power accompanied by a fall in prices.

Public debts should be paid with costless credits until there is no more non-monetized wealth.

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Concerning private profits the socialists are wrong; by reason of a basic flaw in the price system, sellers fail in the long run to get back even their costs.

Nevertheless, the just price to consumers should range always below financial cost. The seller, on the other hand, should be constantly and publicly reimbursed with compensated price.

A commodity is nowadays paid for, usually, from two sources, viz., from the consumer's pocket which pays a depression price below cost, and from the producer's reserves at a loss. But an article should always be paid for from two sources, viz., from the consumer's pocket at just price below financial cost, and from the national social-credit account, based on valuation of evokable output from the unused capacity of industry, and on valuation of the technicultural inheritance belonging to society as a whole.

An entrepreneur establishes a price for his product below cost in order to get it into quantity production; then, at the same price or less, he sells with profit. Likewise the community can supply credit for a lowered price-level to all industry, stepping-up demand for permanent high-voltage production with permanently attendant economies.

Social credit should never be charged to the taxpayers; instead, it should remain perennially outstanding in trade; but a small part of it will suffice to pay all taxes and the public debt.

The shareholders of a nation should not be taxed, they should receive dividends. Taxation is basically wrongful. It may be abolished at any time, for all time.

The power to create social credit, and to own it, is assumed, in error, by private banking groups. The banker is probably the only known instance of the possibility of lending something without parting with anything, and making a profit on the transaction, obtaining in the first instance his commodity free.

Credit based on goods, plant, labor, and skill, as created, should be free, not to the banker, but to the owner of the things on which it is based; or, collectively, to the community.

Economic nationalism rules. The peoples should be enabled to purchase, domestically, all they can produce without danger of piling up surpluses, save those exchangeable for complemental foreign goods without dumping.

It is difficult to have poverty in the midst of plenty; it is easy to have plenty in the midst of plenty.

Coupled with these conclusions is the theorem that the industrial system is chronically defective, through time-lag in payments of profits, dividends, wages, and salaries, in getting enough purchasing power into the hands of consumers to buy its products at the prices that must be charged to cover financial costs. This theorem, which depends on an intricate analysis and proof, was challenged in 1933 by R. G. Hawtrey, economist of the British Treasury, in public debate with Major Douglas. The reasoning is involved and difficult. But apart from the question of its validity, Mr. Hawtrey recognized the grave disparity of mass purchasing power as compared with productive capacity of industries, and the pertinency of the measures proposed by Douglas to meet such disparity.

It should be held steadily in mind that when the circulation of check-money, which forms the bulk of American money, shrank by three-fourths from 1929 to 1933, this was insufficient to transact the business that could be done. Lacking the price, dealers reduced quantity and quality of goods and services offered. There supervened what the Columbia University Commission calls a "chronic limitation of production, owing to limitation of effective demand." It resulted in an unprecedented piling up of idle facilities.

The chief social-credit proposals are two, namely, to establish the sovereign power of government, not over banks to nationalize them, but over original credit issuance, now monopolized by the banking groups; next, to adjust the rate of credit issuance to correspond with the rate of output of goods, so that there will be a constant relation between credits and goods; thus there will be neither an undue issuance of credits, nor, as at present, a lack of them.

Social creditors, therefore, would not stop with breaking the banking monopoly of credit. Nor would they proceed to what they regard as the cardinal error of many monetary reformers, that is, of giving everybody large loans at low interest, thus creating a feverish boom in production, accompanied by a spectacular rise in prices, with a mountain of debt. Neither would they go to the extreme of arbitrarily reducing prices by governmental edict, thus strangling production, spreading bankruptcy, and probably arresting the sale of commodities. Instead, they would say to the manufacturers and retailers: "By means of compensated price we will enable you to sell to all individual consumers, for themselves and their families, on the average at lowered prices, and below your financial costs."

So without any initial increase in wages or salaries the public, as individuals, would find the purchasing power of their dollars increased by the percentage of unused capacity of the industries, as quarterly ascertained and adjusted by indexes. The compensated dealers, also, would be benefited by a subsidy in like measure, while their turnover of sales would be increased to approximate the capacity of industries to supply the augmented demand for goods and services. For a time the so-called problem of unemployment would be solved, because the immediate effect of the increased flow of business would be to stimulate employment.

Granted an unfailing source of social credit which would not be transformed into debt, as issued, the advantages accruing from such procedure would be outstanding. Fortunately, the source of social credit would be precisely that from which the banking groups, for their private behoof, have habitually created new purchasing power for circulation as credit-money in the form of loans, discounts, and rediscounts. It is the source from which Reginald McKenna, chairman of the Midland Bank of London, largest of the "Big Five," traces all new money for transaction of modern business—credit creation, or book figures made by the pen at not more than the cost of clerical hire.

Thus when a bank participates in subscription to a public bond issue, it gets the bonds virtually for nothing. Without drawing on its capital and surplus, it gives the government a book credit for its apportionment of the bonds. It takes the bonds; in return, it hands over a slip of paper or a deposit-book entry. The bonds then become the backing for the book credit. When the seller government checks against this credit, the community pays the amount of the credit in its own goods and services. The bank has gotten the bonds for nothing; the community has paid for them; the credit has cancelled itself against other credits in the clearing system, without touching the bank's capital and surplus or the other deposits of its customers. Meanwhile the community, which has paid in goods and services the price of the bonds, finds that it is still in debt to the bank for the sum of the maturing bonds and accrued interest.

Possibly in this analysis is revealed the secret of the immense oversubscriptions to government bond issues by the financial institutions of the country. A useful service may be performed in thus monetizing the productive values already created, or to be created, to meet governmental expenses. But the productive values belong to the community, not to the banks; hence, in the

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social-credit conception, the community should own, also, the bonds as visible tokens of its real credit in wealth. The banks, which have performed only a bookkeeping service throughout, should not own the bonds, but should merely collect a service fee as agent for the government.

A part of the total social credit, when publicly created and based upon the total productive capacity of the community, can be applied to the universal reduction of prices for all manner of goods and services at retail; a part, also, for payment of purchasing power in the form of a direct per-capita dividend on national social-credit bonds to the entire population. Yet other parts may be devoted—as in the Monetary Authority Bill of United States Senator Bronson Cutting and Representative Wright Patman—to support governmental expenses, regular and emergent, and to pay the national debt, thus abolishing taxation.

Of course, there are objections to such proposals. Usually the first objection is that, if adopted, they would raise prices. The reply is that the proposed issues of social credit are made wholly contingent on a fall in prices to all consumers, and upon the stabilizing of the price-level for all producers. With this disposed of, the objector, who feels that there must be a catch in the proposals somewhere, alludes to Russia. Russia lowered its price-level to consumers; as a result, long queues stood before the stores that sold at discounted price and bought them out, while "bootleg" sellers rocketed prices in the free market. But in Russia, poorest country on earth, goods are absolutely insufficient; whereas in the United States, as everywhere conceded, a doubled demand would easily be met with a doubled volume of goods and services competing for sale in all stores and service stations.

A third objection may be met but not so easily disposed of, since it appeals to moral prejudice and has nothing to do with economics or finance. It is akin to the Puritan objection that opposed bear-baiting, not out of sympathy with the suffering of the bear, but because baiting it gave pleasure to the beholders. To many it seems not accordant with God's providence that the mass of people should become well off and comfortable unless they are made exceedingly uncomfortable in the process.

At this point the advocates of social credit join issue. They frankly disbelieve the doctrine of original sin, as the Calvinists phrase it, that man is "vile in every part and member of mind and body"; that he can be kept out of mischief only by unceasing poverty or else by unceasing application of his nose to the grindstone by daily toil. To this doctrine they oppose the principle that humanity need only be delivered of poverty in order to be delivered of its twin evil, crime; that it is human nature to rise to higher pursuits than those involved in lifelong solicitude for merely animal needs.

II. Political Objective

Politically and economically, social creditors range themselves on the side of the technical financial and industrial organization of the world, on the principle of giving the skilled members of society the order what to do, not how to do it. Thus they shape their proposals compatibly with the maximum of individual initiative.

Major Douglas relies mainly for the adoption of his economic proposals on the pressure of events. But he believes the ending of the depression now waits upon political policy of a very summary sort. In his judgment the sovereign power in all countries, without telling them how to do it, will be constrained to command the technical masters of finance and business to get the wanted goods produced at full capacity of industry. Coincidently, it will tell them to place in the hands of the people, as sovereign consumers, adequate purchasing power wherewith they may, with the unquestioned influence of enough orders, establish their own dictatorship over industry for full production of the variety and qualities of goods desired.

The masters of financial technique will be given, say—in view of the capabilities of industry—ninety days in which to do this simple job, or be ousted from their directorships. If they fail within that time-limit, their companies will have a chance to name their successors. The successors, in turn, would be given not ninety days, but sixty days.

By operation of this policy Major Douglas is confident that the job will be done speedily, at the capacity of industries, with all the expert advice that the financial adepts have at their command. In the doing of it he trusts that they will of their own volition have discovered his technical plan, if serviceable, or some plan equally good or better.

However, unless they are pushed to it, he is likewise confident that the financial heads won't do the job. Why should they? They would be more than human if they were not well satisfied with conditions as they are, seeing that these conditions have put them in possession of a gripping claim on from seventy to ninety per cent of the assets of the world.

Moreover, the tendency of the world's political powers has been, thus far, not to bring the heads of finance to book. In Europe and America the tendency has been to assume, by virtue of their authority, to know better than the highly organized financial and industrial technical organizations of society the job of producing for its welfare. The governments have not simply told them what they wanted done, holding them responsible for results, with capital penalties for non-performance; they have undertaken to tell them how to do it, or even essayed to do the job themselves. Thus they have set up rival technical organizations of their own, alphabetical and other, by which they try to hold finance and industry in leading strings. The consequence is confusion, failure, national crises, the ending of democracy, the hurried setting-up of dictatorship.

But it is important to note that finance, which sensibly adopts the policy of commanding industry what to do, not how to do it, is itself a technical organization subject to like command from the sovereign people. Clearly, finance should be held responsible to the people for poverty in the midst of plenty. And technical heads should be summarily decapitated in case of failure to perform their function.

For, quite clearly, the industries are not responsible. They have fulfilled their sole function of producing plenty. Their surpluses wasted, burned and plowed under or unbought domestically, congesting the foreign markets, occasioning trade wars and threatening a world war, are manifest proof of their

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fecundity. And surely it is no mirage of plenty that keeps the peoples from plenty. There is the actual pile of goods. There, also, is the pile of facilities capable of producing more piles of goods as fast as ordered. These are modern facilities held down, for financial reasons, to an average of less than one six-hour shift daily when they are capable of three six-hour shifts. But for a private policy of financial famine they would be moving their piles and more piles currently, perennially, into the hands of consumers enabled to pay for them on a rising scale of living. It is perfectly plain, therefore, that the directors of finance are falling down on their job, in the public interest, of matching the physical means of production with the financial means of distribution.

It is also plain that the sovereign governmental authority would be in error to take the responsibility of telling the heads of finance how to match productive means with distributive means, or to overlay the private organization with a duplicate organization of its own; thus relieving the skilled agents of society of responsibility and itself assuming the responsibility for an amateurish failure. For when democracy fails in such an attempt, as it surely does fail, the private groups wait patiently until they can step forward with pointed finger and say, "See how democracy has messed things up! Let us have done with democracy. Let us have a dictatorship of our own."

III. Sovereignty

As already noted, the financial organization of society is inherently subject to command by the sovereign people. In the United States the instrument to this end, as defined by the Constitution, is Congress, to which has been entrusted the power to supply and regulate the value of money. A comprehensive exercise of this power is requisite as a concomitant to the emergency measure above outlined.

Now the chief money whereby nine-tenths of business is done is credit-money. The chief agency today, in the habitual default of Congress, for regulating the value and supply of money has been the private banking system through its practice, within very elastic limits, of creating and arbitrarily withholding the credit-money of the nation. There has supervened as the regulator of the money system, almost unnoticed until recently, "free banking," with respect to private-credit creation and issue. The practice of "free banking" with respect to note creation and issue, called wildcat banking, died with the Civil War. Free banking by creation and issue of credit-money in the form of loans to the people and government by private banks must likewise come to an end, if Congress is to supply and regulate the value of money.

The supply of check-money based on deposits, springing from this private arrogation of the power of credit issuance, was constricted by the banks from twelve hundred thousand million dollars, in 1929, to but four hundred thousand millions in 1933, with profound resultant disturbance of the value of money. Through their assumption of ownership of the credit-money as they create it—without getting it from their stockholders or borrowing it from their clients—the banks have wielded a destructive power, first, by attaching the assets of the country as the price of circulating it at all; then by withdrawing it from circulation through the wholesale calling of loans. Thus they have been enabled to depreciate the value of those assets and to foreclose upon them.

Of course, without money enough in circulation the bulk of the loans could not be paid. After privately creating credit-money, which is constitutionally a public function, the banks exercised their private power of credit-money extinction, with the consequence that the effective money of the people has largely disappeared.

It does not take long for a people that has to struggle like fish in a drained-off reservoir, with its business and productive and distributive facilities in great measure non-monetized, to conclude that if the banks can create a fluid supply of credit-money which they never had and never borrowed, and can then drain it out of circulation; so, also, can Congress, backed by the wealth of the country, create for the nation a supply of credit-money without borrowing it, and keep it permanently in circulation. In such case the people who collectively own the wealth would be asserting their initial ownership of the credit based on that wealth, instead of borrowing their own credit of the banks! Thus Congress can fill the gap left in the money system by all this private calling and non-renewal on the part of a lending system that relies on the fictitious creation of private credit-money.

If they are wise, the people who have suffered the pain of deprivation of the major part of their medium of exchange will now be busy instructing, in this regard, the candidates of all parties for the Seventy-fourth Congress. Here, again, the candidates, from whom will be chosen this fall the monetary agents of the people, should be instructed what to do, not how to do it. They should simply be pledged. To this end Robert L. Owen, who introduced and shepherded through the United States Senate the Federal Reserve Act, has drafted a suitable form of pledge to be presented for signature by Congressional candidates of all parties in the approaching election. It runs thus:

> I hereby pledge myself to the people of my State, if they elect me to Congress, that I will use my every energy fully to restore to the Government of the United States its exclusive Constitutional power to regulate the value of money by the control of currency and credit issues; and to use my energy and influence to compel the invisible government of money, its secret agents, allies and methods, to go out of the governing business and to end, in America, its uncontrolled expansion and contraction of credit for private profit at public expense.

Such a pledge would satisfy the first requirement of social creditors to recover to the people their sovereign power of credit creation and control, without borrowing or assumption of debt to private groups. But until Congress by emergency methods, and by regular measures as well, shall have asserted this power to supply public credit-money can a working program of social credit come into play. For quick comprehension of what such a program entails, I have constructed the following social-credit platform, cast in the imperative mood:

> Level up. Equip the poor, who number one hundred millions in this country, with an independent income derived from industrial capacity now wasted. Make the well-to-do better to do. Make the rich richer.
>
> Abolish taxes. Pay the national, state, and municipal budgets—pay the national, state, and municipal debts as well—with publicly created credit-money by draft on the unused capacities of industry; with not a cent taken from taxpayers.

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Institute national dividends—the reverse of taxes. Pay national dividends monthly or quarterly from the Treasury, on the per-capita basis, to the entire population.

Subsidize consumers—all consumers—with public credits issued as a uniform, universal discount on price of goods and services at retail to individuals for home consumption. Include the price of all dwellings and all rentals of dwellings as retail price, subject to this discount. Fix the price-discount quarterly in the percentage of total unused capacity for wanted goods—thus following the social-credit formula for ascertaining the just price. By such means establish an automatic consumer dictatorship over industry as the prime wielder of purchasing power to the value of total production at capacity.

Subsidize business—all business that is needed and wanted—in the measure of increased volume of trade as consumers come to buy goods and services. Reimburse the merchants and dealers at retail by the sum of their discounts to consumers, until the working capital of all industry is in cash without debt; until industry need not borrow, because financed wholly by common-stock issues provided by the cash reserves of the people. By such method follow the social-credit principle of compensated price.

Prevent national surpluses; prevent dumping in foreign markets; prevent fear of competition with foreign nations; prevent war—by increasing internal purchasing power enough to buy total national production at profitable prices, and to buy the equivalent of exports in complementary foreign goods. Thus the just price to consumers and compensated price to purveyors, in combination, are designed to accomplish the absorption of surpluses through a natural domestic supply and demand.

Cease trying, during the power age, to abolish unemployment. Increase unemployment with the latest labor-saving devices—but in the grateful form of better-paid and shorter hours and incomed leisure. So use the habitually wasted usufruct of modern technology by means of the public creation and use of its credit-equivalent, as distributed to consumers.

Down with state socialism. Down with communism. Down with fascism. Down with the lettered New Deal. Down with the unlettered Old Deal. Down with political dictatorship and bureaucracy of every brand. Up with the economic Dictatorshop of the Consumer.

Finally, hold the present financial and industrial masters of technique responsible for results desired, on pain of supersession by their next in command over private industries.

Strictly according to such a platform the advocates of social credit contend that the tragi-comic paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty can be resolved into common-sense plenty in the midst of plenty.

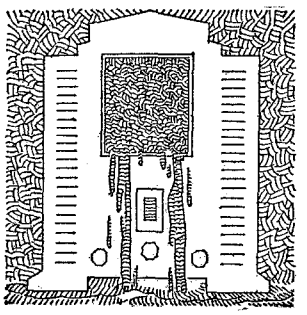
The bestowal of national credit-money upon all consumers is warranted, therefore, without inflation of the price-level, so long as goods may be increased to compete for the new money and to keep prices for the expanded volume stable.

Children's Crime Programs: 1934

By Arthur Mann

Blood-and-thunder radio programs and their effect on his youngsters were reported in these pages by Mr. Mann last year. Now he tells the result of his home remedies and the present status of the children's hours of crime.

A DEPRESSION has overtaken the business of crime in children's radio programs. The practice of emphasizing major misdemeanors and general skulduggery in juvenile air entertainment has not been eradicated completely, but it has declined sharply in volume during the past year, and millions of parents are breathing a little easier.



A few of the old offenders are still filling the air with palpitating episodes of gun play, thievery, attempted homicide, and the heinous crimes of crack-brained scientists, but only two of them have been able to hold their sponsors. Other crime-laden continuities have either coaxed a different sponsor, or dropped from the air completely. None, it may be noted, has been retained on a sustaining basis by either of the broadcasting networks, and for good reason.

Distressed parents awoke to the fact that their problem of steering the children from the nauseating crime programs was not unique. Groups were formed to discuss and act. They did both.

Indignation was wholly justified. Within my own household a little more than a year ago there was a condition that could not be remedied by either prayer or medicine.

At the time, my daughter, then eight years old, was trying to sleep comfortably with her head under the bed covering. This strategy was designed to defeat the ogres, knife-biting pirates and other vipers who seemed to lurk in the dark corners of her chamber.

My son, who was six, had no nocturnal difficulties. In fact, he always has slept with that soundness which draws me over to the bed to see if the child is alive. But the various movements of his play during the day had an occasional Dillinger flavor, not to mention spasmodic use of an ill-chosen expletive.

The cause of it was traced to our radio set, from which came an almost unbelievable quantity of sensational dramatic hokum, sent regularly from the broadcasting studios by purveyors of goods, chiefly dining notions. The programs were intended to attract, inveigle and actually frighten child listeners into buying the merchandise advertised.

A sponsor's greatest ally in the home is the child, providing he can get the child's sympathy. Once the product gains that sympathy all is well for its future, because the child will beg and plead incessantly for mother to include the product in her shopping list.

To gain this juvenile sympathy and subtle salesmanship in the home, the sponsor relies upon the power of bloodshed dramatized, thunder, shooting, kidnaping, robbery, attempts at the destruction of life, sadism and general villainy to hold the child's attention.

None of the sponsors seeks to hold the child by dramatizing kindness, unselfishness, and consideration. There is no attempt to rectify the biggest crime of youth—cheating in child games.

The job of destroying this radio influence wasn't easy, but we won the battle. We succeeded by dissecting the objectionable programs and showing them for what they were. The children

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realized gradually that they were being victimized, and used as a tool to purchase an article that could not, or at least did not, build its demand in the open market on merit alone.

There followed an analysis of the cheap prizes, imitation leather, poor dye in flimsy cloth. We exposed the mythical clubs, and how the membership was designed to trick children into listening. The best of all, however, was pointing out the unfairness of certain announcers in insinuating that, if the children failed to purchase the product, they had no right to tune in on the program.

In the short space of a year developments are interesting. The boy has abandoned gun play and criminal phraseology. His little pistol and holster are covered with dust. I haven't heard him order anybody's hands skyward in months. Half the time he seems to be grinding out mileage on a bicycle. The remainder of his play time is given over to failure at putting together those ready-to-fly-airplanes which are never ready to fly.

My daughter is wholly immune to the influence of radio programs. She can see through the hokum, detect the tricks, and tear apart the feeble presentation of the pseudo-dramatics.

In fact, she and a playmate, Priscilla, who is about a year older, obliged me with an account of the programs on the networks at one time. With each listing they submitted a brief synopsis of what they heard, the time occupied and the product advertised:

Little Orphan Annie: Daddy Warbucks is on a ship. They are after Doctor "Ogodos." Doctor "Ogodos" and Isaac wrecked the radiograph. Daddy has to fight, and he has no ammunition. They are trying to zigzag in the dark, but the enemy has a light and can see them. They are going to fight for their lives.

Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim: They are in a Mexican jail, and they haven't done anything. They are going to be shot at dawn. Windy is all over his rattlesnake bite. They are afraid that the Mexicans will injure the baby, if they get caught escaping. (Young Benson and Sunny Jim picked up a nursing baby somewhere.)

Buck Rogers: Buck and Wilma are trying to escape. Buck knocked Barney against the wall with the paralysis ray. Professor Smith is going to send the moon crashing down to the earth.

Skippy: Marty stole something, and it was money.

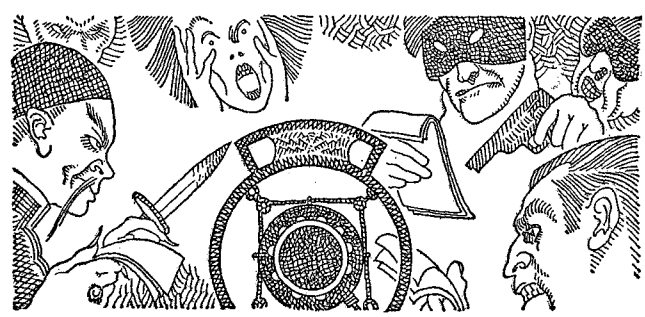
Jack Armstrong: Devell is after innocent Jack Armstrong, and will injure him and his dog, Champ.

The terse comment on the Frank Merriwell program was: They are after a one-eyed man who stole a valuable ring.

While a few of the crime lessons are still on the air, it is my pleasure to report that The Singing Lady program, which I regarded as one of the two most desirable for children, is still holding forth for the same sponsor. More than that, during the past year The Singing Lady was voted the outstanding juvenile program on the air in a nationwide poll.

Skippy and Buck Rogers lost their sponsors, but picked up others for their high-pressure tales of adventures. Both were off the air all summer. Black and Blue, the allegedly-comic detectives, left their old stamping ground. Myrt and Marge made a talking picture long ago, and that was the last seen or heard of them, until recently when their old sponsor decided to try again. The love-sick bachelor of Wheatenaville is gone. Unfortunately, so has Paul Wing the Story Man, and the short-lived network feature, The Wizard of Oz, which was based upon the delightful Oz books.

Bobby Benson is selling not oatmeal but Force, made by the same company. The "come-on" for the listeners this year is absurdly simple, compared with the five-year plan of eating oatmeal to obtain one of the 1933 cowboy outfits. The children this year have only to write a letter and say, "Dear Bobby Benson: I like Force," and sign their names. The writers of the twenty-four neatest and most attractive letters receive a pair of roller skates. It is called a contest!



During the year several commendable programs came to the air. A notable addition was Babe Ruth at 8:45 P.M., offering only refreshing episodes of his exciting baseball life. The program was a little late for the East, but proved an excellent weapon for getting the children into the house before dark.

Another wholesome addition was Salty Sam, on WJZ, with his tales of the sea. Baby Rose Marie warbled adult hotsy-totsy songs at 7:15 but at least there was no life-risking predicament with which to drag the listener to the loud speaker for the next broadcast.

Among those not so commendable were Frank Merriwell and Jack Armstrong the All-American Boy. They were not particularly brilliant or different from the others. The Merriwell series tried to revive the old ninth-inning rally ideal, but it didn't pack the kick contained in the Standish books.

The broadcasting companies have justifiably refused to comment on the growing sentiment against the children's crime programs. They supply the sponsors of such programs with time, and not sermons. It is pleasing to note, however, that they at least set a good example. The juvenile programs sustained by the broadcasting networks are virtually above reproach.

Columbia can point to three: Let's Pretend, a Saturday morning fairy-tale program; Sunday at Aunt Susan's, and the American School of the Air, an instructive as well as entertaining feature.

National has the famed Lady Next Door, conducted by the tireless Madge Tucker. And there is the equally famous NBC Children's Hour on Sunday mornings, a full hour of unsponsored entertainment.

It is safe to say that the movement is definitely in the direction of less horror in the children's programs. Those stragglers who cannot see the wisdom of altering the tone of their broadcasts will be forced to do so eventually by indignant parents who do the purchasing.

Movements are springing up in different sections of the country. The prob-

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lem of calming down excited children after certain radio programs is being discussed by large and small groups.

A mass movement of prime importance is under way within the American Legion Auxiliary. It is mushrooming speedily through the organization, State by State, with the introduction of resolutions to declare open warfare against the bad influence of certain programs.

Plans have been made to introduce and adopt a final resolution at the national convention of the Auxiliary in Florida when the representatives of all States gather in October.

The most concrete expression of mass indignation is found in Michigan. The Michigan Child Study Association has gone into the subject in definite fashion. None of your promises to act, and then settling down to a few rubbers of bridge and gossip on the latest in bouclé.

The Michigan Child Study Association has sixty-one affiliated groups, representing fifty-three cities. Membership totals 3000, which is a lot of buying power.

A State committee of five, under the chairmanship of Mrs. James Spier, fashioned a complete plan for the handling of the juvenile radio program problem. The plan was forwarded to the chairman of each local radio committee. The local committees met and reviewed the child program situation.

After two months of study, petitions carrying the names of virtually the entire membership were sent to the presidents of two companies who sponsor programs regarded as objectionable. The petition read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, hereby protest the broadcasting of the radio program Little Orphan Annie (and Dick Steele's Adventures) on the grounds that it is unwholesome entertainment for children, is over-stimulating and places too much emphasis on crime."

The petitions were accompanied in each case by letters to the presidents, setting forth the purpose of the movement and asking acknowledgment of the letter.

The association also forwarded a letter of commendation to the president of the W. K. Kellogg Company for the program The Singing Lady. This voice, by the way, belongs to Irene Wicker, of Chicago. She is the mother of two impressionable children.

"Although this association is among the organized groups which are beginning a campaign to 'clean up' crime stories over the radio," the letter read in part, "our first step is to write to those advertisers whose programs employ the fundamentals of good literature and express our admiration for their efforts to provide meritorious entertainment."

Mass production is the key to many things, and in this case the protests are bound to carry weight eventually. Three thousand women, representing almost as many homes, have a powerful weapon with which to handle the problem. Should they be driven to boycott, they could triple their ranks quickly. The neighborhood dealer of the product couldn't stand it for long.

It would be different if the sponsors were selling a product vital to child welfare. In the main, the products are no such thing. Except for shoes, and occasionally a dress shop, we find the programs plugging a variety of non-essentials purported to take the place of any or all basic adjuncts to child health.

The radio programs offer a substance to improve the quality and food value of milk. The individual claims in the battle of the various dry cereals have reached monstrous proportions. Of late, the tooth paste barons have decided to sell through child listeners.

Just how much of an ally the sponsor has in the child may be determined by the findings of an exhaustive study conducted for the past several months by I. L. Eisenberg, of Teachers College, Columbia University. As his thesis for a Ph.D. degree, Mr. Eisenberg has chosen "Children's Interests, Activities and Reactions in Radio Programs."

He has spent the summer tabulating and cross tabulating 5000 compositions from Metropolitan school children between the ages of eight and twelve years. He has gathered a similar number of questionnaires from the students and another from the parents. He has had the full co-operation of teachers, principals, vocational directors, the broadcasting companies and the advertising agencies.

When published, Mr. Eisenberg's findings will represent the most comprehensive effort to size up the children's radio programs to date. The final conclusion, which Mr. Eisenberg said would be in doubt until the final paper was cross tabulated, may not solve anything, but it will certainly serve as a yardstick on the children's likes and dislikes.

Granting that the children will accept most of what is placed before them, the fault then lies with the sponsor. The Eisenberg survey will include the reactions of several thousand parents to the radio situation. It will reveal for the first time the true extent of the daily clash between parent and child over what shall come in over the radio from 4 P.M. until 8 P.M.

This topic couldn't have attained such importance had the problem been tackled before certain programs took root in the minds of the children.

I am thankful that my own problem is settled for the time being at least. Yet, I can readily understand how other parents might have more or less trouble with their own offspring than I encountered.

The programs cannot be ruled off the air. A child cannot be denied a privilege without a reason. The job, it would seem, is to debunk the drivel and hokum. If necessary, make detailed comparisons with the programs which seek to establish good will for the product, such as Amos 'n' Andy, Rudy Vallee's Hour, Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, The Singing Lady, and other programs which do not attempt to serve a moral subpœna to buy their product.

If that doesn't work, then you must go to the prime rule of the high-pressure programs. They are on the air under the delusion that radio is a direct salesman, and it is not. Sponsors never have held on and never will hold on to a program that cannot show a definite sales increase for the product advertised.

If all else fails, then purchasing power, or the lack of it, will drive an objectionable program from the air.

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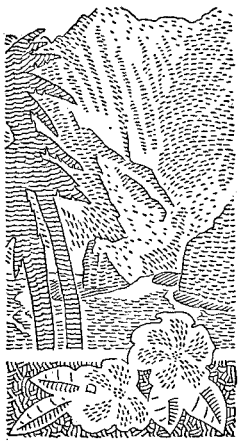
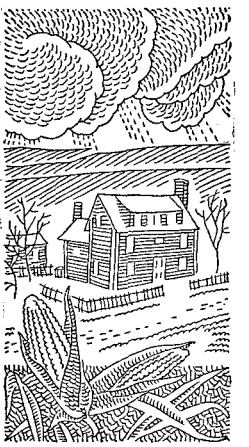


Hawaii, Washington Vermont

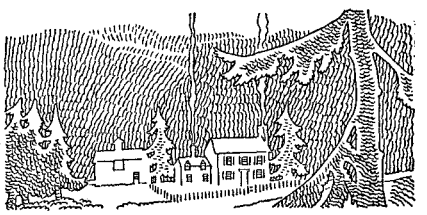
By Genevieve Taggard

A daughter of pioneers retraces her steps to the place her people left to go west. Her chronicle of the three lands affords a striking study in contrasts



When my grandparents were young, you pulled up stakes and went west if you couldn't stand things as they were. You did not stop to find out why; you were sure that it would be better beyond the horizon. These pioneers, by beginning all over again and again with a new lay of land and a new set of neighbors, delayed solving a problem that had to be solved some day. They took heart every time they subdued the land and lost heart very shortly after. Patiently, they repeated the toil of the body, only to throw it all away for the mad conviction that a promised land lay waiting ahead. This stepping westward had been going on in my family ever since the Taggards and the Bensons and the Arnolds and the Hollands had left the first farmsteads in Vermont and Virginia; over the Daniel Boone Trail to the Ozarks, down the Hudson River Valley to Illinois, they went, looking eagerly around them for something they never found. They stopped only when the land ended in the Pacific.

I wish I knew more about them. Their behavior is so human and so unphilosophical. I wonder how they put their desire and their discontent—how did they talk to their wives when they resolved to abandon home for uncertainty? Did they think about free land when they meant free life? Did they convince themselves that their neighbors were a rotten lot, and assume that people were made out of different clay in the new country? Was



it greed; or a determination to be ruling class, to come out on top; or a fear of civilized ways of living?

When I watch children who toil at building dams and bridges and playhouses with superhuman zest, to conquer an almost impossible piece of work, and then see them droop over the finishing half of the job, I think of these people of mine. They dwelt in

"Possibility,
A fairer house than Prose. . . ."

They had no knack for the prose of plain living that comes after giving up splendid possibility—after you settle down and say: "These are my acres; here I live until I die."

In the little western town I came to know, this devil-take-the-hindmost individualism bore a poisonous crop. The extremities of life on the frontier forced pioneers en route to join forces temporarily, for the sake of survival. But when at last they had to form a moderately honest and enduring community, they made a sterile job of it because they were people with no community feeling. Their individualism was disappointed; they had less sense for the arts of group living than those grandfathers who left the east. Social good will was quite dead in them; the only thing that could unite them temporarily was hatred of an outsider.

Eastern Washington, the land of the Nez Percé Indians in 1867, was the stopping-place of my grandfather; there he raised his nine children and was killed mysteriously in a feud; there my mother married my father when he came west from Missouri in the 1890's. By this time the young people who were my mother's friends had ceased to look westward with the long look of hope. They counted their acres and dug in, settled to the routine of town and farm.

The ratio of those who went west had decreased with every stop; thousands left the east for the hundreds who arrived in the far west. And of those hundreds only a very few found this digging in impossible. Some turned around and went back east. Others moved like chessmen from town to town perpetually. Out of the community my grandfather helped to establish, only my mother and father discovered in 1890 that they did not want to stay to share that life. They resigned their jobs as school teachers, gave away their household goods and took a tramp steamer from Portland to the Hawaiian Islands. There they met much that was unfamiliar and there they stayed.

Stayed until the doctors said that my father had worn out the climate and could not live any longer with the chalk dust of schoolrooms; it was

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"lung trouble." He had been building a little community and a large school. He and my mother were teacher-parents to scores of children of several nationalities; but now he was done for and must retreat. He had saved no money; his only resource was a sum which he had lent to one uncle who lived in the home town. Now he and my mother must return to the life they had rejected. The line westward was to turn back on itself. And we children were to see our America with the eyes of outsiders.

Everything conspired to make the return painful. Island life had changed my parents' minds and their tastes. They had lived with dark people; they had got out of the fatal chain of self-interest; they had seen a life that touched the Orient. At twenty-five they had rejected the small town and all its values; now as middle-aged people they knew how right they had been to reject it. The Island life, for all its faults, offered a liberal and amiable existence. My parents hardly knew that they had become mild internationalists in their labor of fourteen years; they spoke no jargon of international theory; but they knew the natives, person by person, and in many small and humble experiences they had changed.

As if to advertise this change they were to take back with them their three children, who were as brown as natives and as happy-go-lucky. My sister had a Hawaiian middle name; our talk was full of Hawaiian expressions; we had seen a great many American tourists and we did not think much of them. We dressed as children dress now in the summer, as children did not dress in 1910. And we were accustomed to an immense enjoyment in every day of life. All these things had very little to do with money, because we were poor; but it did not matter very much, in the Islands.

This was our garden of Eden; our newfound-land; and we were being driven out. The tropics had spoiled us for grim living on six acres set out to pear saplings between two railroad tracks. Intensive farming, my uncle wrote. I think my father hated farming, extensive or intensive, as only the son of generations of gnarled old farmers can. The graciousness of a Hawaiian garden suited him better. My father went round that garden, pollenizing the papias for the last time, selecting a perfect mango with a pink-freckled cheek, leaving many to hang between the shining leaves. There was a certain look on his face; but he said nothing. My mother was very busy packing and saying *good-bye—good-bye;* but she remarked over and over as if in her sleep that she would miss the sea. We gave away our starched white clothes; nobody wore white in the wheat country. With many small finalities we were leaving this delightful, unusual, and hybrid life, going back to be merged, grafted, initiated into the common environment of American children.

So we packed our books, ate the last mango and the last alligator pear and said good-bye to the Portuguese, the Filipinos, the Puerto Ricans, the Japanese, the Chinese, the Hawaiian-Chinese, and the hap-a-haoles. Stefnotice and maile and plumeria dripped from us on our way to the boat. My father opened a trunk and slipped in a calabash and a lahalla fan. We got the Australian boat to Vancouver.

Hot stubble faces met us at the train window. I ducked down and took a quick look at the hot face of the town, with the feeling of a person about to enter a jail. Dust, ankle-deep, paved the main street. Broken wooden sidewalks bordered by dusty weeds led to a block of ramshackle stores. A drooping horse and a spring wagon stood hitched in front of the post office. No trees in sight; just stubble-covered hills through which we had come for hours.

We children found even the first day in the new home town as dull as ditch, or rather dish, water. Houses had the blinds down to protect carpets. Houses were tight and smelled of dust. Kitchens were hot with wood stoves. Parlors were not to sit in. Flies swarmed around doorways. Outside there was stubble or dust, no grass. Children must not play in the orchards. If little girls were bored they could hem dish towels or swat flies.

It began like that. We saw it very clearly and with astonishment! These people, these white people, were barbarians! They thought it was a lark to go down to see the noon train come in! They waited with great tension in a room full of tobacco spit for the mail that consisted of a mail-order catalog. They screamed out the news if a neighbor had a haircut. They told each other how many overalls they had in their washtubs last Monday. They didn't know how to live at all. At first we were sorry for them.

Our parents looked strangely humbled. Our father chewed a straw. He was trying to be jaunty, to put on the airs of a farmer. Our mother, our clever, intelligent mother, was a worried woman in a prosaic apron smelling strongly of laundry soap. We began to see why she had chosen the outlandish tropics for herself and her family; and to connect the oil pictures she painted and discarded, with red hibiscus and pink cane fields, and lavish festoons of fruit we had not prized till now. In our homesickness we saw our mother and father on the outgoing track that we had just reversed; and our dejection was increased by the effort they had made and the delayed unhappy ending. We hauled our trunks and boxes out to the unpainted cube of a house on the six-acre intensive farm. The pear saplings looked like twigs in the earth; the rest was weeds and dust. And on the back stoop we were confronted by an iron pump, unprimed, handle high in the air.

The light of an August sun is a pitiless thing on the face of an ugly small town. The first frost, the first snow, the first shy spring day gave that town a momentary loveliness, the charm and sweetness that a bath and a clean dress give to a dirty orphan child. But it was August—weeds, litter, dung, flies; dust-covered snow-ball bushes. Dust-covered gardens made August the month of suffocation. The body could not breathe; the farmers feared rain as much as they feared greater heat. Dust storms blew over the wheat hills. There was no place to go swimming; there was no ice and very little water. There were no ice-cream cones, no cold lemonade, and no soda pop. What queer people! If you walked to town in the heat hoping for some goody or treat, adventure or calamity, you saw nothing promising—store people dozing behind counters, and a farmer or two, a crying baby, a farm woman in a faded dress walking on run-over heels as stiff as if she were on stilts. I tell you we saw it as clear as day because we had not seen it always—it did not seem so forlorn to them. . . .

And then we found that this was the

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lazy loafing ground of those who were not "in harvest." These were the fortunate. The others were out with the crews. The women, some of them my aunts, were cooking for forty ravenous hands, peeling tubfuls of potatoes and baking pies in batches. The men behaved like men in war time; they slept in their dirt-caked clothes; they went unwashed and unshaved for weeks at a time. Their eyes were blood-shot from chaff, their tempers ragged with the misfortunes of the machinery and the horses that had to co-ordinate to make an efficient combine. They staggered and snarled and gulped their food. If the thermometer rose, the wheat would cook on the stem and a year's desperate work and a year's credit would be lost. And even while they cut and threshed the stuff, the market might go down—if the thermometer did not rise.

The wheat hills were around us; we would never get out. We were buried inland. We were buried in the fact we didn't like to face—that it took a great deal of sodden work just to produce bread. We had escaped that horrid fact in our fruit-bowered Island. Bread was prose, and we had been raised on juicier fare. We liked fruit, not bread, and games and leisure and flowers and blue water. The life of the town was not complicated by such tastes. The town worked in a frenzy or rested in a stupor. The town was divided between the haves and the have-nots—there were those who owed money to the store, borrowed money from the bank and lived on their mortgaged wheat crop; and those who owned the store, the bank and the wheat crop. Half of the town was sold to the other half. The exploitation was an inch by inch battle extending over years. It was a battle of wheat, blood, sweat, and cunning, and it was not pretty.

Many of these matters were hidden from our childish eyes. But soon enough we saw where our family stood. We were in the owned half. The stalwart American who owned us was our uncle who still owed us money. Because long ago we had lent him some money he was soon a jump ahead of his fellow townsmen and then soon possessed several of them. That gave him a taste for the thing—he was a realistic man; he never signed papers unless they were in his favor. We had no papers to show for what he owed to us. When in all good time we returned to the wheat country he let us live in the unfinished house he had acquired, and we became his hired help. So very slowly it became clear.

That August I packed apples in my uncle's warehouse. He paid about six

cents a box if I remember rightly; it took some time before I could pack correctly. After I grew skilful I packed about six boxes a day. There was nothing to see outside the door of the warehouse but a railroad siding, two boxcars, and rows of dusty apple trees. The girls who packed with me were pink-faced and yellow-necked from cheap powder; they talked in thin disguises of who lay under railroad bridges when it got dark; and what she said to him. I didn't understand why they lay there. They soon found out I had never played kissing games.

The day of rest was stultification. Best bib and tucker did not help. The preacher was not eloquent; the music did not lift our eyes up to any hills for the psalmist's help. The church service was like a stream in summer—a thin trickle of religiosity, the drone of singing a little off key, and a grim comment by the most pious on those who stayed away. There was neither refreshment nor change in the tempo. It was just a dusty church and a hot preacher in broadcloth. Sunday had one bright spot. At one o'clock the train from Spokane passed like a streak and the mail clerk threw off my uncle's Sunday paper as it passed. If we children would hunt for it in the weeds we might keep the funnies. The Katzenjammer kids!

Our homesickness waited a few weeks to take complete stock of our situation—and then in that tight little unpainted house came the most violent attack. I woke up one night thinking that I had heard the retreating and advancing whirr of the lawn mower; and I dreamed of the sound of the water sprinklers jetting as they whirled circles of silver on the ferns by the house. The smell of fresh-cut grass was the odor of home. That persisted as something right and natural after all the exotic perfumes of white flowers faded from memory. We thought of the wide cool home in Hawaii, with its clean matting floors and the verandah where the passion vine curled. And there were sudden brilliant recollections of little pictures framed by a pleasant relief—the water then ran every evening in fresh rivulets down the garden side, the freshly swept coral walks sprinkled with the light pollen of algaroba bloom. How we missed the sea we had taken for granted! How brilliantly we saw the waves, rolling at that very moment in to shore—the great blue combers racing, necks arched, the surf blowing back like manes in the wind of their own making. We had been poor in Hawaii, too. We lived with people owned by a system; but our poverty and theirs had not been abject. It had not cut us off from human exchange. We were not a community armed to the teeth with suspicion and envy. Flowers and sky were amiable and so were we.

And conversely there seemed now to be some connection between the quality of the land outside the fly-specked window and the people who lived with us in this mysterious knot we called the town. The dry rustle of corn in the hot wind had an unfriendly sound. Would the land and the people always reject us? When we were quarantined in the Islands under suspicion of the black plague, our neighbors put a pot of tea and a plate of cakes through the picket fence. We were always finding a pile of sugar cane, or a heap of mangoes, on the kitchen porch, impersonal thanks for bandaged feet and medicine. We were always being thanked in delicate ways for things we did as a matter of course, since only we had the doctor book, and the drug supply of the little community. If we went to the mountains to pick guavas, the Portuguese children trooped beside us to help fill our pails, and we came home with the leis they made for us, just for fun. The Chinaman who sold his truck to my mother made jokes in pidgin English every morning, as a matter of sheer politeness. My parents worked and we children played in a community of dark faces that always smiled.

Here with our own people it was harder to be human. Our boss uncle

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dealt with us, and the town watched. He wanted discipline; he wanted to see us knuckle down. We had been away in a lazy pagan paradise. Luck had caught us off guard. That situation the town enjoyed. Gradually we found how they felt about us: *We told you so. You couldn't settle down and work with your hands like the rest of us. You wanted travel and book learning. You were stuck up and you raised your kids to be stuck up. Well, now look at you. A sick man, wife and three kids! You'll just have to take your medicine.*

When fall came and frosty days, school began. My uncle couldn't find it in his heart to pay us what he owed, but my aunt announced to her sewing circle that she wasn't one to see us go ragged that winter. And so we went to school in the made-over woollens of her charity basket. When we needed groceries and fuel we were allowed to charge on my uncle's bill at the general store. Soon the town passed the word from mouth to mouth that we were living on our relatives.

The first day at high school I was painfully conscious of my short pleated skirt and my braids. The school was a desolate place. I gave up the hope of finding girls for friends who were like Jo and Polly in Louisa May Alcott's books. The prettiest girl there slapped her belted waist and boasted that she had gotten herself down to sixteen inches that morning by pulling her corset strings around the bed post. The girls were all ready for marriage; most of them were paired off and treated as married people. The hectic love making in that high school was as premature and as brief as the spring that came early to those hills and died after a breath. When I tried to make friends with the girls near me snubs and snickers told me where I stood. My clothes were funny; my talk was funny; and it was whispered that I had lived in a grass hut with cannibals.

The principal looked like a nice young man. He had come west from a college near St. Louis. He was not like the rest. I hoped for a time when he would help me out—say something gentle to me. He seemed even colder than the rest. He was trying to culture these boys and girls, read them Wendell Phillips's orations and Poe's poems in assembly. They guffawed. He bought Millais' picture of Isabella weeping over the Pot of Basil and hung it behind the platform where a map had been. I began to read Keats's poem; like a famished child I began to read poetry that would make me dizzy with delicious sensations, something to vary the stale diet of plain days. But the principal who stood for so much in my eyes seemed colder and more distant to me than to any of the others. For two years I did not know why I worked under his displeasure. Then he told one of my aunts who told my mother. It seemed that on the second day of school I had been reading and he was interested to see what engrossed me so. I remembered then what I had done; yes, I had borrowed a detective story called *In the Bishop's Carriage* and had read it during all the chilly recesses when no one would speak to me. It was the first sexy thriller I had ever read. When my possible friend, the principal, gumshoed up behind me and saw the title, he shut down on me forever. Nothing I could ever do in that school would convince him that I was a decent girl.

A few funny things happened. My mother used to be called in as a substitute teacher now and then. In the Islands her work had been with the smallest children; what we would call a nursery school now. Well, one day she drove in to take the place of the sick teacher and she faced for the first time in many years a room full of white faces. The school routine went well enough until the late afternoon when the children grew restless and noisy. For relaxation my mother thought she would let them sing. She stood up and put out her hand to quiet them. *"Pau,"* she said, *"Pau, children."* It was her old phrase that meant *stop, hush, attention,* in the Islands. She burst into laughter to see the blank amazement on the faces upturned to her. We all kept doing things like that. But now that I try to remember the other funny things we said and did, I find that they have gone out of memory. My brother and sister told many funny stories on themselves to try to cheer my mother and father at home. But my mother and father did not always think them funny.

I have never written about that town in my prose stories or used images from its life in poetry—except once when I addressed the town as a foul bitch and then decided I'd better quit. But somehow everything I have done since I escaped it has remembered its existence. It seems to be the active source of many convictions. It told me what to work against and what to work for. To escape it seemed necessary. Still mine was only a partial escape. Grant Wood draws those faces now; he knows those people. Sinclair Lewis told a story familiar to my adolescent rebellion in *Main Street;* Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, and Edgar Lee Masters put some more of it down in their books. Still, it does not do to escape, if you leave your own people behind. A lonely, unsatisfactory performance, getting free of the family, the plain folks, who speak the vernacular and tell the stories you used to hear at bedtime. If that's the American reality—and it seems by many testimonies to be—then how futile to leave and walk off into another dream, the dream of beyond-the-horizon, the delusion of pioneers!

The broken finger nails on the stubby hands of those people! The envy and scorn for all trades that differed from their kind of toil; the disgust for all other skills; the malignant hatred of all desire that did not have money for its object! Was it for this that the intrepid crossed the plains and the Rockies? To make this life! What a sorry life! Based on mass panic and fear of a whole complex of things in a civilized world. Foreigners, first and foremost: Chinks, Wops, Polacks, Swedes, Huns, Frogs—ridicule at one end, lynching at the other. City people, smart folks, gentle folks, stuck-up people—freeze 'em out. Book learning, scientific ideas, the higher criticism—down with it, it's immoral. Innocent pleasures, beauty, joy of life, wine, pictures, music. So you're getting too good for us plain folks, are you!

What if they had read Tolstoy's *What Is Art?* Were they condemning the pastimes of the bourgeois, the parasitic? Don't you believe it! They hated arts and sciences and culture because even the meanest examples of them imply group life. They were a deadish lot; individualism, the creed of their fathers, had starved them.

I think of my uncle as a representative of the extreme case. Individual greed was so justified in that small world that it permitted exploitation inside the family. There was no frontier of hope; no one took for granted natural love of his fellows. "This," they said

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as they slopped slop for their hogs, "This is life! Damn anybody who gets away."

When I read *Winesburg, Ohio,* and *Main Street* and *Spoon River* years later I saw a clearer pattern. When I lived in that town I was sixteen years old; and I had never played kissing games. I could not see what went on beneath the surface. I could not make sense of what I saw. An older person is less baffled in a small town. He sees deep enough into the human heart to give him some life story. The lives that fill Spoon River and Winesburg have enough violence to destroy the passive blank of what I witnessed. My mother and father had lost their taste for small-town poison. And so I was denied even that reality with which to cut the surface. If you have no other quickening, and you take drops of gossip for years, your appetite grows. You love crumbs of the truth, even if it is hideous and distorted. And you run to meet gossip. It will cut down the massive pretense in which you live. But if you have not needed it for your daily diet you develop an aversion for thinking the darkest things of your fellows. And so my mother and father were not consumed with an interest to know who knocked up the deacon's daughter or why the midwife of the town was so prosperous. Trips to Walla Walla did not fill them with vicarious sex. They were indifferent and stuck up.

And very poor. My father grafted pear sprouts onto twigs and waxed them, working at home in the kitchen, coughing and drooping, an old man suddenly. Once during our darkest time, our uncle prayed as he stood at the communion table for those who had had to be brought low because of their pride. Our faces burned. He was praying for us in public.

It was a beautiful snowy morning, perfect for sleigh-riding. We had no sleigh and the horse had died of old age. Suddenly we heard sleigh bells jingling over the hard white earth. How joyous! How unlike this place! But when the sleigh came near we saw our pious uncle. And what do you think he had come for? In his bran new cutter with his team of beautiful blacks, my uncle had come to take the three children of his poor sick brother out sleigh-riding! Ah, but we had learned passive resistance. *No,* we said, poking at snow with the toes of our shoes. *No.* And he jingled away, softly, softly, over the snow.

We had some relatives who deserved a better name. There was a whimsical uncle who told Paul Bunyan stories. The town whispered that he belonged to the I. W. W. Once I remember he got drunk. That was after forty days on a harvester. He was utterly lovable. The town said with satisfaction that he would go to the dogs. We had two other uncles, very nice ones who did not run with the town. One had gone to the Philippines as a soldier and came home sick with tropical dysentery. He had a beautiful, gentle wife named Barbara and two beautiful children and a Saint Bernard dog. The town said he would never amount to shucks and he never did. He was a nice man, resigned to failure. The other uncle was a vast creature as hearty as the day—extravagant. He had six sons. He made jokes and filled a room with pleasure whenever he walked in. He bought horses for his sons to ride; and trained them to be hard with themselves and gentle with people; but he borrowed money on his next wheat crop and got all mixed up with the bank, buying linoleum and a modern sink for his wife, who was extravagant, too. The town got him, but his sons went to college.

"Sis," he told my mother, driving his spanking pair out to the debt-clouded farm, "I tell you, you'll never get it. You didn't ask for his name on paper and it's an outlawed debt. Don't you suppose he knew?"

We made a few friends, slowly. After a while the brightest boy in town gave me a copy of Shakespeare and Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies.* It was spring at last. The town was sweet with locust bloom; thorny trees snowing blossoms where bees in vast armies worked for harvest! For lo! the long winter is past and the spring is come, we all seemed to sing. And the meadow larks carolled down the railroad track on our way to school. If that hill that could be seen from the kitchen window had not been planted to winter wheat, had not stayed green all winter, my mother said, in a moment of confidence, if it had not—she could not have kept from going crazy. The swift, brief spring deluded us and told us lies about our little world. My admirer was going to college. When he came up the railroad track one spring night to call on me, the town hoodlums chased him back with blank cartridge shots. "How he ran!" they laughed the next day, slapping their thighs, wild with spring lust. And my boss-uncle warned my stooping father that I would go the way of all the girls in that town if he let me out walking with my admirer.

I have a farm in Vermont now which I do not farm. And I earn my living in Vermont; I am a teacher, like my parents. The farm is a wild place; I bought it because it had a western look—not the west of the wheat hills, but the west of timber and rushing water which I continue to love. It lies about fifteen miles from Londonderry where some of my people were buried more than a hundred years ago. The best that my people went west for could have been found fifteen miles from their doorsteps, I think.

The New Englanders in the little town where I buy groceries and gas are the children of the people who did not go west. They are a tired people, but they are gentle; there is little greed in them; their lives are modest and they make a human community. I have been looking for a good community for many years, in my own country. I found it in New York for a while. Then I found it in Connecticut where I lived after I was married; and I saw it spoiled by a writer or two who cheated our neighbors and wrote them up as country bumpkins. I knew when that happened that I did not agree with my group of fellow-writers that it was all right to out-wit and exploit farmers who shared with them. But this was the doctrine of writers returned from Paris in the dark ages, the 1920's.

It is quite necessary to have land, even if it is only worth three dollars an acre. I am not a true member of my Vermont community, of course, because I do not live as my neighbors do, by work on the land. This article is its only crop to date; if I sell it I can make the next payment.

I wonder if that little town near Walla Walla has changed? Gas stations, radios, ten-cent stores, of course. But has it changed? How do the farmers talk? Have the banks taken the best land? Do the farmers ever strike? Have the Swedes come in yet? Do the children read poetry?

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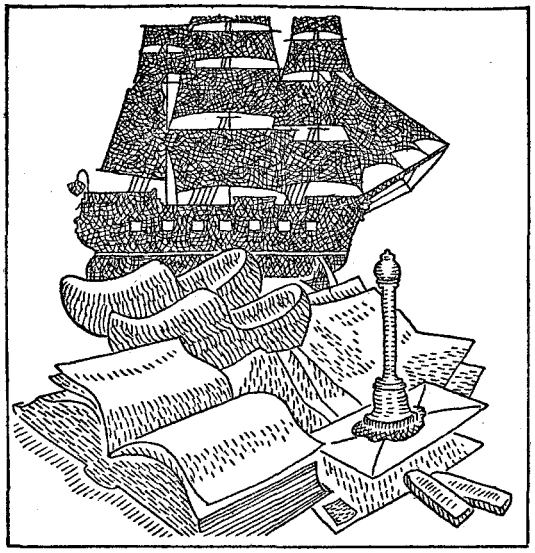
AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps

A new Brontë edition . . . Books of 1894 and 1934 . . . Mrs. Wharton's Memoirs . . . Wodehouse and Youth . . . War Manners A. D. 268



At last appears the long and eagerly awaited Shakespeare Head Edition of the Brontë poems, two tall patrician volumes: *The Poems of Emily Jane Brontë and Anne Brontë,* and *The Poems of Charlotte Brontë and Patrick Branwell Brontë.* To paraphrase the old hymn,

> This is the book I long have sought,
> And mourned because I found it not.

The publication of these works is the fulfillment of a dream; because they are in every respect what they ought to be. You would know that anyhow, even if you had not seen them, so long as you knew the names of the editors—Thomas James Wise and John Alexander Symington. You can rely on the text, both when printed from previous editions and when printed for the first time. Bibliographies are furnished and facsimiles of the manuscripts. How economical those Brontës were of paper! It takes a magnifying glass for me to read Emily's hand.

The first poem I turned to was Emily's heart-shattering *Remembrance,* the greatest poem any one of the four ever wrote,

"Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee," one of the most passionate love-poems in the whole range of literature.

A few years ago G. F. Bradby expressed the opinion that it could not refer to a real person; that it was purely fictitious and imaginary. He was probably right; this volume seems to prove he was right. When the poem first appeared in print, 1846, it was printed from a manuscript dated by Emily March, 1845. But now I learn there is another manuscript, dated March 3, 1845, with no title to the poem, but headed "R. Alcons to J. Brenzaida," which indicates that it belongs to the so-called Gondal cycle. "R. Alcons is the 'Rosina,' and J. Brenzaida is the 'Julius' (King Julius of Angora) of the poems." The differences in the two manuscripts are shown in the present text.

To those who are more interested in biographical data than in the creative imagination, it will perhaps be a disappointment to learn that this tremendous poem of passion expresses an imaginary love for an imaginary person. I can only say that I don't care in the least. Emily *lived in her imagination.* That life was more real to her than the moors of Yorkshire. The only fact of any real importance to subsequent generations is the fact that she wrote the poem.

But I am interested, and amazed, that when Charlotte, two years after Emily's death, got out a new edition of *Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey,* "with a Biographical Notice of the Authors, A Selection from their Literary Remains, and a Preface," although she included eighteen poems by Emily, she did *not* include *Remembrance.* This could not have happened from any lack of appreciation of her sister's genius; we owe to Charlotte the first publication of Emily's poems (1846) and the second (1850). She said, "I know no woman that ever lived ever wrote such poetry before."

Do you suppose it was because she thought the poem would be taken as too confessional? But Emily herself had included it in the first published volume. I am afraid she thought it was not quite so good as some of the others.

When Emily herself prepared the poem for publication in the 1846 volume, she made several changes in the manuscript, the most significant of which seems to me to be the line

> Over the mountains, on that northern shore,

which in the March 3 manuscript was

> Over the mountains on Angora's shore.

Apparently she realized it was too great a poem for definite even if imaginary geography.

And yet—and yet—is it just possible she *did* have some Man in mind, and put Angora and the Alcons, as part of the game with her sisters, not believing it would ever be published? and then, when it became necessary to print it, she removed the nonsensical trappings, and spoke for herself? When she wrote this poem, she was twenty-six years old.

Anne's poems are not very remarkable, and those chosen by Charlotte are really hymns; they display more piety than poetry. I like better than any of the selections Anne's *Lines Composed in a Wood on a Windy Day.* It is remarkable how those sisters, so frail and ill, rejoiced in roaring, icy gales.

Charlotte began writing at the age of eight; and probably thereafter wrote something every day. When she was thirteen, she "entered into a literary partnership with her brother Branwell," aged twelve; and they kept this up for nine or ten years. As our editors say, it is rather sad that when Charlotte persuaded her two sisters to join in the

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authorship of the first volume of poems, 1846, she should have left her brother out altogether; the one with whom she had been most closely associated in authorship. The editors suggest it may have been because they thought he could not keep the secret; he had been the first of the four children to see his work in print. "His poem, 'The Afghan War' was printed in *The Leeds Intelligencer* on May 7, 1842."

In the next century Branwell's chronic bad luck held; for as late as 1911 some of his own poems were printed as Emily's!

In this new volume there are assembled and selected for the first time Branwell's poems, "and we hope that it will prove that he was not by any means as degenerate as Mrs. Gaskell and many subsequent Brontë biographers have made out."

The poetry of Charlotte is not very remarkable, but like her stories, it is interesting; her sense of the dramatic appears repeatedly.

Branwell's poems have many fine lines but there is no completed masterpiece. On a manuscript of his short poem *Memory* he wrote, "I am more terrifically and infernally and idiotically and brutally STUPID than ever I was in the whole course of my incarnate existence. The above precious lines are the fruits of one hour's most agonizing labor between ½ past 6 and ½ past 7 in the evening of Wednesday, July 1836." And in 1910 this poem was published as Emily's!

For the convenience of the reader, here is the chronology:

Charlotte, born April 21, 1816: died March 31, 1855.
Branwell, born June 7, 1817: died September 24, 1848.
Emily, born July 30, 1818: died December 19, 1848.
Anne, born January 17, 1820: died May 28, 1849.

All who can possibly afford it will secure a copy of the Shakespeare Head Brontë while it is possible; readers who cannot afford to buy had perhaps better not see the books, for they will break the tenth commandment.

Forty years ago, the year 1894 was remarkable for the number of excellent novels that appeared during that twelvemonth. *Trilby, Lord Ormont and His Aminta, Esther Waters, The Ebb Tide, The Jungle Book, The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson, The Prisoner of Zenda, Under the Red Robe, Life's Little Ironies, Pembroke, Marcella,* are not yet forgotten; and it may be that this year of grace 1934 will be memorable for its prose fiction; for although at this moment of writing it is only "seven months gone," it has already seen the birth of *Work of Art, The Mother, Lamb in His Bosom, So Red the Rose, Years Are So Long, Once a Wilderness, The Unforgotten Prisoner, James Shore's Daughter, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Captain Nicholas,* while it is certain that some of our foremost novelists in England and in America will produce something this autumn.

The real difference between 1894 and 1934 will be manifest to all my readers; the novels of the former year are still read, still remembered—and who knows what will be the fate of this year's crop? But I cannot recall any year when so many fine *American* novels appeared as in 1934. Of the eleven 1894 novels mentioned above, only two were American; but this year has already seen five American novels on strictly American themes, and which interpret American life.

So Red the Rose, its title taken from Omar Khayyam,

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled,

is assuredly the best novel Stark Young has ever written. His style always has distinction; it makes everything he writes worth reading, simply for the beauty and charm of his language. But in this novel of the days before and during and immediately after the Civil War, Mr. Young has recreated a whole civilization; the people are real—astonishingly real—they spring to life in these magic pages; and there are so many of them! Old and young, men and women, youths and maidens, boys and girls, children. They are differentiated, sharply individualized; his task was all the more difficult, for there are few eccentrics, few sensational events; it is daily life and human nature that supply the interest and the long novel does not sag anywhere in its four hundred pages. I think the imagined characters are better than the historical ones; but that may be because we all have in our minds well-defined images of Grant, Sherman, Lee, and others.

So Red the Rose is a work of art that assumes intelligence in the reader. Mr. Young is unlike many other novelists, in two respects. Many others stoop to conquer; and many others would stoop if they could; but they are stuck so deeply already in the slime that they cannot further descend.

Anthony Trollope in his *Autobiography* said that if a certain character he had drawn was not a gentleman, then he did not know how to draw one. In Stark Young's novel, the Head of the House of McGehee seems to me the ideal Southern gentleman, and yet he is an absolutely real person.

I rejoice that the Pulitzer Prize was given to *Lamb in His Bosom,* by Caroline Miller. This is another novel of the South, and earlier in its setting than *So Red the Rose.* It came as a splendid surprise; the author is the wife of a superintendent of schools in Georgia. She is young, she was born at Waycross, near the source of the Sewanee River and the Florida line; she must have had innumerable conversations with old people and read many letters. This is a story of the pioneer farmers in Georgia, not so far from the sea, and with the Civil War cloud in the distance, that Webster saw so clearly in 1830 and by his noble, wise, and patriotic speech in 1850, succeeded in postponing for one more decade. In *Lamb in His Bosom* successive generations struggle with the soil; what fine people they are! How they worked! And weren't you glad to see that manifold mother marry the minister? Although there are shown plenty of tragedies, continual back-breaking hard work, superfluous and unwanted babies paid for with agony, yet somehow life is good; and these people met its difficulties and its horrors with uncomplaining resolution. Many of the folks in Georgia today can thank God that they came from such sound stock.

Once a Wilderness, by Arthur Pound, lacks the distinction of style commanded by Stark Young, and his book, covering a later and less picturesque period, lacks the epic grandeur of *Lamb in His Bosom.* But I read it with steady attention and continual delight, because it is the record of a time and a place I know well. The place is a county in the State of Michigan; the

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time is just before and after 1900, when the agricultural districts were losing their young men to the automobile factories of Detroit and Pontiac. The story centres around Captain John Mark and "Mark Section," his magnificent farm, where, like Abraham of old, he is surrounded by his family, his flocks and his herds. Although a Yankee, I have been spending my summers in Michigan for more than fifty years; and I can bear witness to the truthfulness of Mr. Pound's story, both in its characters and in its scenes. Captain Mark ought to live in American literature.

Here then are three American novels whose "actions smack of the soil." They are absolutely American, in character, setting, material, spirit; they owe nothing to foreign influences. We have every reason to be proud of them and of their authors; and if Europeans or Asiatics wish to know the truth about certain sections of American life in the nineteenth and twentieth century, these are the novels they should read. I'll wager they won't.

Years Are So Long, by Josephine Lawrence, is a novel of savage intensity, which no reader is likely to forget, no matter how earnestly he might wish to do so. Although its scenes are laid in the United States, and its people are quite contemporary Americans, the tragedy has a universal poignancy, and might happen anywhere in the world. It is remarkable that Miss Lawrence can hurt the heart of the reader so cruelly, without recourse to abnormalities or astounding episodes. Of all the characters in the story, not one is a monster, although even God will find it hard to forgive them. They are all little people, ordinary in thought and speech, going about the trivialities of daily existence in normal fashion. But there is this also to be said; for if it were not so, the tragedy might not have happened. There is not a single person in the book, young or old, who has real intelligence; some of them have a kind of low, animal cunning. There is not a single person whose death would be an economic loss; or whom any friend or enemy would long remember.

The opening of the story reminds us of *King Lear* in the proposition of the father that he and his wife take turns living with their respective married children; and his awakening from this pleasant dream is like that of Shakespeare's king.

Hardly any new novel will arouse more discussion and debate than this one; because, while I cannot speak for the author's intention, many vital questions become importunate. What is the duty of parents to their children? of children to their parents? can crabbed age and youth ever live together? what is wrong with the hearts and minds of these people? what ought the reader to do about it?

It is a pleasure to turn from this collection of morons to Edith Wharton's autobiography, called *A Backward Glance,* the title taken from Walt Whitman. Here, from first page to last, one moves among the *élite*. And by that word, I mean not only social luminaries, though she was born and bred in that particular brier-patch, but persons of high intelligence. Indeed this book might be called "Edith Wharton and Her Friends." They are nearly all masculine. Even as Helen Wills learned to beat all other women in the world at tennis, because she practised the game only with men—so Edith Wharton surpassed most other women writers by continual association with the more powerful minds of males. Naturally Henry James fills a large place in this story; but so do Paul Bourget, W. C. Brownell, Edward Burlingame, Jean Cocteau, Walter Berry, Clyde Fitch, Percy Lubbock, Charles Eliot Norton, Theodore Roosevelt, Howard Sturgis, Lord Haldane, Egerton Winthrop, while great writers, Thomas Hardy, George Moore, Sir George Trevelyan, also come into the picture. She never says she prefers the society of men; she does not have to; the fact is evident. I am surprised (a little) and pleased (very much) to see a woman with her capacity for ironical scorn—so often displayed in her novels—exhibit such friendliness to the world and bear such testimony. "Everywhere on my path I have met kindness and furtherance." Although she is no optimist, she says she is *born happy every morning*. "Life is the saddest thing there is, next to death; yet there are always . . . a thousand little daily wonders to marvel at and rejoice in. . . . The visible world is a daily miracle for those who have eyes and ears; and I still warm my hands thankfully at the old fire, though every year it is fed with the dry wood of more old memories."

As a devout Scribnerian, I am glad to see how much she owed to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, its editors and its publishers, and how gracefully she says so.

President Nicholas Murray Butler's latest book, *Between Two Worlds,* is masterly in its diagnosis of our present ills, and in its suggested remedies. Every thoughtful American and European can learn something valuable from these collected addresses. They are words of wisdom. The association of all English-speaking peoples, a consummation devoutly to be wished, is not only discussed, but full credit is given to Henry George for suggesting it many years ago. In his speech at the annual meeting of the Pilgrims, President Butler said the words of Henry George were "prophetic in insight and prophetic in appeal."

> Almost by accident I came, a few days ago, upon a very extraordinary sentence which I had never before heard or read, but which I submit in your presence is prophetic in high degree. "Is it too soon to hope that it may be the mission of this Republic to unite all nations of English speech, whether they grow beneath the Northern Star or Southern Cross, in a league, which, by insuring justice, promoting peace and liberating commerce will be the forerunner of a world-wide federation that will make war the possibility of a past age and turn to works of usefulness the enormous forces now dedicated to destruction?"
>
> Those words were spoken in San Francisco, Calif., on Independence Day, 1877, by the late Henry George, who, within nine years thereafter, came within a few thousand votes of being elected Mayor of the City of New York. I submit, my fellow Pilgrims, that although those words go back over half a century, they are prophetic in their insight and prophetic in their appeal. For if a given political philosophy and the institutions built upon that philosophy are challenged, who is to defend them and expound them if not the peoples whose institutions and philosophy they are?
>
> Shall we sit still indefinitely and let the world drift with all which that may mean, or shall we concern ourselves with the task of leadership in a broken and impoverished and war-torn world? Shall we lead, or shall we sit and watch and wait and take the consequences?

I have often wished to own a copy of *Moses,* by Henry George. I heard him give this as a lecture when I was a boy. I am deeply grateful to his daughter, Mrs. Anna George de Mille, of New York, for sending me a copy. Although I heard Henry George deliver the lecture more than fifty years ago, this is the first time I have read it. It is inspiring, full of stimulating ideas, and a work of literary art. It is now available in a single tiny volume.

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I salute a young poet, Charles Henry Tenney, whose first volume of verse, *Requiem for the Living,* contains such promise as to inspire hope and faith in his future eminence. This book is

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under-
world,

whilst *First and Last* by Ring Lardner, is

Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge.

Yet in the contents of the former book there is more sadness than in those of the latter; as befits their titles and moods. This posthumous book by our American novelist gives specimens of his work throughout his career. It has his unique characteristics.

I am very glad to see an American edition of Archibald Marshall's autobiography, called *Out and About.* The frontispiece is a beguiling photograph of the triumvirate, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, and Maurice Baring; and the contents of the book are like excellent conversation. They concern mainly Mr. Marshall's career as a journalist; he came in contact with many interesting individuals.

I was delighted to get the following letter from Robert L. Bates, of Maplewood, N. J. His poem is worthy to be called *Silex Scintillans.*

At the end of your short review of Wodehouse's *Thank You, Jeeves,* in July SCRIBNER'S there is evidence of the appalling fact that you do not consider him good reading for the young (just how young you do not say). I have always firmly believed that The Old Master was very juicy reading for persons of any age, and my feeling in the matter has led to the composition of the following *parvum opus:*

Doctor William Lyon Phelps,
I raise indignant yelps
At a crack of yours in SCRIBNER'S for July—
I don't agree a bit
That Wodehouse isn't fit
For reading by the youngsters, such as I.

Oh, Doctor William Lyon
If you have a youthful scion
Who has never made acquaintanceship with
Jeeves,
Or can't quote Mr. Mulliner,
I think he will be sullener
Than if he knows the tales that Wodehouse
weaves.

So, my dear old Doctor,
Do not act the proctor,
Proscribing P. G. for the younger set.
Surely Bertie's "Oh, ah?"
Is quite as good as Noah—
And they'll find it more amusing, you can
bet.

Me, I haven't any children as yet, but if and when I do I'd a dern sight rather raise them on Wodehouse than, say the Sunbonnet Babies or the Five Little Peppers.

I think some maturity is needed fully to appreciate the glories of Wodehouse. The young admire Hotspur, but cannot understand either Falstaff or his popularity.

From Mrs. Henry B. Frickel, of Wichita, Kan.:

In the May issue of SCRIBNER'S, which I am just now reading, I notice a letter telling of the word "godling," used apparently as I have heard a word used when I was a child.

In the case I mention, the sentence quoted by the filling-station attendant to Mr. Owen Moore would have been as follows, "go till you see a road leading off to your left and running 'anti-godlin' with the highway."

"Anti-godling" and "godling" then, apparently mean "diagonally."

The French and German Dictionaries by Bellows are by far the best and most convenient I have ever seen. I was saying so one day, and the following interesting and valuable letter came from H. B. Hastings (Harvard, 1891), of Washington, D. C.:

I want to thank you for bringing to the attention of others the wonderful Bellows Dictionaries. But you made a slip when you said it was first prepared in 1912. When I went to Germany in 1889 I carried a copy of (I think) the 2nd edition, of the fine printed, and some years later I was present at an Alumni Dinner in Memorial Hall just after Harvard had given John Bellows an honorary degree for this very dictionary, and I had the pleasure of thanking the old Quaker for his labor of love in preparing it.

One word I failed to find in it! I was tramping along the Loire, and, having a knapsack, was detained at the little village of Mer, on suspicion of being a German spy. After some questioning the chef remarked:

"Vous êtes roublard,"

"Plait-il?"

"Ah, 'Plait-il'—vous comprenez assez bien."

"Oui, mais il y a des mots"

"Oui, il y a des mots." (Ironically.)

But I assured him I did not know *roublard,* and having Bellows' dictionary with me, I tried to find the word. In vain. Then he looked in his own dictionary with the same result. (Later I found it in the supplement to Littré.) "Foxy" seems to be the equivalent.

I had bought 2nd hand a cheap paper copy of Descartes' *Discours sur la Méthode,* and had read about a page. When I was asked to open my knapsack this booklet appeared.

"Ah ha! vous lirez Descartes?"

"Oui." (I didn't think it needful to say much or how little.)

Then he informed me that Descartes was born near there, and he seemed pleased that a visitor from so far away should carry with him for reading a local celebrity. My examination went easier after that and I was soon told I might go.

While you are on the subject of dictionaries you might mention some good slang dictionaries—if any.

When you reach *Esperanto* in your list you will, of course, mention The Edinburgh Dictionary (T. Nelson & Sons), and Edward A. Millege's wonderful Dictionary Esperanto-English (London E. Benn).

I recommend *A Thesaurus of Slang,* by H. N. Rose, published 1934.

Speaking of Esperanto, Robinson Smith, of Nice, France, sends me the following report of a conversation: *Mother.* "My daughter speaks all the languages." "Esperanto?" "Like a native."

Mr. Hastings's mention of his having a copy of *Discours sur la Méthode,* by Descartes, reminds me that my copy of that book was given to me at a Paris bookstall on August 19, 1890, by my beloved teacher and friend, Doctor W. R. Martin.

THE FAERY QUEENE CLUB

Professor Charles M. Andrews, in *The Yale University Library Gazette,* describes a copy of Spenser which has just been acquired by the Yale University Library:

There has recently come into the possession of the University an edition of the poems of Edmund Spenser bearing the date 1611. This volume belonged by tradition to Henry Dunster, the first president of Harvard College, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of the tradition. It became the property of Hannah, the last surviving daughter of Isaiah Dunster, the great-grandson of the president, and by her was given to Captain Josiah Smith of Hanson, Mass., through one of whose descendants it was acquired by the donor, Mr. Robert H. Schutz of Hartford.

The latest member to join the F. Q. Club is Helen R. Thornburg, of Lakefield, Minn., a student at Macalester College, St. Paul. She is impressed by the frequent echoes of Spenser in the poetry of Keats.

Señor Oliver-Brachfeld, editor of *Europa,* published at Barcelona, Spain, writes me the following highly interesting letter:

Muy señor mio y distinguido compañero:

Por referencias de prensa me entero de un articulo suyo . . . con la indicaciòn de las 15 mejores novelas publicadas ante la fecha de 1884.

Encuentro faltar en la interesante lista el "Quijote." "Huckleberry Finn" me encantò en mi infancia; sin embargo, dudo mucho de si esta obra, o "La carta purpùrea" de Hawthorne (que ni he tenido el gusto de conocer hasta la fecha, lo confieso), pueden medirse con la extraordinaria creaciòn de Cervantes, modelo del género, segun unànime opiniòn de

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los especialistas, entre otros Georg LUKACS, uno de los mèjores "estéticos" del género.

Le quedaria, pues, muy agradecido, si tuviera la bondad de communicarme los motivos que le hacìan inclinar mas hacia las indicadas obras, con completa exclusion—ya que de olvido no puede tratarse en persona de la solvencia cientifica de Vd.—del QUIJOTE.

Me gustaria poder publicar su respuesta en la revista "EUROPA" que dirijo.

Muy atte. le saluda su atto. affmo. s.s. q.e.s.m.

I explained to my distinguished colleague that my list was meant to include only so-called modern novels, of the last two hundred years or so. *Don Quixote* would of course have to be included in the great romances of the world.

As illustrating the fact that cruelty in war is not a recent method, although made by modern inventions to cover a wider area, I was sent the following statement in Latin, and not having the remotest idea where it came from, I appealed to Professor George Lincoln Hendrickson of Yale, who writes:

"It is found in the *Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ,* edited and translated by David Magie, vol. III, p. 85 (ch. 9, 9). The author is Trebellius Pollio, and I transcribe the whole passage, since the piece you sent me has omitted some words."

Here follows the Latin in turn followed by the translation of the complete passage:

Non mihi satisfacies, si tantum armatos occideris, quos et fors belli interimere potuisset.

Perimendus est omnis sexus virilis, si et senes atque impuberes sine reprehensione nostra occidi possent.

Occidendus est quicumque male voluit.

Lacera, occide, concide.

From Gallienus to Verianus. You will not satisfy me if you kill only armed combatants, for these even chance could have killed in the war. You must slay every male, that is, if old men and immature boys can be put to death without bringing odium upon us. You must slay all who have wished me ill, slay all who have spoken ill of me, the son of Valerian, the father and brother of so many princes. Ingenuus has been created emperor! Therefore mutilate, kill, slaughter, see that you understand my purpose and show your anger with that spirit which I am showing, I who have written these words with my own hand.

I am happy to remind my readers that the author of this letter was murdered by his own troops. Gallienus was Roman Emperor from 260 to 268 A.D. It seems interesting to me, that whilst we have made so many changes and improvements in other matters, in settling international differences we still use exactly the same methods that were antiquated in 268 A.D.

In the list of Pulitzer Prize Playwrights I inadvertently omitted the name of Zona Gale, who was awarded the prize for *Miss Lulu Bett,* the drama she made from her novel. I was on the Committee that year.

WHAT IS WRONG?

I refer not to any moral delinquency, but to the use of the English language in *The Detroit Free Press* for July 22. "When Dr. Margold was flaunted at his doorstep by the first Mrs. Margold three years ago," etc.

THE FANO CLUB

Hugh Rose, Jr. (Yale 1932), of Mexico City, saw the famous picture at Fano in June, 1933, and Robert L. Childs (Yale 1934) saw it in July, 1934.

THE ANTHONY ADVERSE CLUB

J. Herbert Ward, of the Science Department of the Classical High School in Providence, R. I., read the book aloud to Mrs. Ward. "I wouldn't stop for the world. One cannot get the beauty of the descriptions unless this is done."

The Reverend Doctor Edward Henry Eckel, formerly Rector of Christ Church, Warrensburg, Mo., writes:

My attention having been called to the mention of an "Anthony Adverse Club" on page 373 of the May number, eligibility to membership lying apparently only in the fact of one's having read the whole of *Anthony Adverse* aloud to some member of the family, I am wondering about this "club" and would like to have more information. So far as reading *A. A.* aloud, etc., as above I have not only first read the book through to myself, and then again all through to my wife, but I have read some parts many times, and afterwards given reviews and critical lectures on this book in thirteeen separate occasions in half as many towns and communities and before several different kinds of audiences. "What lack I yet" for eligibility? But if admitted to such a select fellowship, what follows? What are the dues and the duties? "What price glory?" Tell me about the A. A. Club before thrusting me in. And what must one do to get out again?

Alas, I had to explain to Doctor Eckel that over the door of the building yet to be erected by the A. A. Club will be engraved in letters of fire

LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA, VOI CH' ENTRATE

It is difficult to get into the A. A. Club, but it is impossible to get out. The words of Dante (tr. T. W. Duncan) also describe what may be heard within the enclosure of the Club.

"Sighs, laments, and loud wailings . . . Strange tongues, horrible language, cries of pain, angry tones, voices shrill and hoarse, and beating of the hands."

Tecumseh S. Fitch (Yale 1931 Sheff.) sent me from England the following, saying, "Well, London liked it."

"The General's sick!"
"What's wrong with the General?"
"Oh, things in general."

Robinson Smith (Yale 1898) sent me from Nice, France, the following: A Paris dentist pulled out only half the tooth, exclaiming *"Quelle tragédie!"* *"Oui,"* assented the agonized Englishwoman, *"une tragédie de Racine, n'est-ce pas?"*

BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH THEIR PUBLISHERS

Those marked with an asterisk are especially suitable for discussion in literary clubs

The Poems of Emily Jane Brontë and Anne Brontë, ed. Wise and Symington. Limited edition. Houghton Mifflin.

The Poems of Charlotte Brontë and Patrick Branwell Brontë (same).

**So Red the Rose,* by Stark Young. Scribners. $2.50.

**Lamb in His Bosom,* by Caroline Miller. Harpers. $2.50.

**Once a Wilderness,* by Arthur Pound. Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y. $2.50.

**Years Are So Long,* by Josephine Lawrence. Stokes. $2.50.

**A Backward Glance,* by Edith Wharton. Appleton Century. $2.50.

**Between Two Worlds,* by Nicholas Murray Butler. Scribners. $2.50.

**Moses, by Henry George.* Robert Schalkenbach Foundation, N. Y. .50.

Requiem for the Living, by C. H. Tenney. 200 copies. Davidson Press, N. Y.

**First and Last,* by Ring Lardner. Scribners. $2.50.

**Out and About,* by Archibald Marshall. Dutton. $3.50.

Bellows' French Dictionary. Holt. $3.

Bellows' German Dictionary. Holt. $3.

A Thesaurus of Slang, by Howard N. Rose. Macmillan. $1.75.

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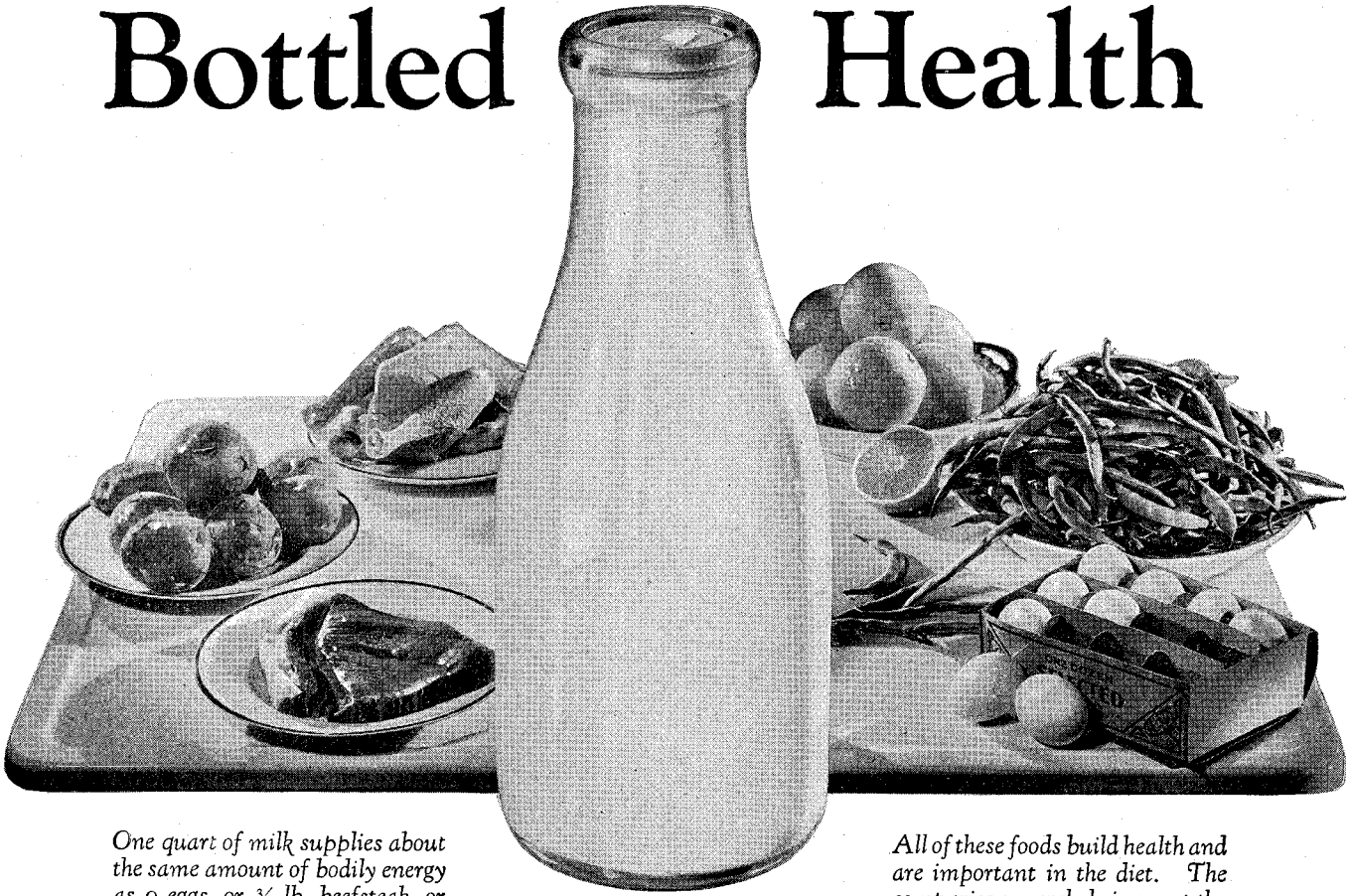
Bottled Health



One quart of milk supplies about the same amount of bodily energy as 9 eggs, or ¾ lb. beefsteak, or 4/5 lb. chicken, or 6½ oranges, or 2 lb. potatoes, or 3 lb. string beans.

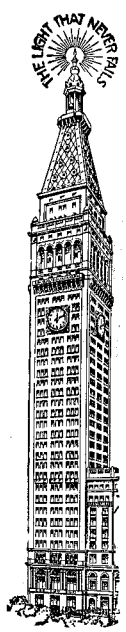
All of these foods build health and are important in the diet. The comparison merely brings out the essential part milk plays in contributing fuel or energy to the diet.

MILK, as an all-round food, is one of the most essential of our everyday foods. Milk gives you much for little. In choosing your foods, be sure that milk is among the first on the list.

For health, milk is conceded to be the almost perfect food. It contains practically all the elements that the human body needs: minerals, vitamins, proteins, sugars and fats —all necessary for building a healthy body and for warding off disease.

The form in which milk is taken is not important. Some persons like it cold. Others take it when they are ready for sleep and prefer it hot. Still others like it better when it is flavored with cocoa or chocolate or used in soups, sauces or desserts.

Milk should not be regarded as a beverage; it is a food. Sip it slowly; get the flavor out of it. Don't use it merely to quench thirst, and don't drink it rapidly. The gastric juice of the stomach causes milk to curdle shortly after you swallow it. If milk is drunk rapidly digestion is likely to be slow and difficult.



Children especially need plenty of milk. Rest has no charm for them. No healthy child will stay parked while awake. He waits a minute or two perhaps, and then he is an acrobat again. An active, growing child must have fuel and building material for his body. Give him good, fresh milk—a quart a day if you can. And give the grown-ups a pint a day. For underweights and convalescents, a quart. For expectant or nursing mothers, a quart.

Milk has unsurpassed food value. To take milk regularly is the surest and easiest way of making certain that you give your body the variety of food materials it needs to keep you in good physical condition.

To know milk as you should know it, ask for a free copy of the Metropolitan booklet "Milk—An All-Round Food." Address Booklet Department 1034-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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Brain-Testers

How many of these questions can you answer?

A few years ago Thomas Beer in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE took the younger generation for a ride in "A Little Exam." Now we give the younger generation an opportunity for revenge. The questions below are the first of a monthly series. They are taken from the College Achievement Test given as part of the study of relations of secondary and higher education conducted by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching in co-operation with a commission of the Association of Pennsylvania College Presidents and the State Department of Public Instruction. (See "Human Waste in the Colleges," by John R. Tunis, September SCRIBNER'S. Next month Mr. Tunis will interpret further the results of the whole study.)

The questions selected are those bearing on general knowledge. They are published by permission of the Co-operative Test Service, which now holds the copyright. In case adults find the going too stiff, answers are published on page 32. In order that these questions may be used for entertainment by a group, we shall be glad to furnish additional sheets upon request accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope. Send your request to The Editors, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Matching Questions

Indicate which of the numbered phrases in the left-hand column best applies to each of the phrases in the right-hand column. Do this by placing the appropriate number in the parentheses to the right of the phrase.

1.

1. Genesis	"I know that my Redeemer liveth."	( )
2. Exodus	"Though you offer me burnt offerings, I will not accept."	( )
3. Deuteronomy	"They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks."	( )
4. Psalms	"Thou shalt save nothing alive that breatheth."	( )
5. Amos	"Thou shalt not kill."	( )
6. Isaiah		
7. Ecclesiastes		
8. Job		

2.

1. Dostoievsky	Virgin Soil	( )
2. Tolstoy	Eugene Oniegin	( )
3. Turgeniev	The Life of Man	( )
4. Chekhov	The Demon	( )
5. Andreiev	Dead Souls	( )
6. Lermontov	The Cherry Orchard	( )
7. Pushkin	Anna Karenina	( )
8. Gogol	Fathers and Sons	( )
	War and Peace	( )
	Crime and Punishment	( )
	The House of the Dead	( )

3.

1. Mr. Prufrock	Triple Fugue	( )
2. Leopold Bloom	St. Mawr	( )
3. Osbert Sitwell	Ulysses	( )
4. Clyde Griffiths	Antic Hay	( )
5. D. H. Lawrence	Of Human Bondage	( )
6. Theodore Gumbril		( )
7. Philip Carey		( )
8. T. S. Eliot		( )

4.

1. Schizophrenia	Delusions of grandeur and persecution.	( )
2. Gestalt	The functioning of a part for a whole.	( )
3. Paranoia	Configurations or perceptual patterns.	( )
4. Redintegration	The impulse to re-establish intra uterine conditions.	( )
5. Chronaxy	Shut-in personality with a tendency toward dissociation.	( )
6. Regression	The time value of a nervous response.	( )
7. Paresis		

Recognition Questions

Indicate which of the alternate responses best completes the given statement. Do this by placing the number of the preferred response in the parenthesis to the right of the statement.

5. The theory of natural selection of C. Darwin means that
1. ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny. 2. the best adapted individuals tend to survive better than the others in the struggle for existence. 3. organisms become adapted by the direct action of the environment. 4. females select the more strikingly decorated males for mating. 5. adaptation results from inheritance of effects of use and disuse. ( )

6. The Sermon on the Mount is contained in the Gospel of
1. Matthew. 2. Mark. 3. Luke. 4. John. ( )

7. Prometheus was punished for
1. bringing fire to men. 2. making improper advances to Hera. 3. attacking the citadel of the gods. 4. revealing the future to Io. ( )

8. Calvinism led to
1. willing obedience to the existing magistrates. 2. constitutional resistance to any government not controlled by Calvinists. 3. an insistence on religious toleration for all creeds. 4. divine right monarchy. ( )

9. Shakespeare portrays all types of humanity except
1. the jealous woman. 2. the saint. 3. the democratic leader. 4. the coward. ( )

10. Shelley declared himself
1. an atheist. 2. a Deist. 3. a Jacobite. 4. a materialist. ( )

11. The most romantic of the following painters is
1. Poussin. 2. Ingres. 3. David. 4. Turner. ( )

12. The number of automobiles in the United States in 1928 is about
(1) 1,000,000. (2) 4,000,000. (3) 9,000,000. (4) 23,000,000. ( )

13. "The Forsyte Saga" is
1. a chronicle of the British upper middle classes. 2. a modernized Norse legend. 3. an epic of a successful man of business. 4. a story of British coal miners on strike. ( )

True-False Questions

If statement is true, place a plus sign in the parenthesis (+); if false, a zero (0).

14. Female birds are usually more brightly colored than males of the same kind. ( )

15. If two straight lines in space are not parallel, they must intersect. ( )

16. It is no more improbable, in playing whist or bridge, that a player should get all thirteen spades than that he should get any other specific hand. ( )

17. Bronze, being an alloy, was first used later than iron. ( )

18. Egyptian architecture employed the colonnade and the clerestory. ( )

19. The coloni were serfs bound to the soil. ( )

20. The Proclamation of 1763 opened the Mississippi Valley to American land speculation. ( )

21. The *Decameron* reveals an inexhaustible fertility of imagination in the invention of novel plots. ( )

22. In Wagner's "Ring" trilogy the same themes recur again and again throughout the operas. ( )

23. The Knights of Labor was the first organization that attempted to unite all industrial laborers in the United States. ( )

24. The two-step is a more recent dance than the waltz. ( )

25. Yellow fever is communicated by contact with afflicted person. ( )

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Have you laid in your share of this Genuine Pre-Prohibition Whiskey?

It's dwindling fast—and it's strictly limited, so better act quickly if you want to reserve some of this true vintage liquor for your own cellar

The famous brands OLD GRAND DAD, SUNNY BROOK *and* MOUNT VERNON *make up the greater part of this special limited stock, but also there are small quantities remaining of* BOURBON *de luxe,* OLD MCBRAYER, BLACK GOLD, BLUE GRASS *and* OLD RIPY

EVERYONE, at least on special occasions, likes to have a few bottles, or cases, of extra-rare old American whiskey on hand.

Unfortunately this will soon be impossible unless you stock up *now.*

The Nation's entire available supply is limited by the fact that it had to be laid down before prohibition to attain vintage age today—and what little remains is rapidly dwindling to the vanishing point—as is ours.

When this diminishing supply of rare old whiskey is exhausted, you will never see any more, as the government requires that whiskey be withdrawn at the end of 8 years from barrels and bottled for purposes of revenue.

Whiskey so rare as this is really "occasion" whiskey — not for the everyday cocktail or highball, but for the unusual occasion

In fact, our famous 16-year-old Old Taylor is now *completely* sold out—showing the way of the wind.*

The rest of this venerable stock includes Sunny Brook and Old Grand Dad—each 16 to 18 years old—and several other mellow old bourbons.*

Also one famous rye—Mount Vernon—12 to 13 years old—and smooth as liquid silk.*

These were names to conjure with before the war, and the few cases that remain, heavily drawn against every day, are prizes of a very rare order.

And while they are a bit costly for everyday service, you'll be proud, in days to come, to bring out a bottle or so for specially favored guests. The government stamp attests their rare age; and a neat glass sniffed or sipped will demonstrate their marvelous bouquet and flavor.

** You'll always be able to call for these famous brand names—and get the finest 4-year-old or older, bottled in bond whiskies in America. Only the very old, prohibition-aged stocks are referred to in this advertisement.*

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● Restoring a Golden Age of music. . . . New phonograph recordings embrace periods of musical expression too frequently overlooked in popular concert programs. . . . You can now recapture the seventeenth century or catch up to the twentieth through your own musical library.

IN exploring tonal vistas of half-forgotten eras, the phonograph has been of tremendous service by perpetuating specimens of rare old music from ancient instruments incapable of being played except by a few specialists —musicians who seldom appear before the general public. An organization of such experts is the American Society of the Ancient Instruments whose records are the subject of this month's column.

This Philadelphia ensemble (a quintet employing the quinton, viole de gamba, viole d'amour, bass viol and harpsichord) directed by Ben Stad, recently made a series of recordings which seem to me the most important discs released during the past few months. Two sets of *Music of Early Composers* will gain for the ensemble a following they could never hope to attain in many years of personal public appearances. And the art of recording small chamber groups being what it is today, it is doubtful if these highly faithful reproductions lose an appreciable degree of the tonal values characteristic of original performances. The music selected forms one of the most rewarding collections of pure music, historically and esthetically important, ever sponsored by the phonograph. Pieces such as these should interest all types of music lovers, and remain for a long time a source of much joy. The distribution follows:

FIRST SET:

Divertissement (Jean Joseph Mouret, 1682–1738).
Chimène (Antonio Gasparo Sacchini, 1734–1788).
Sonata No. 4 in G minor; Adagio (Benedetto Marcello, 1686–1739).
Pavane; Galliard (William Byrd, 1542–1623).
Chaconne (Henry Purcell, 1658–1695).
Suite d'airs de la vielle France (composers unknown—arranged by M. Stad). Victor album No. M215.

SECOND SET:

Quartet for Viols—Fugue in G minor (Girolamo Frescobaldi, 1583–1644).
Air tendre et courante (Jean Baptiste Lully, 1633–1687).
Suite: Country Dance; Jig; Song Tune; Canaries (Purcell).
The Cat's Fugue (Domenico Scarlatti, 1683–1757).
Suite française sur des chansons anciennes (arr. by Albert Perilhou). Victor album No. M216.

II

The musical instruments of three and four hundred years ago are usually considered only as historical curiosities. Perhaps even less attention is paid to the music written for them. Yet the researches of Hayes, Dolmetsch and others have established pretty firmly: first, that the instrumental music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was a perfected art, an ideal adaptation of means to an end; and it was, in itself, worthy to rank with the finest music produced in any age. Second, that the music of the past must be played on the instruments for which it was written, and with contemporary technic; and that any attempt to alter this by adaptation to modern instruments or methods detracts from the artistic value of the performance.

The Dolmetsch family in England has rendered invaluable service to a more comprehensive understanding of musical history; and, through an increasing assortment of their English Columbia phonograph records (cf. *The Columbia History of Music by Eye and Ear,* vol. I), given access to the pleasures of much unfamiliar yet absorbing art. To a much slighter extent this work has been carried on, in behalf of early eighteenth-century music in particular, by the Casadesus family in Paris whose records have also been a source of special enlightenment.

The American organization should be ranked with the Casadesus group rather than with the Dolmetsch atelier. While the latter inclines to interpret Purcell and Byrd music on the very instruments for which these works were written, the Paris and Philadelphia ensembles prefer to play arrangements, utilizing the combination remarked above, of what may have been originally a virginal piece or a composition for a consort of viols (descriptions of the five archaic instruments will be found accompanying the Victor records). However, this combination is characteristic of the late sixteen hundreds and early eighteenth century, especially in France, and when the Casadesus or Stad groups perform music by Mouret, Destouches, Montéclair, Sacchini or Caix d'Hervelois, we may rest assured that the instrumentation used is authentic.

III

The records presenting the Byrd, Purcell, Frescobaldi and Scarlatti *morceaux* seem to me the more important. Yet no one will gainsay the exquisite charm of Marcello's *Sonata* and *Adagio,* or the four compositions arranged by Albert Perilhou, an authority on troubadour music. Purcell's *Chaconne,* originally written for a consort of viols, about 1680, is a delicately haunting, eloquently moving piece of music; its naturally rich polyphony, the surprisingly bold distribution of its parts, and its tingent harmonies are fittingly enhanced by the soft-voiced resonance of the old instruments. And here, as indeed in each of the other works, there is a special touch of elegance which gently and truly evokes a fragrant period atmosphere. The Restoration produced England's greatest composer; much of Purcell's music will justify recording, for it is likely that through no other medium will it ever be made widely accessible. His *Suite* of four fragments, each lasting less than a minute, is as concise as a Dryden couplet, and as limpid and refreshing as a mountain stream. The sprightly and gallant measures are irresistible.

The *Pavane* and *Galliard* by Byrd come from the days of the "Good Queen." They represent forms not

(*Continued on page 31*)

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In every Statler Hotel, hot water is constantly kept at a safe temperature by automatic control, inspected regularly by an Engineer, as shown above.

Probably not one person in a thousand has ever been badly scalded in a bath. But against *even that thousand to one chance* you are protected at a Statler Hotel. Out of our long experience, we realize there *might* be a danger, however slight... so we guard you against it by automatic control of hot water temperature.

This may seem a "little thing". Many hotels do not provide it. But it is further proof of how Statler Hotels accept, as a duty, the constant protection of your health and comfort . . . the provision of every feature essential to *complete* satisfaction.

While we're in the bathroom, let's look at some other "little things". There's a towel hook placed at convenient height so you won't have to grope overhead with water dripping from your hands and face ... a water mixer valve to regulate the temperature of the shower with a simple twist of your wrist. The shower itself is something you've probably taken for granted ...but few hotels have followed the Statlers' lead in providing a shower in *every* bath.

Space permitting, we could list dozens of such things..."little things" we have discovered in our pursuit of perfection in hotel service. Clean, new pen points, both "stub", and "fine"... fresh, free-flowing ink ...a pin cushion with its quick-repair supply of buttons, pins and *threaded* needles ...a gadget for hanging trousers properly ...the convenient desk calendar... tourist and visitor's city map...a generous supply of stationery, both business and social ...a telephone-attached memorandum pad, etc., etc.

And when it comes to slumber, no one could be more solicitous than we of your comfort. You lie on a luxurious inner-spring *hair* mattress, with its protector pad to give unusual smoothness. Your downy pillows are sheathed in sanitary inner slips as well as snowy-white outer ones. You sleep better because we have thought of such things as sound-proof floor and wall construction...felted, double connecting doors...controlled volume of your neighbor's radio...supply carts with rubber tires and bumpers...even an ingenious device outside your door to tell employees the room is occupied and the door locked.

Some of these things you get at *some* hotels. *All* of them you'll get only at a Statler. To them we add an unparalleled service, rendered by a staff of selected, trained employees.

We could go on and on... telling about "little things" and big things, too. But from whatever angle we approach our story, the conclusion is the same: Statler Hotels are fulfilling a self-assigned obligation to pioneer in the development of new ideas that will continually add to the pleasure of staying at these hotels... and to give you *complete* hotel service — Statler Service.

E. M. Statler

PRESIDENT

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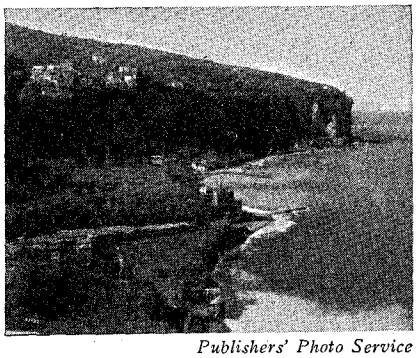
If I Should Ever Travel

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● NEW trips round the old world and how to take them. . . . Bermuda offers more than coral sands and bicycles. . . . Clippership cruises to South America cover 17,000 miles in six weeks by sea and air. . . . California via South America or any other way. . . . New England in the fall.

MAYBE you've been around the world already. Maybe two or three times. Maybe you know what you want to take with you on your travels down to the last shoe string, and rather resent any new suggestions. All right, then, *but where can you get a remarkably good pair of inexpensive field glasses to save the wear and tear on the exorbitantly fine pair you carried around with you last time?* Can you answer me that, seasoned traveller? And anyway, we can't take too much for granted.

A young lawyer that I know discovered the other day that you can't just assume that people have heard about New York. He happens to work in offices in Rockefeller Center and in a perfectly nice way he rather prides himself on it. After a summer vacation in a little town in New England he went into the General Store-Post Office to give his forwarding address—30 Rockefeller Plaza—and then pretty much swaggered out of the place. Back in New York two days later he got his first batch of mail addressed to 30 Rock*fellow* Plaza. But when a day or two later another batch came, reverting entirely to the New England tradition—30 *Longfellow* Plaza—then the young lawyer gave up. You can't take it for granted that everybody has had a



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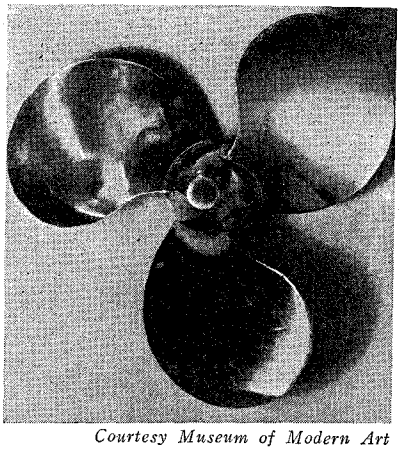
CASTELLAMARE, AMALFI DRIVE, ITALY

chance to get around. And if my suggestions are of any help to the new



Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

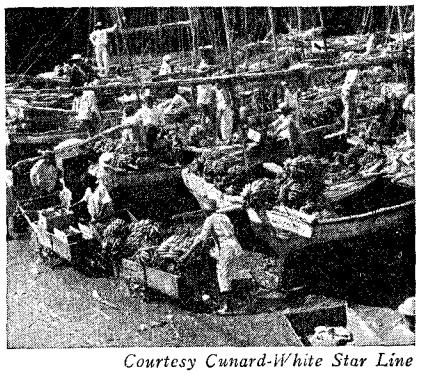
travellers—"Well and good," as an old teacher of mine used to say.

However, with lines offering Round the World Trips every two weeks at $569 (minimum rate not including land tours), with incredibly luxurious boats going on Southern Hemisphere, Round the World Cruises in January for $1,750 (minimum rates *including* a full program of shore excursions) and still other lines encouraging you to see Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, and Australia on a forty-six day South Pacific Cruise for $725, all expenses, first class throughout, no more people are going to stay home than can help it. And even you seasoned travellers, again— Do you know what seven-day cruise you can take for $65? What thirteen-day trip for $108? The first is a cruise to Havana; the second a trip to Nassau, Miami, and Havana. Both leave from New York and return there. These are all, of course, minimum rates. For all arrangements and details get in touch with your favorite tourist agency.

But what will you need on these Round the World jaunts? If you are planning one now for January, as you may very well be, I shall not presume to dictate such personal things as how many pairs of shoes you'll be needing; nor what sort of negligée you should take along, nor yet how many ties and socks. Those things are, of course, up to you. But a few very sensible suggestions handed on to me by the Lord and Taylor Shopping Bureau, experienced travellers themselves, and experienced too in giving advice to travellers, are these:

1. Airplane luggage
2. Tweed coat for boat
3. Knit dresses that don't muss
4. Lace for evening for same reason
5. Field glasses, to save your best ones (Lord and Taylor has them at $4.50)
6. Collapsible umbrella and rubbers
7. Bottle cases—attractive, or plain, for medicine, etc.
8. Writing case
9. Steamer rug
10. Two pairs of sturdy walking shoes

One or two other ideas gleaned from a booklet that Travel Associates issues. You know, of course, that the best silk stockings in the world are made right here, so take along all you will need. If you wear glasses, it might be a good idea to carry several extra lenses with you and save yourself trouble in a foreign port. Films are very expensive abroad so load up the old Brownie before you start and carry extra ammunition with you. If you haven't investigated the camera field lately, by the way, you will be amazed at the new machines on the market—from 50 cents



Courtesy Cunard-White Star Line

THE BOAT MARKET, PANAMA CITY

on up! It might pay you to look into a camera shop before you go.

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Publishers' Photo Service

GULF OF CATTARO, JUGOSLAVIA

Of course, the real news is in the sky. A fine and startling innovation is the kind of cruise that the Pan American Airways have just announced. They call it a "Clipper Ship Cruise" and what you do is to go around South America by air liner and ocean liner—17,000 miles in six weeks. I'm not going into horse power or tonnage because those things mean very little to me. But when they tell me that the huge *Brazilian Clipper* has eight compartments, each of which will take care of four people comfortably, I can understand it even if I can't grasp it fully. The compartments, they say, are practically noiseless in spite of its four enormous "Hornet" motors, and you can talk in a perfectly normal tone of voice. From Miami to Rio de Janeiro, the trip is made entirely in the great *Brazilian Clipper*. Some day I must make that trip if only to get the layout of South America, which my geography teacher never succeeded in giving me.

One tour leaves September 11th; another October 9th and a third November 6th.

Bermuda

From all that I can gather from every possible source, there doesn't seem to be a month in the year when Bermuda isn't the most heavenly spot in the world. In fact I've been told that so many times, that I wanted to find out what *else* there was about Bermuda, and this is what I learn.

There are traffic policemen who have been on the job for over ten years and haven't issued a single "ticket." That's one angle of the no-automobiles-in-Bermuda story that I'd never thought of. Also I discovered to my intense disappointment that there *are* one or two automobiles on the island. Only a couple of army trucks and tractors, to be sure. But it's like the captain who was never never sick at sea. "What, never?" Well—you know the answer. In any case, the trucks are "hardly ever" in evidence.

Despite the scarcity of automobiles, there is one American gas pump on the island. It's for the exclusive use of Bermuda's only railway.

Coral is not a brittle, fragile substance; on the contrary it's so durable that all the roads and houses in Bermuda are made of it.

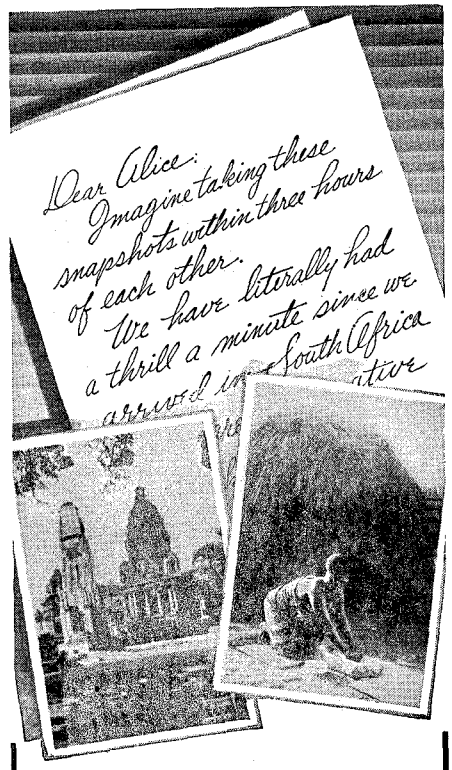
While the Bermuda sun is hotter than the sun at any of the American resorts, the Bermuda coral sand is cooler. It is never too hot to walk on comfortably.

Frogs in Bermuda don't croak, I'm told, they whistle.

Bermuda morning glories are twice the size of American ones and bloom blue in the morning and gradually become purple in the later afternoon.

Now those are things that interest me more than beautiful descriptions. A case, I suppose, of "If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be." If I haven't seen with my own eyes that a place is beautiful, it's hard for me to see it from what others say about it. But I *can* be interested, and am, by facts like the above. The next time that some one mentions to me, say, a sunset on the coral sand, I shall say with spirit "And

(*Continued on page 24*)



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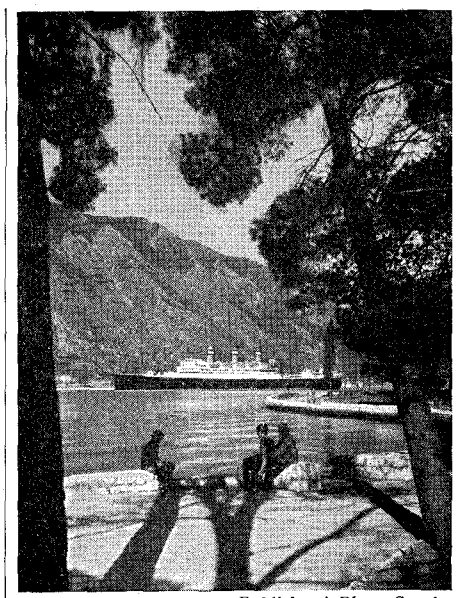

Publishers' Photo Service

S. S. STATENDAM, GULF OF KOTOR

(Continued from page 23)

didn't you *love* the morning glories that get purple in the afternoon?" You know that Bermuda is only 600 miles away from New York; that the minimum rates are $62.50 for as comfortable a cabin as you can imagine, with bath.

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New England

If you've never been to New England in October you've never known what autumn really means. Once I was in Vermont, on the top of Mt. Mansfield on Columbus Day, and some day I must be there again. Did you know that Columbus Day this year comes on a Friday making a long weekend, and (if you are in the east) that the Montrealer leaves the Pennsylvania Station in New York every night at 9:20 standard time? If you are on it, you will wake to find yourself at 5:30—also standard time—in Montpelier, in the heart of Vermont. Some day I must. . . .

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Behind the Scenes

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

The author of "Revolution by Electricity," **Paul Hutchinson,** has recently spent some time in the Tennessee Valley studying the project, and talking with every one who could give him first-hand information about its development. Besides being a Methodist Episcopal minister and the managing editor of *The Christian Century,* he is also one of the few editors not too proud to admit that he frankly enjoys the sport of writing magazine articles.

W. M. Kiplinger, who discusses "Why Business Men Fear Washington," is a journalist, a close-range observer and reporter of Washington. For the past fourteen years he has specialized on the relations between government and business. He is known as a keen and sometimes caustic critic of the methods of both government and business in their mutual dealings.

He is editor, chief of staff, and publisher of a series of weekly Washington business letters which circulate widely throughout the United States and other countries. These letters aim to explain Washington to business men.

When asked to advise young journalists newly come to Washington, Mr. Kiplinger's main suggestion is to "keep your mind parked outside Washington —back where you came from." He keeps his mind in Bellefontaine, Ohio, where he was born forty-three years ago, and in Columbus, where he first entered newspaper work.

When he is not serving on the several government committees to which he is called as a consultant, **John T. Flynn** finds time to write for a number of magazines. His new book, *Securities Speculation: Its Economic Effect,* has recently appeared. He is peculiarly fitted to consider regimentation, as he is at present a member of the advisory council of the Nye committee on investigation of munitions, and spends much time in Washington.

Roy Harris's qualification to write on American music lies in his reputation as one of America's foremost living composers. He is an Oklahoman by birth though he has spent a great deal of time abroad studying under Nadia Boulanger in Paris. He has twice been appointed a Guggenheim Fellow. His works have frequently been broadcast over nationwide hookups, and his symphony was the first American composition of such length to be recorded by the Boston Symphony under Doctor Koussevitsky.

Theodore Dreiser is too well known to the American reading public to need any further introduction. The story in this issue is one of a series that he is working on at present.

Walter Gilkyson started his career as a lawyer in Philadelphia, and it was not until 1924 that he published his first book, *Oil,* followed more recently by *The Lost Adventure* and *Lights of Fame.* In 1927 he married Bernice Kenyon and since then they have spent much time abroad, and much in Southern Pines, N. C. They are at present in New York.

Doctor William Lieb is a dietetic specialist, and one of those rare scientists who is able to write in non-technical language. Among the magazines to which he has contributed are *Collier's, Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping,* and many leading medical journals. It was he who gave Stefansson, the arctic explorer, his famous one-year meat diet which turned him out healthier than when he began, much to the chagrin of the vegetarians. He has practised medicine in New York for the last twenty years and is at present engaged in consultation practice and research.

Genevieve Taggard besides being a noted poet is a professor at Bennington College, Bennington, Vt. A new book of her poetry called *Not Mine to Finish* is being published this fall. She won a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1931 and has a daughter twelve years old, but her greatest boast is that she once worked for a whole week in an advertising office.

To **Rhea Dulles** predictions of war do not even seem startling. He was a *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent in China during the stormy years of 1921 and 1922, and assistant Paris correspondent of *The New York Herald Tribune* in 1925 and 1926. His

(Continued on page 26)

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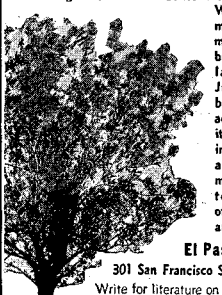
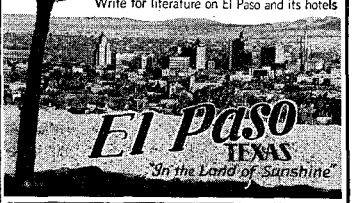
METROPOLITAN EL PASO, under sunlit skies, as a winter recreational center offers the sights of the great Southwest: Carlsbad Caverns National Park, White Sands, pine-clad mountains, and the romantic Rio Grande, border-line of Mexico, land of enchantment. Juarez, largest Mexican border city, is just across from El Paso; its sights are quaint and interesting. Stop off for a day, a week, or a month this winter. Up to date hotels and other accommodations at reasonable rates. . .



El Paso Gateway Club
301 San Francisco Street, El Paso, Texas
Write for literature on El Paso and its hotels



October Where-To-Go is concluded on page 27

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Look at the Records

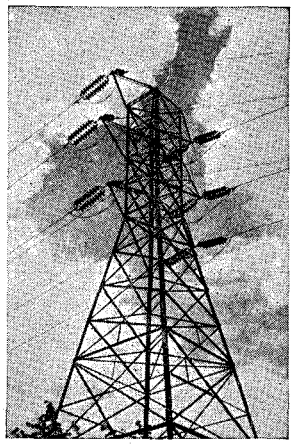
RICHARD GILBERT

Authority on recorded music; formerly music editor of *The Arts;* for three years member of the staff of the *Musical Courier*, starts (p. 20) a monthly article on

Phonograph Records

Draining the Lifeblood *of* a Great Industry

PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED *on a wall in the* ELECTRICAL BUILDING *at the* CENTURY OF PROGRESS in Chicago *is the following statement:*



EDISON *and other men of genius made electric service possible. Men of vision and enterprise developed the electrical supply industry until it serves us at lower cost than slaves could do the work.*

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Behind the Scenes

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

(*Continued from page 25*)

books, *The Old China Trade, Eastward Ho, America in the Pacific,* and *Lowered Boats,* have dealt thoroughly with the maritime history of the Pacific.

Herbert Bruce Brougham is co-editor with Gorham Munson and Lawrence Morris of *New Democracy,* a semi-monthly review of national economy and the arts in New York; he is also accredited representative of the Social Credit movement in America. Mr. Brougham was for several years editorial writer on the staff of *The New York Times,* editor of *Current History Magazine,* and associate editor and staff correspondent in Washington of *The Public Ledger* of Philadelphia.

Arthur Mann began his literary career running. In 1923 he reported a race he had been in for *The World.* He then joined the staff of *The Tribune* and was there until 1926 when he changed to *The Evening World.* Recently he has been ghost writing for the radio and doing considerable magazine work. He is the one man who has learned how to play tennis by writing about it, and is a champion billiard player.

IN a recent number of *The National Review* of London appeared an article by Colonel Beckles Willson containing the following statement about Edward Tuck's "Honest Inflation" in the January number:

> What action, if any, the President would take was still in doubt in Washington when there appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE about the middle of last December, an unusually forceful plea for bimetallism. It was entitled "Honest Inflation" and as events have shown, exerted a greater influence than anything written about silver since Bryan's day.
>
> The author of this article "Honest Inflation," Mr. Edward Tuck, was, it appeared, not a Westerner, but a highly respected, successful ex-banker from New England, who had reached his conclusions after long observation of international monetary conditions. Besides his widespread philanthropy, this gentleman was also known as the founder of the Tuck School of Business Administration at Dartmouth College. His arguments in favor of the restoration of silver to the world's currency were expressed clearly, forcibly and with marked sobriety.
>
> The importance of the article seems to have been instantly recognized, for extracts from it were sent out by the Associated Press and printed in nearly all the leading newspapers of the country.
>
> Whether or not the Tuck article made the deep impression on the President which its admirers allege, it is certain that a week after its publication Mr. Roosevelt boldly announced his decision to purchase silver on an

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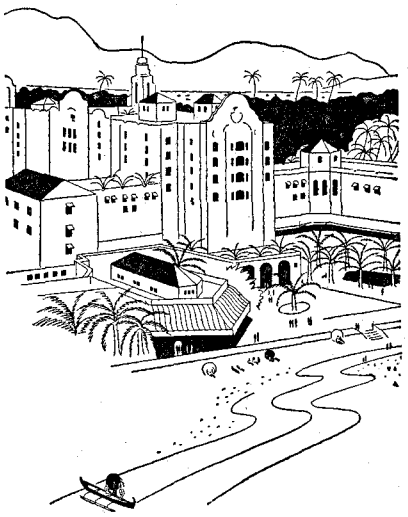
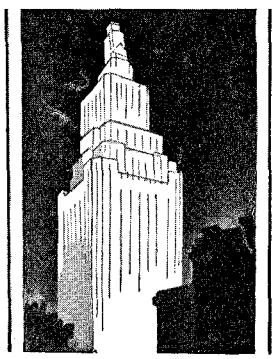
"Trade winds fan Hawaii cool the year 'round"



International meeting place of the world. Metropolitan smartness in a bower of palms. Youth having its day-fling at Waikiki, and its evening promenade under lanterned trees, silvered by a tropic moon. Ukuleles and steel guitars, lilting melodies of love and eternal summer. All of it gathered together by the gracious hospitality of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where dining is a fine art and royal living, at modest rates, a dream come true.

Royal Hawaiian Hotel
on the beach at Waikiki
ARTHUR BENAGLIA, *Managing Director*

APARTMENTS
with old fashioned virtues



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FIFTH AVENUE

extensive scale. When Congress met, the Tuck article was quoted in the debates; it was republished in pamphlet form, read *in extenso* in the Senate and finally actually ordered to be printed as an official document. In this guise, fifty thousand copies of "Honest Inflation" were distributed by Senators and Representatives to their constituents. Interest in the future of the white metal became once again universal.

Ann Rivington's article, "We Live on Relief," struck a responsive note in a great many quarters. Two appreciations follow:

RUSSIA AND AMERICA

Sirs: I think that Mr. Roy S. Durstine has gone far afield to find something to write home about—"Moscow Zigzags" (April issue). At least Moscow's Zigzag is a courageous, albeit, one may call it, blundering attempt at the solution of problems that are as old as our "civilization"; and we, with our superiority complex, should be the last people to either cast stones or sneer at what is being attempted over there.

If Mr. Durstine thinks me presumptuous I ask that he turn over the few pages of SCRIBNER'S of the same issue as that in which his "Moscow Zigzags" appeared, and, while reading it, to bear in mind the startling fact that this is written by an American woman in this our own U. S. A., the country in which the farmer is being subsidized to plow under his cotton, to sow less wheat, to grow fewer hogs; in this our own country in which, while Pete is telling Ann that she is not permitted to buy grapes with relief money, because the Relief Bureau's bulletin has classified grapes as a luxury, the farmers in California, who are raising these "luxury" grapes, are going bankrupt, because there is no market for these grapes!

One more point: The barber's and the manicure girl's remarks about the "cheerfulness" of Americans. Sure! Why not? If one has the wherewithals for excursions all over Russia and elsewhere, obviously there is not much to worry them! But. If the barber had come to this our U. S. A., and had talked with Ann's husband, whose excursions consisted in transporting a sack of bum relief coal on his back three miles! I wonder if he in turn would not be told that "there is not much laughing in America"; the laughing America of Mr. Durstine's plenty. The miserable America of Ann's wretched poverty!

Yours truly,
HENRY M. SERON.
Gilroy, Calif.

APPRECIATION

Gentlemen: I am a regular reader of your fine magazine. I like the way your splendid magazine presents topics of current interest. In this connection, I take this opportunity of expressing my deep appreciation for Ann Rivington's excellent article "We Live on Relief" of this month's issue. Only a publication possessing courage like yours could feature this frank article.

With very best wishes,
Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM H. BOYER.
York, Penn.

EXTRAORDINARY INTERPRETATION

Sirs: Nursing is so often misrepresented in print and on the screen that it has been a tremendous satisfaction to some of us to find "Nurses Are Human" in the good company provided between the covers of a SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. "Catherine Kearney" deserves much credit for putting aside the reluctance

(*Continued on page 28*)

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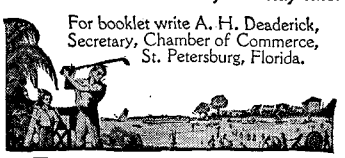

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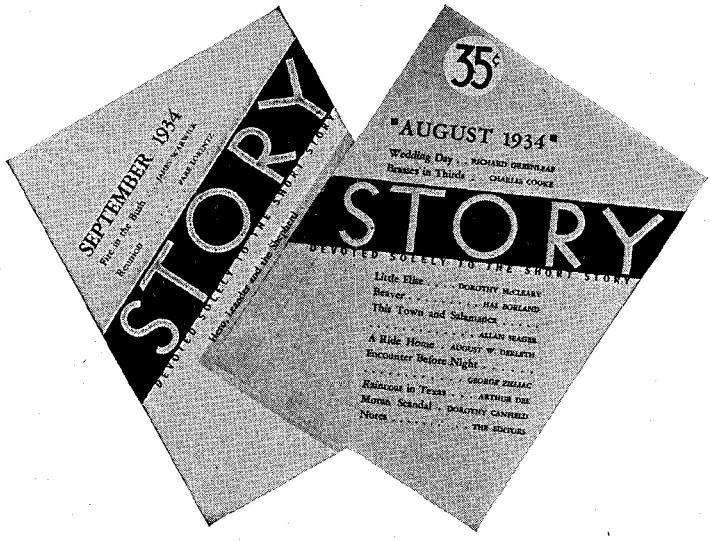

Alone of its Kind

FOR a generation it seemed to fiction-loving Americans that short story writing was a lost art in this country. Comparatively few readers understood why. Mistakenly many thought that there were no new writers of merit to replace the masters of a more golden, or less brassy, age. They overlooked the fact that hand in hand with the development of mass production in industry had come mass circulation in the magazine field; that the editor who wished to please millions of readers dared accept only "popular" stories—spineless, formless, colorless, tasteless, and pointless. They did not know that scores of able young writers had forced themselves to conform with the requirements of the popular magazines, or had given up writing for lack of a market.

Then along came STORY, and suddenly the truth stood revealed. America is still producing writers with something to say and the faculty of telling it effectively and beautifully. In STORY the unexpected is the rule instead of the rarity, a virtue instead of a crime. Its contributors create their own patterns, write in the style natural to them, about the subjects they know and like the best. The result is art—living, engrossing, and important. Nothing else like STORY is published in America today.

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Behind the Scenes

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

(Continued from page 27)

most nurses feel when requested to describe their emotional attitudes toward patients. From both experience and observation I should say that her interpretation is extraordinarily accurate. We are grateful to her—and to you!

Sincerely yours,
MARY M. ROBERTS, R.N.
Editor, American Journal of Nursing.
New York City.

A HOUSEWIFE REBELS

Sirs: Some months ago I read an essay entitled "Aspirin" that was a stroke of pure genius. The contention was that as a people we are addicted, figuratively, to taking aspirin to mitigate the pains of social and economic ills without regard for the diseases and without investigating into their causes. In your July issue of SCRIBNER'S the article "A Housewife's Everyday Buying" by Helen Christine Bennett is a flagrant example of "taking aspirin."

To Quote: "For twenty-five years I have been a stupid purchasing agent for my family. . . . I represent that great number of women who . . . must purchase pigs in pokes in that large portion of their buying which concerns feeding their families. *All of us are stupid, ignorant wasters of the family income and we cannot help ourselves. . . .*"

Mrs. Bennett seems to be afflicted by some kind of mathematical phobia with quantitative complications. Weights and measures prey upon her mind; it seems likely that she attended the school with the greatest cubic capacity, married her husband for his net weight, bought her automobile on a tonnage basis and now struggles with the dimensions and quantity of stuffed olives in a jar with or without rounded edges.

We are led to consider the fortunate woman who brings home a can of green peas and joyfully discovers that it contains an extra ounce, a plethora of peas. Each member of the family is, accordingly, allotted his dividend of two peas; but we imagine further the utter dismay that prevails when our unhappy buyer is forced to rake the two extra peas from each plate into the voracious neck of the garbage pail. An extra stalk of asparagus presents a problem manifoldly complicated; division appears to be the only solution which is really no solution at all since there is only one tip and a superabundance of stalk. We then ponder the deplorable circumstance of an ounce missing from the can. Horrible accusations reverberate in the deep recesses of the husbandly mind and hunger and malnutrition rear their horny heads. . . .

We move to the Bathroom. "What is a 'tube' of toothpaste?" A convenient receptacle for tooth cleanser. Which is the best buy? The choice is wide, depending upon one's credulity. The gullible buyer will want the paste with the strongest appeal but the intelligent purchase is the largest tube for the least money. The fanciful fictions and potencies attributed to tooth pastes should then be dispatched to the limbo of forgotten things and the emphasis transferred to correct diet and competent and masterly brush work.

What is a "can" of shoe polish? Again the ridiculous preoccupation with weight. Wasteful or efficient application is the factor that determines the number and effectiveness of the shines.

One liquid disinfectant is marked "¼ quart net" and a second "8 ounces net." Like salad dressing the figures are practically interchangeable. Economy is then gauged by three points; first, price, second, does the

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By Bus
to the Shopping District

- The Fifth Avenue buses are rightly called "The Shoppers' Motor." They carried over 48,000,000 passengers last year.
- During the past 12 months 316,366 passengers were carried away from the Wanamaker Store by the Fifth Avenue buses. A survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago, when the coaches were carrying only 46,000,000 passengers, showed that based on a month's tabulations the buses delivered to the following stores the number of passengers listed:

Wanamakers' 284,294 passengers a year
Lord & Taylor's 378,000 passengers a year
Altman's 423,000 passengers a year
McCreery's Fifth Avenue Entrance 233,400 passengers a year
Best & Co. 184,500 passengers a year
Franklin Simon & Co. 134,700 passengers a year

- To sell your merchandise you must advertise to people with the money to purchase it. Bus passengers have money. They are discriminating. They pay a ten cent fare for a comfortable, seated ride when they could reach any destination reached by the Fifth Avenue buses for five cents by subway, elevated or surface car.
- Let us send you our circular giving rates and other information that may interest you. Practically all of our contracts come from advertising agencies, to whom we have always paid an advertising agency commission—now 15 per cent, and 2 per cent cash discount.

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"disinfectant" really disinfect and third, is it being economically sprayed or wastefully poured.

The sizes and shapes of boxes, jars, bottles, cans, cakes, loaves, are certainly not the reasons for extravagant buying of the family food and household commodities. Thrifty and economical expenditure of the family income is dependent on these things: first, a knowledge of the basic foods necessary to maintain health; second, a sense of values; third, an ability to cook competently; and fourth, a wise budgeting of the income. If the archangels themselves should flutter down from the heavens and assume control of the factories, canneries, groceries, and bakeries, the mere standardization by weight of all products would not raise the level of stupidity and ignorance in buying one iota.

Regardless of price, do you know which tomatoes, strawberries and apples will have the finest flavor by a quick visual appraisal? How do you know that a cantaloupe will be sweet and of good flavor without tasting it? Which is the best lettuce? What meats, fruits, and vegetables are seasonal at which time of the year? What is the ultimate disposition of left-overs? Is it better economy to buy a twenty-cent package of cookies for dessert or can you achieve a lemon pie out of twenty cents' worth of materials? Cooking is a science, a joy and an adventure.

Weight is a minor consideration. If we are going to be so exacting it is immeasurably saner to demand that manufacturers also indicate the vitamin content and caloric value of foods, the number of clean sinks to be derived from a box of cleanser, the inherent number of shiny shoes in a can of polish and the potential maximum of clean ears in a cake of soap.

The evil sound of "Let the Buyer Beware," obscures the intrinsic truth "Let the buyer be critically intelligent." Wastefulness in buying can be more intelligently gauged by an analysis of our housewives' garbage cans than a loud denunciation of our grocers' wares.

Sincerely,
MRS. N. D. JACOBSON.
San Francisco, Calif.

BOX-CAR WORLD

Sirs: As a small dabbler in verse and as one not unacquainted with the box-car world, I wish to express my appreciation of "Boys in a Box Car," by Franklin Folsom in the August SCRIBNER'S. It is the finest sonnet I have encountered in some time, and on a subject which for all its possibilities is devilishly hard to get into good verse. Mr. Folsom, I think, has succeeded admirably. I shall watch for more of his work.

Let me say in addition that I think this issue is notable for several fine poems.

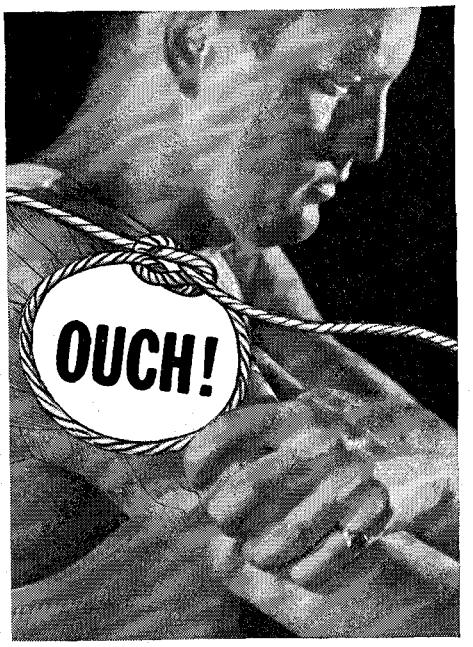
Yours sincerely,
LOVEN EISELEY.
Carlsbad, N. M.

THE SOUTH SEAS

Sirs: I wish to express my appreciation of "Pearl Divers Must Eat" in your February issue. I like the clear vivid style in which the article is written.

I lived at one time in Hawaii and have since found most features on the South Seas tiresomely sentimental and fictionized. Mr. Berge and Miss Ludlam have caught the poetry of the Islands, and at the same time have made plain the realities of existence out there. The mainland public has always been unaware that life in the Pacific presented any economic problem to the individual. I am relieved to find one story indicating that three well-cooked meals per day do not drop into the effortless laps of penniless white men wandering in the tropics.

Very truly yours,
ELIZABETH CAREY.
Chicago, Ill.



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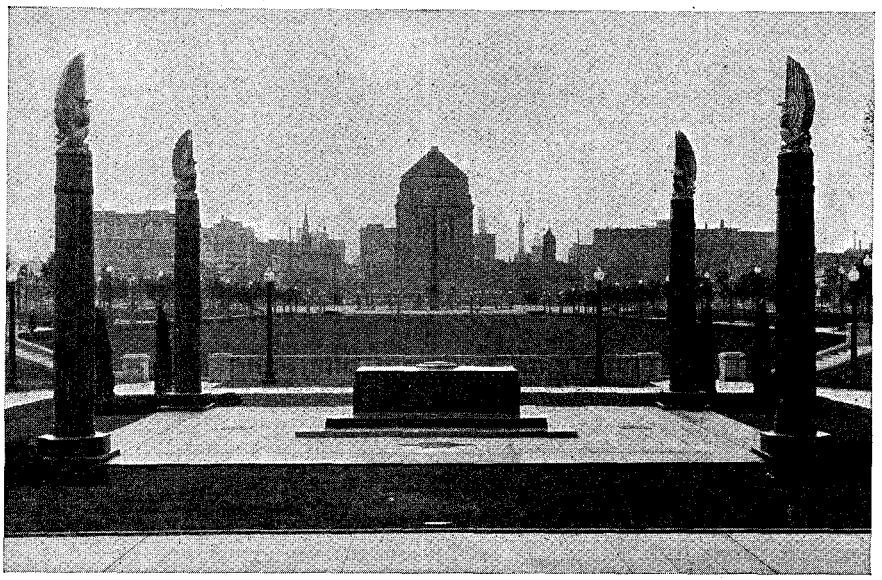
No. 4 of a Serie

Walker & Weeks say:



General View of the Plaza of the Indiana World War Memorial, Indianapolis, Indiana, looking South from the North end of the Mall, showing the Cenotaph, the Obelisk and the Shrine in the distance. The Indiana World War Memorial will occupy five city blocks. The Plaza is approximately 500 feet wide and a half-mile long. This is one of the many important projects designed by the prominent architectural firm of Walker & Weeks, of Cleveland.

Walker & Weeks say in response to these questions:

Name	Do You Read Architecture?	Do You Read the Advertising Pages?
F. R. Walker, Member of Firm	Yes	Yes
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A. H. Tashjian	"	"
C. W. Stedman	"	"
Byron Dalton	"	"
Dana Clark	"	"
H. F. Horn	"	"
Dan Mitchell	"	"
I. J. Witmer	"	"

It is natural that the buyer of space in the heavily covered architectural field should select on the basis of readership-plus. Here is the *fourth important architectural firm* to attest to their readership of ARCHITECTURE from one cover to the other, and *by all the office force* from the men with their names on the doors on through to those in the inner office.

ARCHITECTURE'S editorial superiority lies in the fact that the magazine deals solely with Architecture. Side issues are not allowed to detract from that main interest of an architect—design. ARCHITECTURE has chosen to disregard the temptation of side paths and to push steadily forward, always on the main highway of design in the broadest sense, which is the thing closest the architect's heart.

The justification of such a policy clearly stands out in the A. B. C. Statements. As Al Smith would say, "Let's look at the record:"

	A. B. C. Statement 6 months ending Dec., 1933	A. B. C. Statement 6 months ending June, 1934	
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PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

(Continued from page 20)

nearly so instrumental in concept as the Purcell pieces; the writing is imitative in style and somewhat patterned after vocal polyphony. The design in both brief pieces is convincingly simple, the melodies remain fresh and lithsome.

Frescobaldi's *Fugue in G minor,* a quartet for viols, represents a style brought to its apogee by J. S. Bach. The Italian composer was the most distinguished organist of his day. *The Cat's Fugue* (played on the harpsichord by Flora Stad) was well known in the eighteenth century when Scarlatti's fame as a keyboard virtuoso was second only to that of Handel and Bach. The subject of this *jeu d'esprit* was suggested by the scampering of the composer's pet over the keyboard, striking notes that at first hearing sound wholly meaningless, but to which Scarlatti gave sense by deft harmonic manipulation.

The Mouret and Sacchini pieces are charming examples of the superficial and conventional music of their period. The *Divertissement* is a passepied from a set of dances; it is music of a gallant and pastorale style that goes well with the painting of Boucher and Fragonard. The airy *Chimène,* by Sacchini, whose natal bicentenary certain thoughtful European critics are celebrating this year, is a short program-piece intended to depict one of Corneille's characters.

There are other excellent recordings on the current lists, but not one of them equals, in point of musical value, the pieces given brief notice above. They restore to life a valuable heritage from a truly golden age of music.

IV

The effectiveness of new methods for obtaining deep perspective and dynamic eloquence in orchestral reproduction is exemplified vividly in the Philadelphia Orchestra's registration of Brahms' ebullient *Hungarian Dance No. 1,* newly instrumentated by the versatile Stokowski, and Glière's pulsating *Sailor's Dance,* from the Soviet ballet, *The Red Poppy.* Both are genre pieces of popular appeal, played with the dash, precision and attention to detail characteristic of the finest recording orchestra in the world (Victor No. 1675).

An album devoted to Delibes' ballet music—excerpts from *La Source* and *Sylvia,* now relegated exclusively to temples of the cinema—demonstrates Eugene Ormandy's mastery over the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Vic-

(Continued on page 32)

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10S

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

(*Continued from page 31*)

tor set No. M220). Music of a similar slightness, but of a more delicately perfumed nature, will be found on Columbia discs Nos. 2119M and 2120M: Henri Busser, *chef d'orchestre* of the Paris Opera, conducts his own facile orchestration of Debussy's juvenile *Petite Suite,* originally written for piano duet, decidedly minor Debussy.

Jascha Heifetz performs Glazounow's conventional *Concerto in A Minor,* for violin and orchestra, in a rich, broad, traditionally virtuosic style. What this music lacks in substance is amply compensated for by the brilliance of the performance. The London Philharmonic Orchestra provides an opulent pedestal for the soloist, and the recorders miss nothing of the light and shade and variety of treatment effected (Victor set No. M218). A *Suite for Two Pianos* by Rachmaninoff introduces academic four-hand music diligently projected by pianists Vronsky and Babin, reputations chiefly confined to centers overseas (Victor set No. M213). More important Russian music than either of the above will be found on two Columbia discs (re-issued from the now defunct domestic Odeon series) containing choral fragments from Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounow.* An earnest performance is indicated somewhat obscurely on the labels as by "Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Riga" (Nos. 7243M and 7244M).

The Poltronieri String Quartet, Italy's premier chamber ensemble, gives a splendid reading of Haydn's lovely D minor work, Op. 76, No. 2—by far the most interesting issue on Columbia's current list (Nos. 68215D and 68216D).

Answers to Brain Testers

(from page 18)

Matching Questions

The numbers are in the order of their places in the parentheses.

Question 1: 8, 5, 6, 3, 2.
2: 3, 7, 5, 8, 8, 4, 2, 3, 2, 1, 1.
3: 3, 5, 2, 6, 7.
4: 3, 4, 2, 6, 1, 5.

Recognition Questions

The number refers to the correct word or phrase.

Question 5: No. 2.
6: No. 1.
7: No. 1.
8: No. 2.
9: No. 2.
10: No. 1.
11: No. 4.
12: No. 4.
13: No. 1.

True-False Questions

The statements in the following are false (0): Questions 14, 15, 17, 20, 21, 25. In the following the statements are true (+): Questions 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24.

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